The Junior Hymnal

FIRST EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH
Eleventh and Blondeau
KEOKUK, IOWA

The Junior Hymnal

Containing

Sunday School and Luther League Liturgy

and

Hymns for the Sunday School

and other gatherings

Authorized by
The Evangelical Lutheran
Augustana Synod

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Foreword

At its annual meeting in June, 1926, the Augustana Synod (see Minutes page 154, par. 3) authorized the Board of Christian Education and Literature to have a new Sunday school hymnal published. The Board of Christian Education and Literature appointed as editors of the new Sunday school hymnal Rev. E. E. Ryden and Dr. C. A. Wendell, who have completed their work and report as follows:

"In compiling this Hymnal, the editors have been guided by two thoughts. First, they have endeavored to include in the collection a goodly number of the noble Lutheran chorals and other standard hymns of the Church, in order that the children may be trained to an appreciation of what is best in church hymnody. Secondly, they have been mindful of the danger of making such a volume as this too mature in contents, and therefore they have sought diligently for hymns of a lighter and happier vein that will appeal at once to the childish heart. However, even in the latter class of hymns, the editors have selected only music that is of a high standard, or Gospel hymns that have become accepted through long usage.

"Among the list of authors may be found not only the names of such great hymnists as Luther, Gerhardt, Wallin, Watts, Wesley, Heber, Lyte and Montgomery, but also such noted poets as Milton, Longfellow, Bryant and Whittier. And among the composers are found such names as Bach, Crüger, Nicolai, 'high priests of Lutheran church music,' as well as such famous musicians as Mendelssohn, Mozart, Gottschalk, Batiste, Schumann, Haydn, Händel, Beethoven and Brahms.

"The selection of a wide range of folksongs from various countries has added a cosmopolitan touch to the book. Included among these are appealing melodies from Swedish, German, Welsh, Thuringian, Dutch, Russian, Silesian and English sources.

The editors have also sought to compile a Hymnal that will, in addition to serving the Sunday school, prove useful and inspirational for Luther League and other parish organizations.

"Grateful acknowledgment is made to The Century Company, The Board of Publication of the United Lutheran Church of America, and Lamar & Whitmore for the free use of copyright hymns. The editors are also indebted to Professor Peter Johnson of St. Paul, Minn., for assistance in the editing and proofreading of the music. Care has been taken not to infringe upon any copyrights. If, however, such infringement has occurred, due credit will be given in future editions of this book.

"Thus we send The Junior Hymnal on its mission in the 'ministry of song.' May it inspire many hearts, young and old, to sing 'the glories of the Lamb.'"

THE BOARD OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION
AND LITERATURE.

St. Michael's Day, 1928.

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The Junior Hymnal

Praise Jehovah from the earth, . . .
Both young men and virgins; old men and children:
Let them praise the name of Jehovah; for His name alone
is exalted; His glory is above the earth and the heavens.
Psalms 148. 7, 12, 13.

The Junior Hymnal

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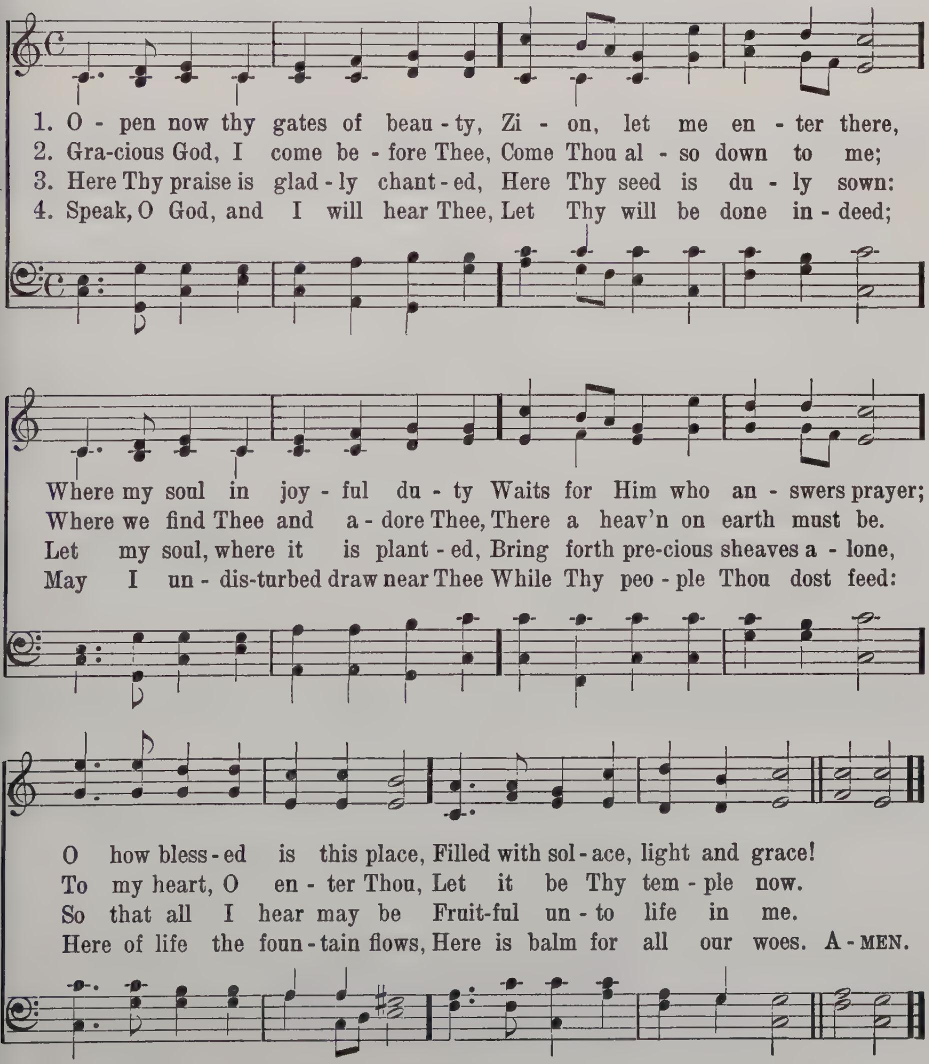
1. Open Now Thy Gates of Beauty

Benjamin Schmolck, 1734
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863

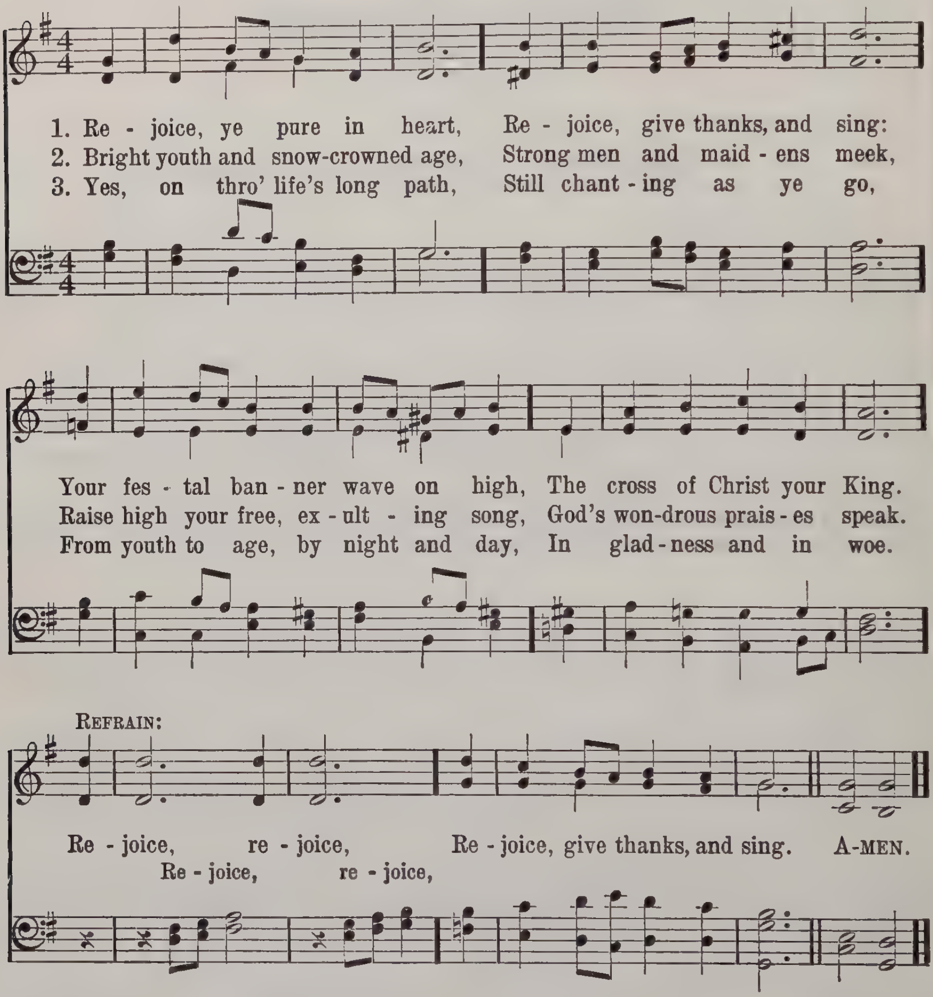
Joachim Neander, 1679


1. O - pen now thy gates of beau - ty, Zi - on, let me en - ter there,
2. Gra-cious God, I come be - fore Thee, Come Thou al - so down to me;
3. Here Thy praise is glad - ly chant - ed, Here Thy seed is du - ly sown:
4. Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee, Let Thy will be done in - deed;
Where my soul in joy - ful du - ty Waits for Him who an - swers prayer;
Where we find Thee and a - dore Thee, There a heav'n on earth must be.
Let my soul, where it is plant - ed, Bring forth pre-cious sheaves a - lone,
May I un - dis-turbed draw near Thee While Thy peo - ple Thou dost feed:
O how bless - ed is this place, Filled with sol - ace, light and grace!
To my heart, O en - ter Thou, Let it be Thy tem - ple now.
So that all I hear may be Fruit-ful un - to life in me.
Here of life the foun - tain flows, Here is balm for all our woes. A - MEN.

2. Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart

Edward Hayes Plumptre, 1865

Arthur Henry Messiter, 1885


1. Re - joice, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks, and sing:
2. Bright youth and snow-crowned age, Strong men and maid - ens meek,
3. Yes, on thro' life's long path, Still chant - ing as ye go,
Your fes - tal ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King.
Raise high your free, ex - ult - ing song, God's won-drous prais - es speak.
From youth to age, by night and day, In glad - ness and in woe.
REFRAIN:
Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks, and sing. A-MEN.
Re - joice, re - joice,

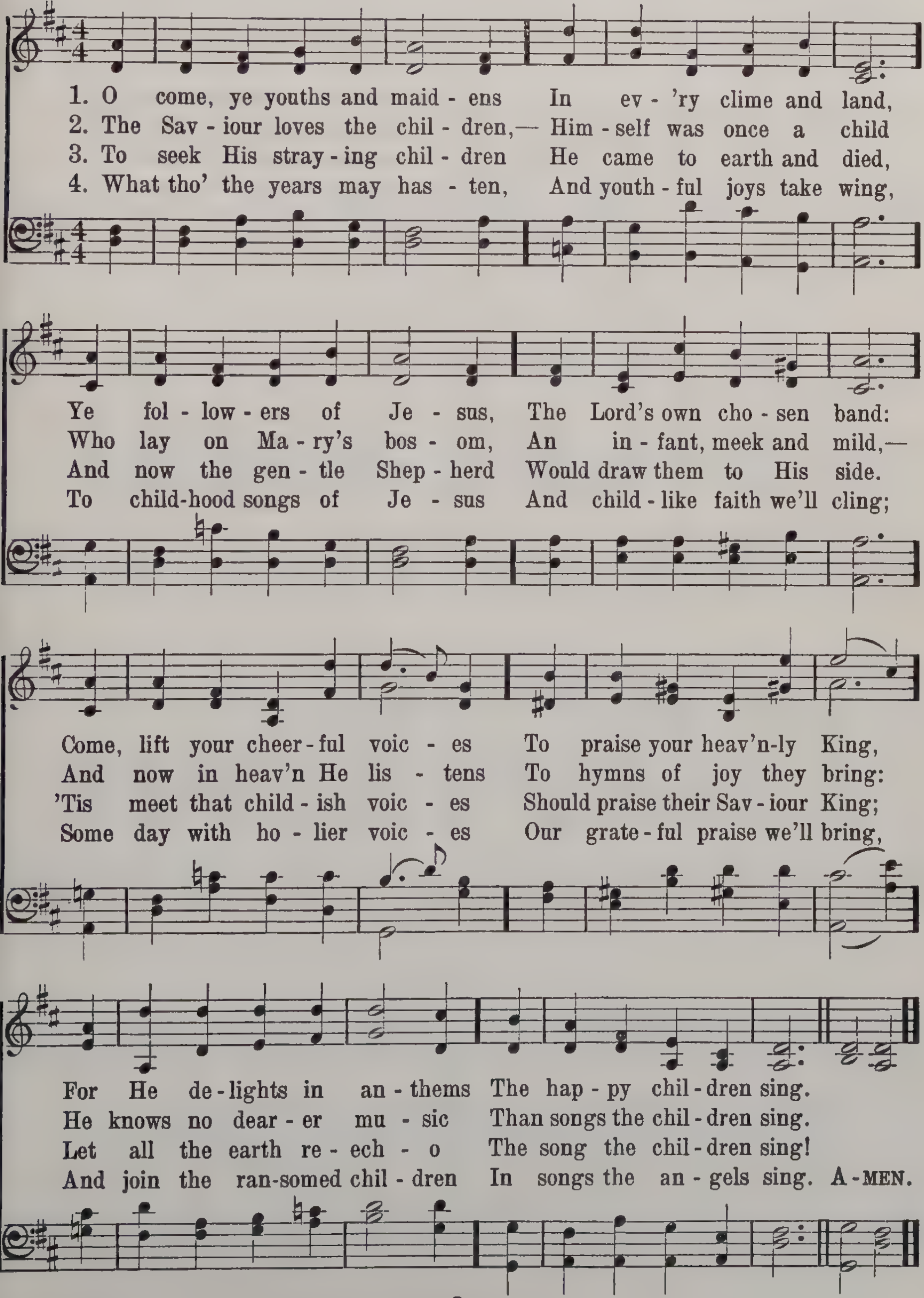
4 At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

5 Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King.

3. O Come, Ye Youths and Maidens

Ernest Edwin Ryden, 1927

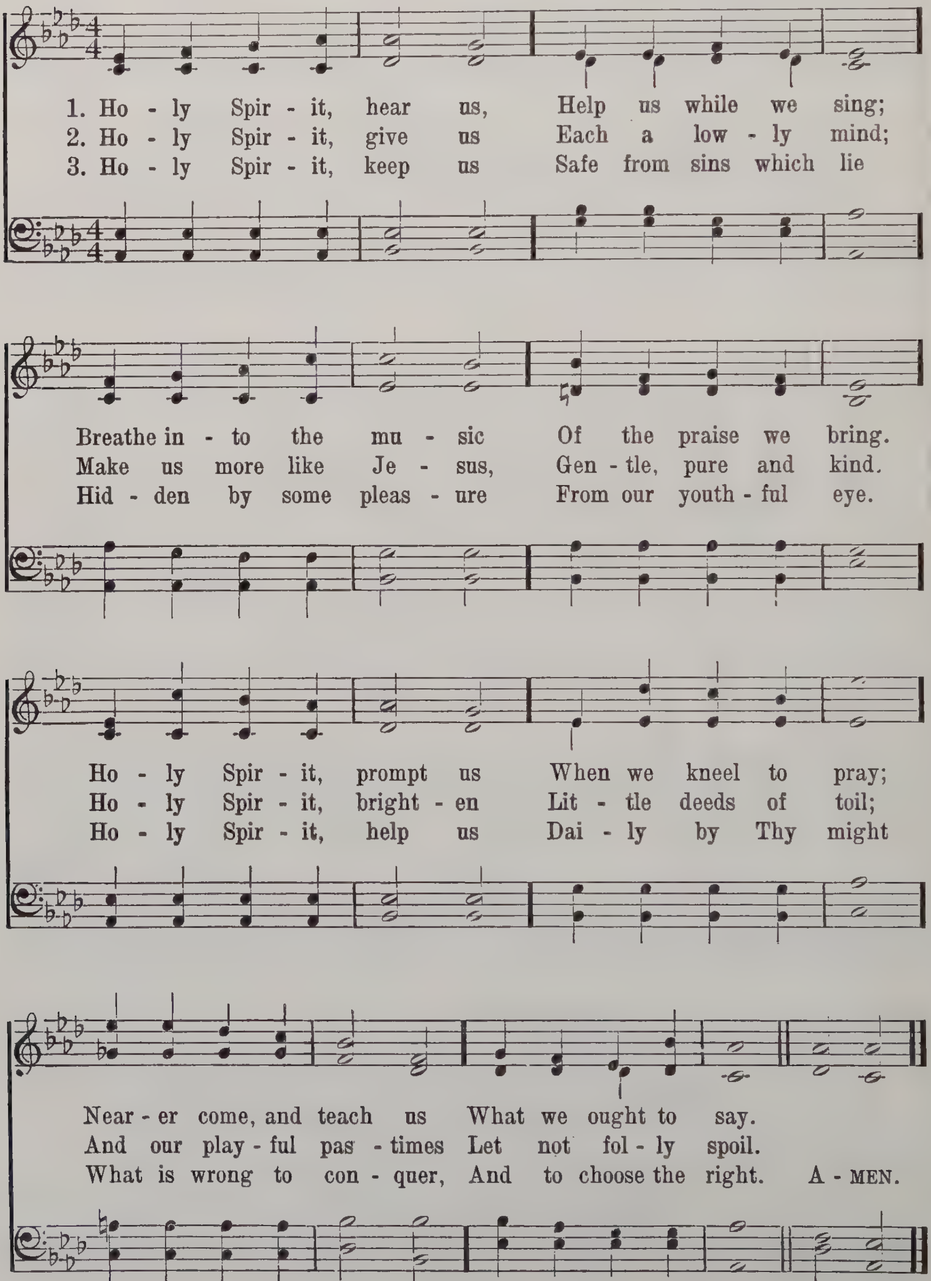
Henry Smart, 1836


1. O come, ye youths and maid - ens In ev - 'ry clime and land,
2. The Sav - iour loves the chil - dren,— Him - self was once a child
3. To seek His stray - ing chil - dren He came to earth and died,
4. What tho' the years may has - ten, And youth - ful joys take wing,
Ye fol - low - ers of Je - sus, The Lord's own cho - sen band:
Who lay on Ma - ry's bos - om, An in - fant, meek and mild,—
And now the gen - tle Shep - herd Would draw them to His side.
To child-hood songs of Je - sus And child - like faith we'll cling;
Come, lift your cheer - ful voic - es To praise your heav'n-ly King,
And now in heav'n He lis - tens To hymns of joy they bring:
'Tis meet that child - ish voic - es Should praise their Sav - iour King;
Some day with ho - lier voic - es Our grate - ful praise we'll bring,
For He de - lights in an - thems The hap - py chil - dren sing.
He knows no dear - er mu - sic Than songs the chil - dren sing.
Let all the earth re - ech - o The song the chil - dren sing!
And join the ran-somed chil - dren In songs the an - gels sing. A - MEN.

4. Holy Spirit, Hear Us

William Henry Parker, 1880

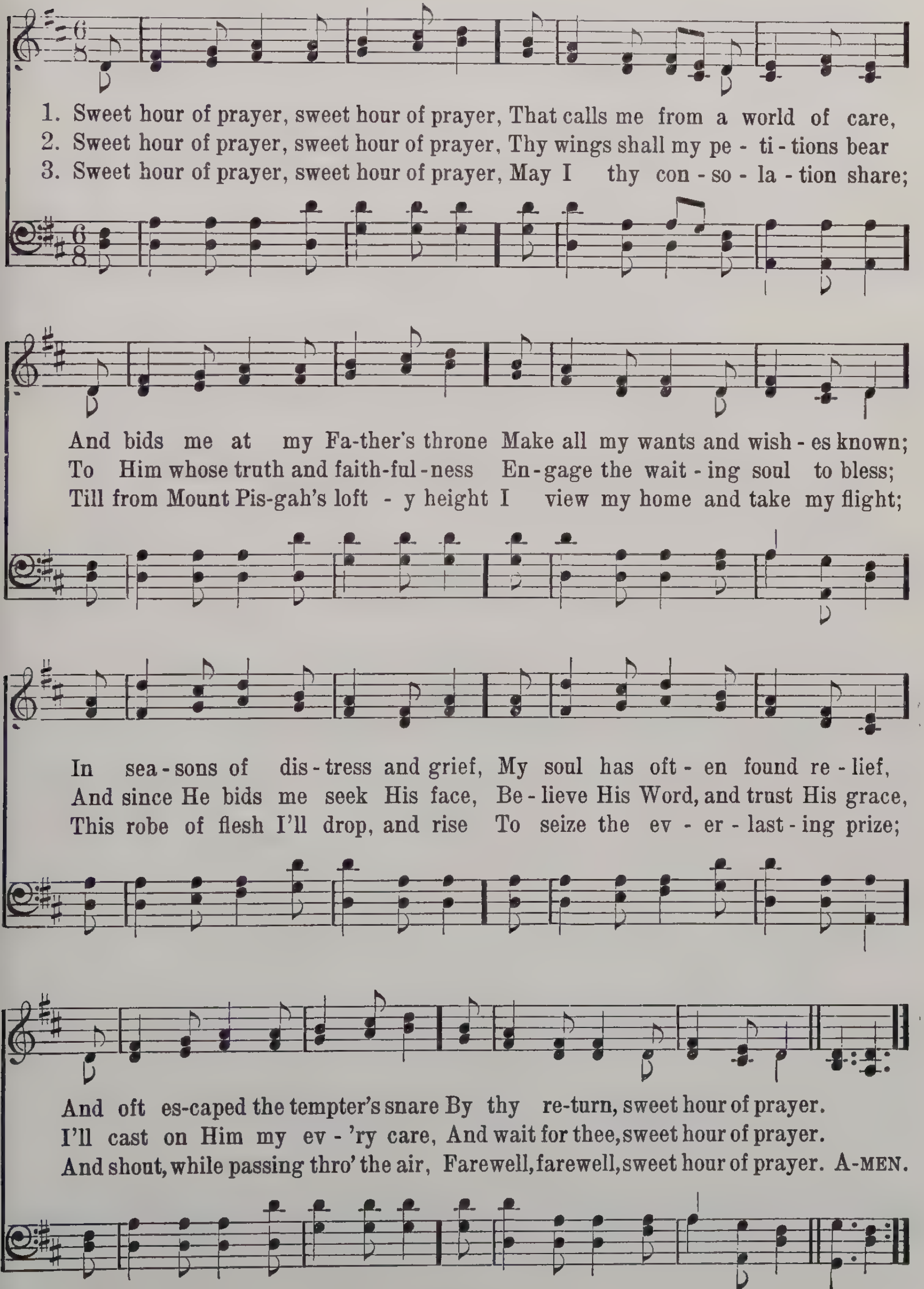
Har. by George H. Loud, 1883


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, hear us, Help us while we sing;
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, give us Each a low - ly mind;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, keep us Safe from sins which lie
Breathe in - to the mu - sic Of the praise we bring.
Make us more like Je - sus, Gen - tle, pure and kind.
Hid - den by some pleas - ure From our youth - ful eye.
Ho - ly Spir - it, prompt us When we kneel to pray;
Ho - ly Spir - it, bright - en Lit - tle deeds of toil;
Ho - ly Spir - it, help us Dai - ly by Thy might
Near - er come, and teach us What we ought to say.
And our play - ful pas - times Let not fol - ly spoil.
What is wrong to con - quer, And to choose the right.
A - MEN.

5. Sweet Hour of Prayer

William W. Walford, 1842

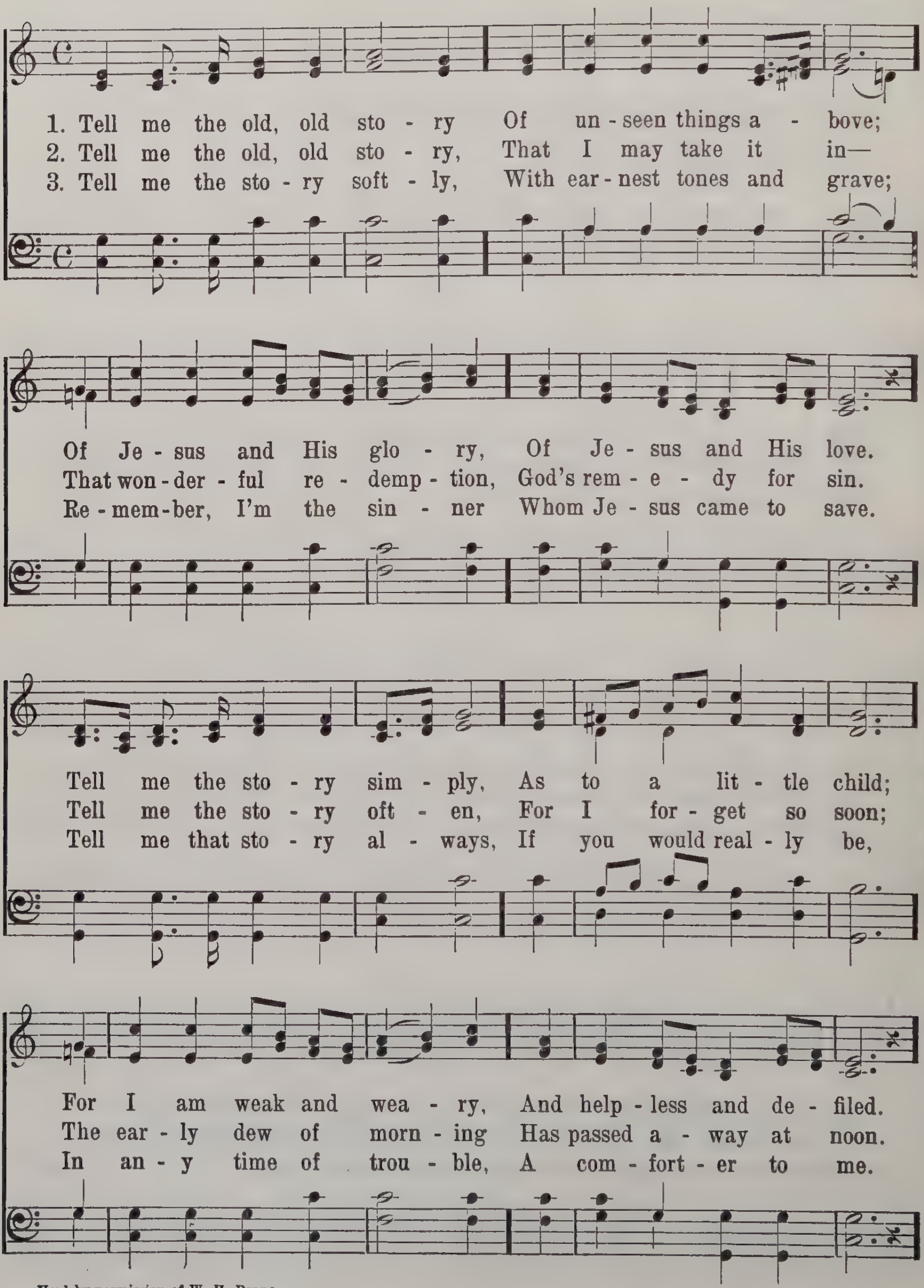
William Batchelder Bradbury, (1816-1868)


1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tions bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, May I thy con - so - la - tion share;
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known;
To Him whose truth and faith-ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless;
Till from Mount Pis-gah's loft - y height I view my home and take my flight;
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His Word, and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;
And oft es-caped the tempter's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer. A-MEN.

6. Tell Me the Old, Old Story

Katherine Hankey, 1866

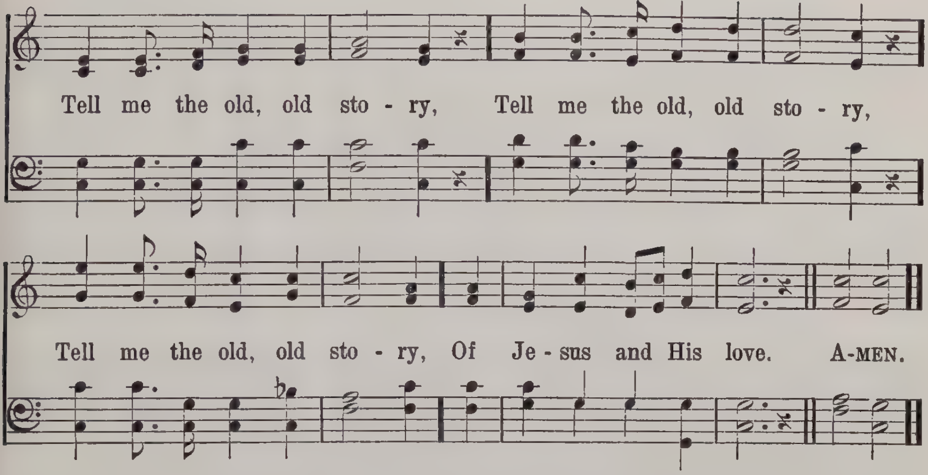
William Howard Doane, 1869


1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove;
2. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, That I may take it in—
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave;
Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
That won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin.
Re - mem - ber, I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save.
Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child;
Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For I for - get so soon;
Tell me that sto - ry al - ways, If you would real - ly be,
For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed.
The ear - ly dew of morn - ing Has passed a - way at noon.
In an - y time of trou - ble, A com - fort - er to me.

Used by permission of W. H. Doane

Tell Me the Old, Old Story

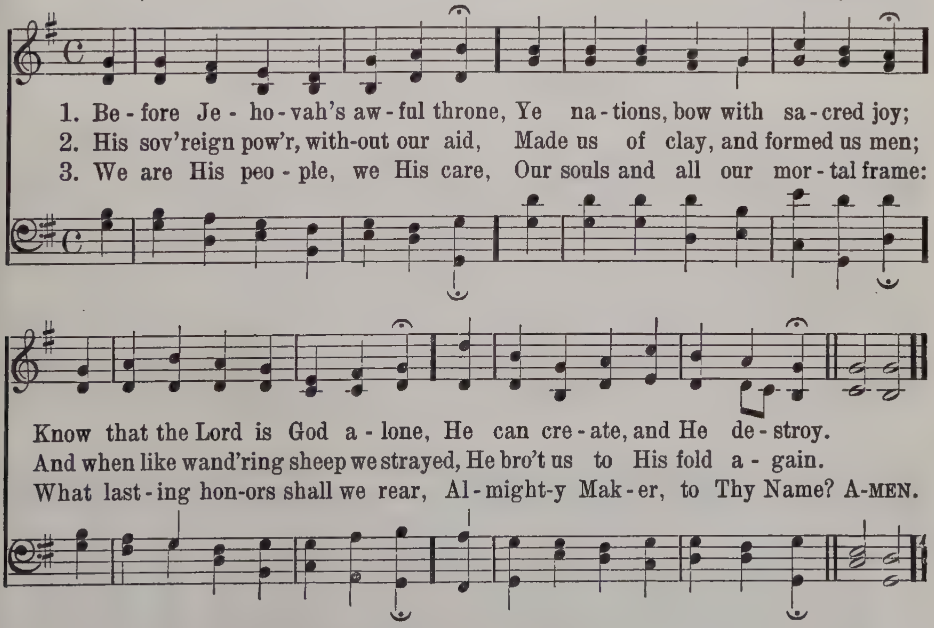
REFRAIN:


Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry,
Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. A-MEN.

7. Before Jehovah's Awful Throne

Isaac Watts, 1719

Louis Bourgeois
The Genevan Psalter, 1551


1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions, bow with sa - cred joy;
2. His sov'reign pow'r, with-out our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men;
3. We are His peo - ple, we His care, Our souls and all our mor - tal frame:
Know that the Lord is God a - lone, He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy.
And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed, He bro't us to His fold a - gain.
What last - ing hon-ors shall we rear, Al - might-y Mak - er, to Thy Name? A-MEN.

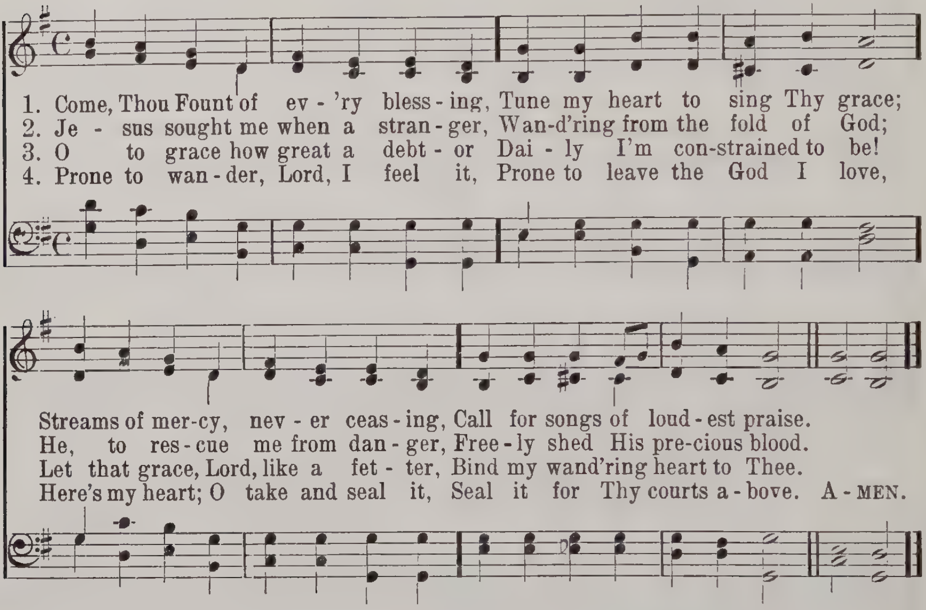
4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

8. Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

Robert Robinson, 1759, a.

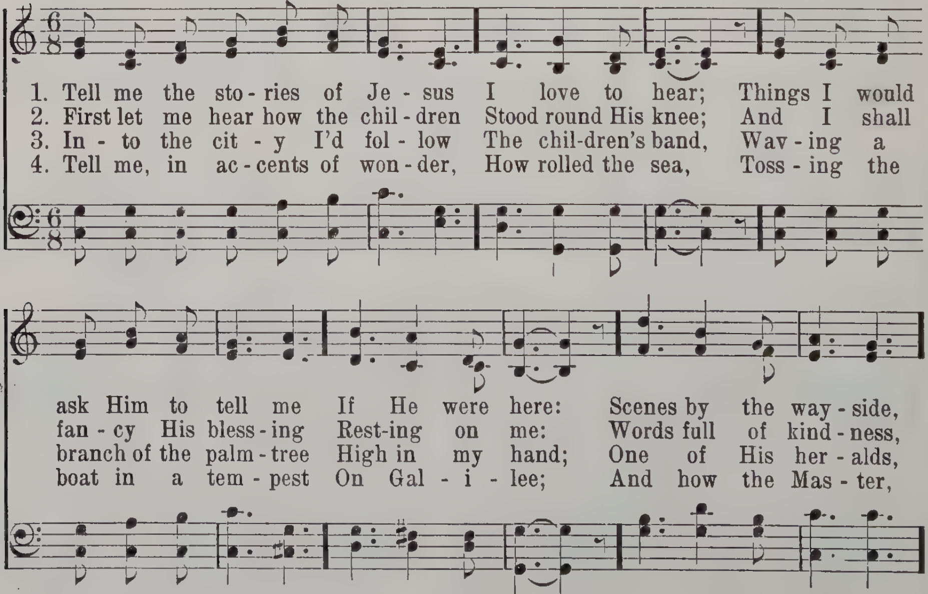
Charlotte A. Barnard, 1868


1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wan-d'ring from the fold of God;
3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con-strained to be!
4. Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love,
Streams of mer-cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, Free - ly shed His pre-cious blood.
Let that grace, Lord, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.
Here's my heart; O take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove. A - MEN.

9. Tell Me the Stories of Jesus

William Henry Parker, 1904

F. A. Challinor, 1904


1. Tell me the sto - ries of Je - sus I love to hear; Things I would
2. First let me hear how the chil - dren Stood round His knee; And I shall
3. In - to the cit - y I'd fol - low The chil-dren's band, Wav - ing a
4. Tell me, in ac - cents of won - der, How rolled the sea, Toss - ing the
ask Him to tell me If He were here: Scenes by the way - side,
fan - cy His bless - ing Rest-ing on me: Words full of kind - ness,
branch of the palm - tree High in my hand; One of His her - alds,
boat in a tem - pest On Gal - i - lee; And how the Mas - ter,

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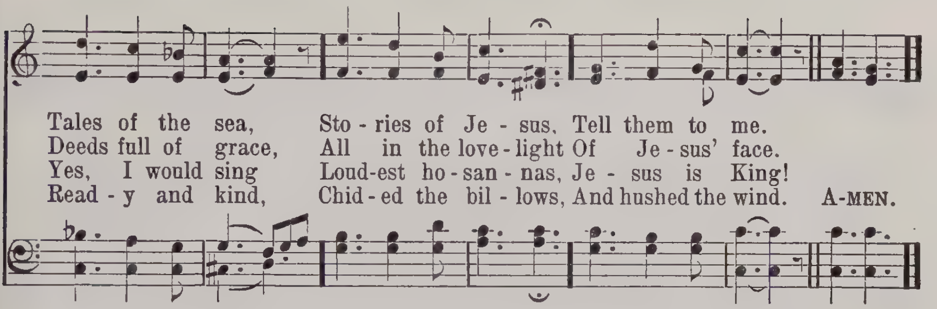
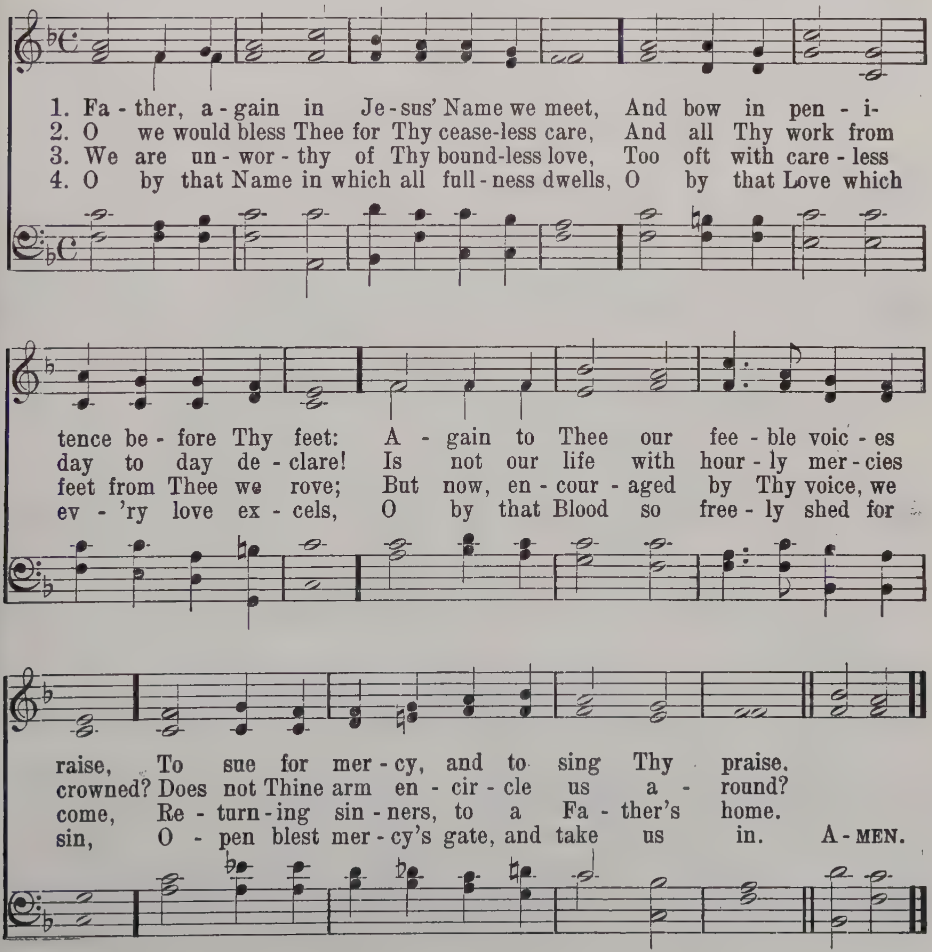
Tell Me the Stories of Jesus


Tales of the sea, Sto - ries of Je - sus, Tell them to me.
Deeds full of grace, All in the love - light Of Je - sus' face.
Yes, I would sing Loud-est ho - san - nas, Je - sus is King!
Read - y and kind, Chid - ed the bil - lows, And hushed the wind. A-MEN.

10. Father, Again in Jesus' Name We Meet

Lucy E. G. Whitmore, 1824

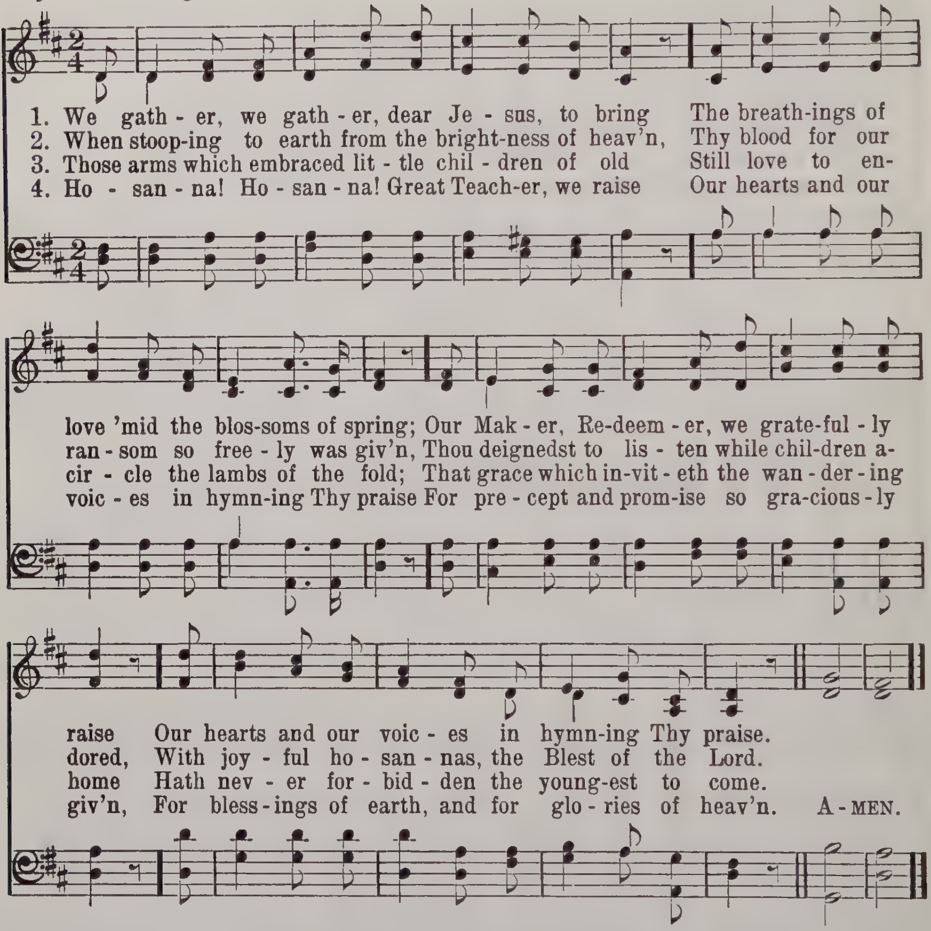
James Langran, 1861


1. Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' Name we meet, And bow in pen - i-
2. O we would bless Thee for Thy cease-less care, And all Thy work from
3. We are un - wor - thy of Thy bound-less love, Too oft with care - less
4. O by that Name in which all full - ness dwells, O by that Love which
tence be - fore Thy feet: A - gain to Thee our fee - ble voic - es
day to day de - clare! Is not our life with hour - ly mer - cies
feet from Thee we rove; But now, en - cour - aged by Thy voice, we
ev - 'ry love ex - cels, O by that Blood so free - ly shed for
raise, To sue for mer - cy, and to sing Thy praise.
crowned? Does not Thine arm en - cir - cle us a - round?
come, Re - turn - ing sin - ners, to a Fa - ther's home.
sin, O - pen blest mer - cy's gate, and take us in. A - MEN.

11. We Gather, We Gather, Dear Jesus, to Bring

J. N. Van Harlingen

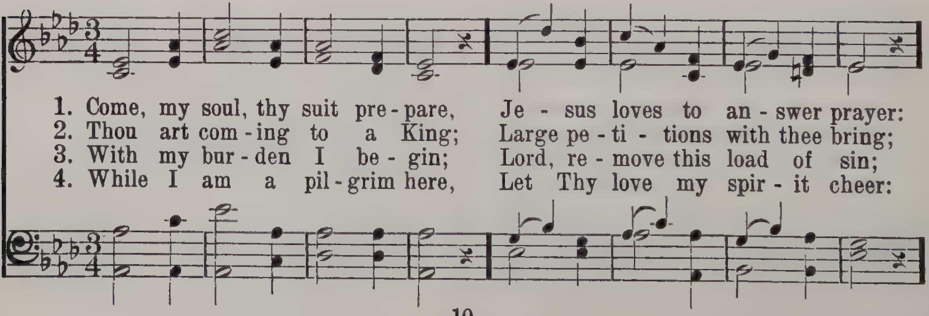
From Pilgrimsharpan


1. We gath - er, we gath - er, dear Je - sus, to bring The breath-ings of
2. When stoop-ing to earth from the bright-ness of heav'n, Thy blood for our
3. Those arms which embraced lit - tle chil - dren of old Still love to en-
4. Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Great Teach-er, we raise Our hearts and our
love 'mid the blos-soms of spring; Our Mak - er, Re-deem - er, we grate-ful - ly
ran - som so free - ly was giv'n, Thou deignedst to lis - ten while chil-dren a-
cir - cle the lambs of the fold; That grace which in-vit - eth the wan - der - ing
voic - es in hymn-ing Thy praise For pre - cept and prom-ise so gra-cious - ly
raise Our hearts and our voic - es in hymn-ing Thy praise.
dored, With joy - ful ho - san - nas, the Blest of the Lord.
home Hath nev - er for - bid - den the young-est to come.
giv'n, For bless-ings of earth, and for glo - ries of heav'n. A - MEN.

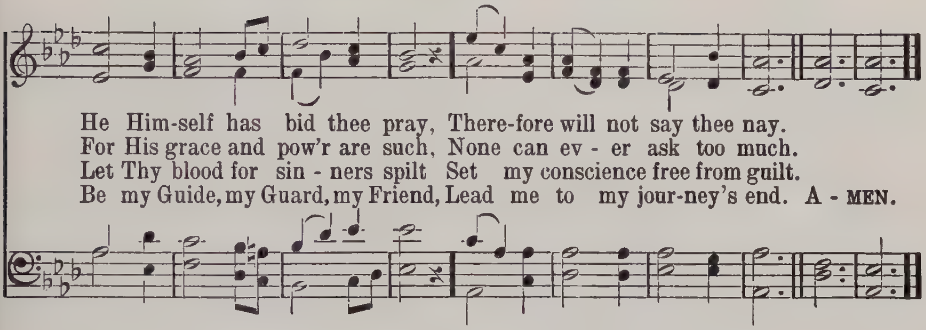
12. Come, My Soul, Thy Suit Prepare

John Newton, 1779

C. von Wartensee, 1780


1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer:
2. Thou art com - ing to a King; Large pe - ti - tions with thee bring;
3. With my bur - den I be - gin; Lord, re - move this load of sin;
4. While I am a pil - grim here, Let Thy love my spir - it cheer:

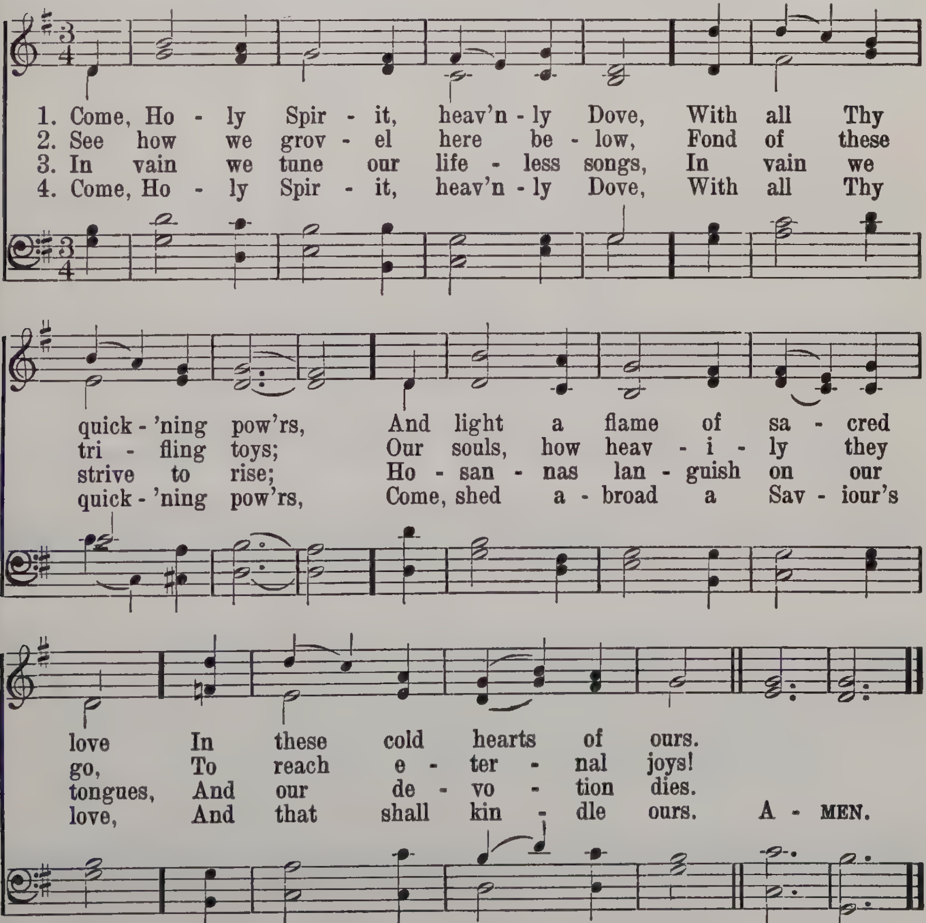
Come, My Soul, Thy Suit Prepare


He Himself has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay.
For His grace and pow'r are such, None can ever ask too much.
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt Set my conscience free from guilt.
Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend, Lead me to my journey's end. A - MEN.

13. Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove

Isaac Watts, 1709

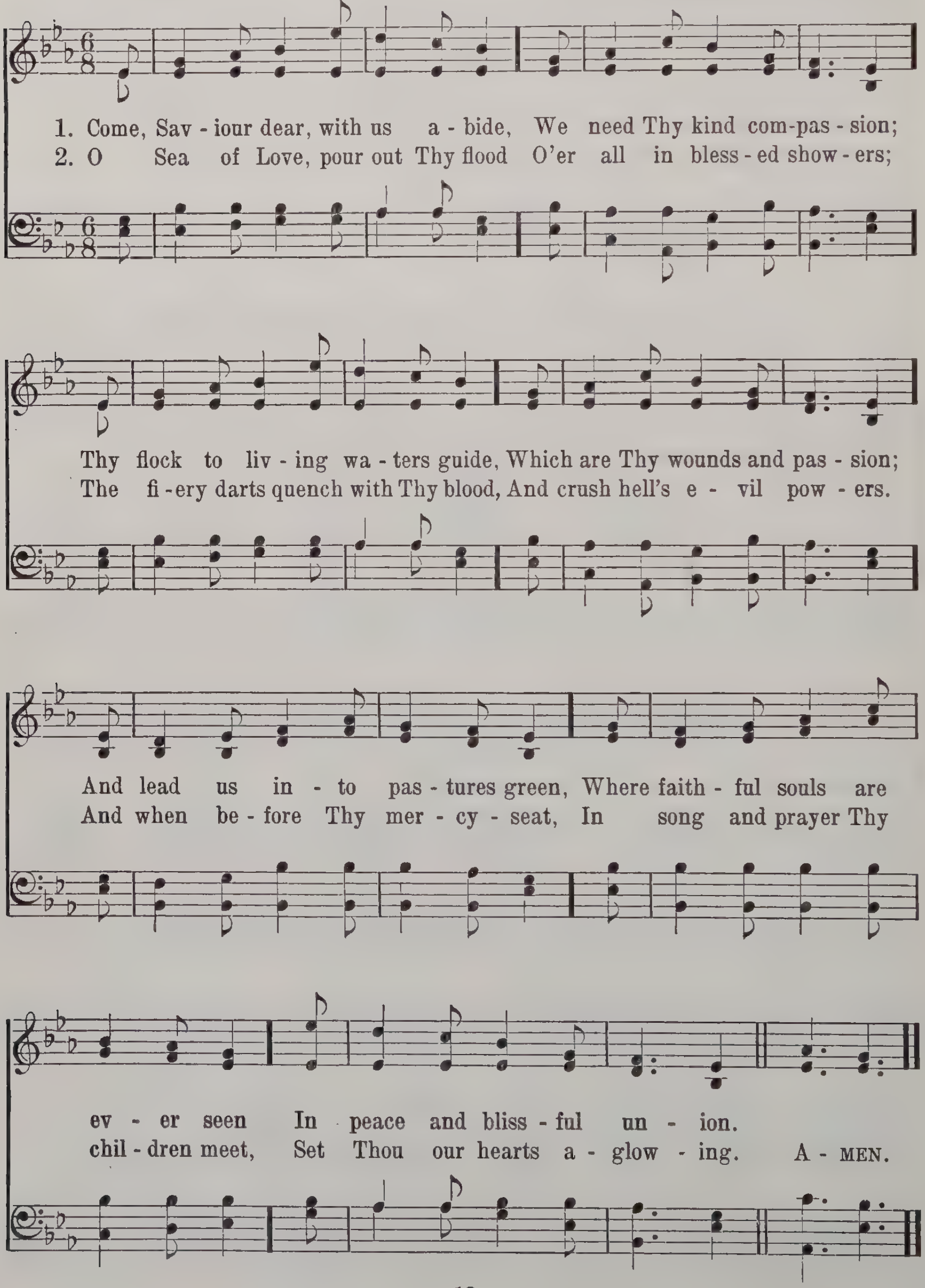
William Gardiner, 1812


1. Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy
2. See how we grovel here below, Fond of these
3. In vain we tune our lifeless songs, In vain we
4. Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy
quick-'ning pow'rs, And light a flame of sacred
trifling toys; Our souls, how heavily they
strive to rise; Hosannas languish on our
quick-'ning pow'rs, Come, shed abroad a Saviour's
love In these cold hearts of ours.
go, To reach eternal joys!
tongues, And our devotion dies.
love, And that shall kindle ours. A - MEN.

14. Come, Saviour Dear, with Us Abide

Andreas Carl Rutström, (1721–1772)
Tr. A. O. Bersell

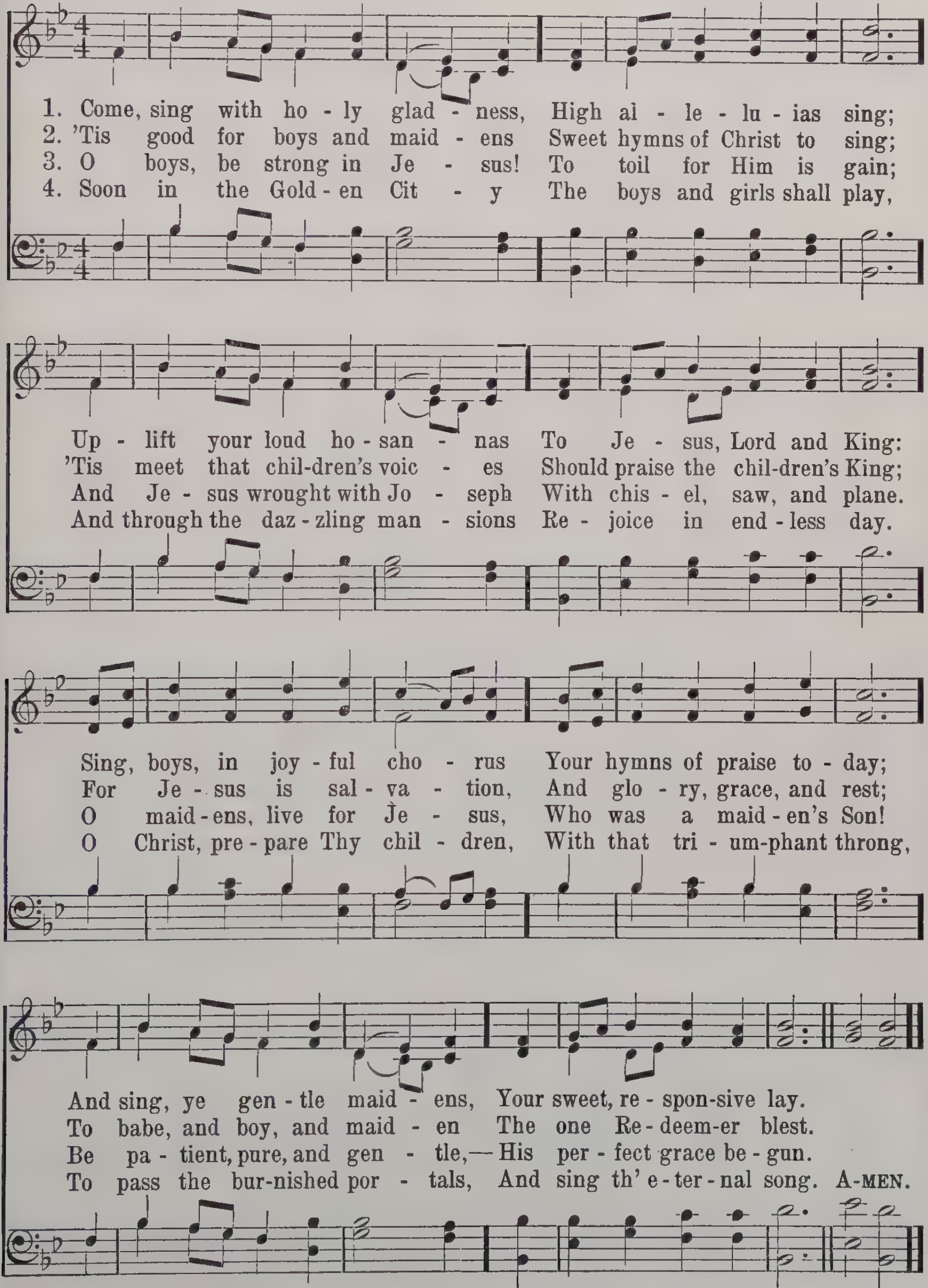
Fredrik Gabriel Hedberg, (1811–1893)


1. Come, Sav - iour dear, with us a - bide, We need Thy kind com-pas - sion;
2. O Sea of Love, pour out Thy flood O'er all in bless - ed show - ers;
Thy flock to liv - ing wa - ters guide, Which are Thy wounds and pas - sion;
The fi - ery darts quench with Thy blood, And crush hell's e - vil pow - ers.
And lead us in - to pas - tures green, Where faith - ful souls are
And when be - fore Thy mer - cy - seat, In song and prayer Thy
ev - er seen In peace and bliss - ful un - ion.
chil - dren meet, Set Thou our hearts a - glow - ing. A - MEN.

15. Come, Sing with Holy Gladness

John Jeremiah Daniell, 1868

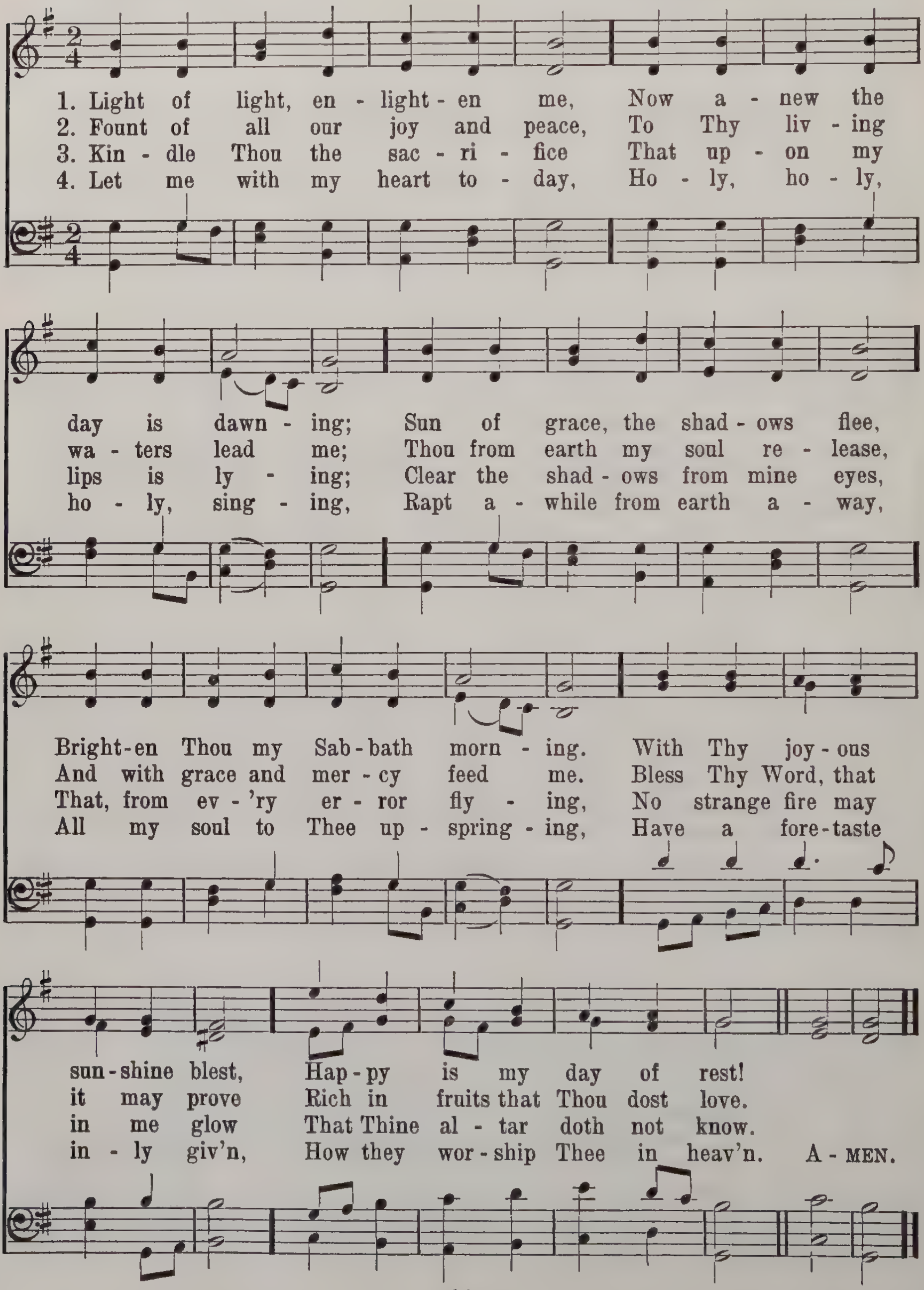
German Melody, 1784


1. Come, sing with ho - ly glad - ness, High al - le - lu - ias sing;
2. 'Tis good for boys and maid - ens Sweet hymns of Christ to sing;
3. O boys, be strong in Je - sus! To toil for Him is gain;
4. Soon in the Gold - en Cit - y The boys and girls shall play,
Up - lift your loud ho - san - nas To Je - sus, Lord and King:
'Tis meet that chil-dren's voic - es Should praise the chil-dren's King;
And Je - sus wrought with Jo - seph With chis - el, saw, and plane.
And through the daz - zling man - sions Re - joice in end - less day.
Sing, boys, in joy - ful cho - rus Your hymns of praise to - day;
For Je - sus is sal - va - tion, And glo - ry, grace, and rest;
O maid - ens, live for Je - sus, Who was a maid - en's Son!
O Christ, pre - pare Thy chil - dren, With that tri - um-phant throng,
And sing, ye gen - tle maid - ens, Your sweet, re - spon-sive lay.
To babe, and boy, and maid - en The one Re - deem-er blest.
Be pa - tient, pure, and gen - tle,—His per - fect grace be - gun.
To pass the bur-nished por - tals, And sing th' e - ter - nal song. A-MEN.

16. Light of Light, Enlighten Me

Benjamin Schmolck, 1715
Tr. Catherine Winkworth

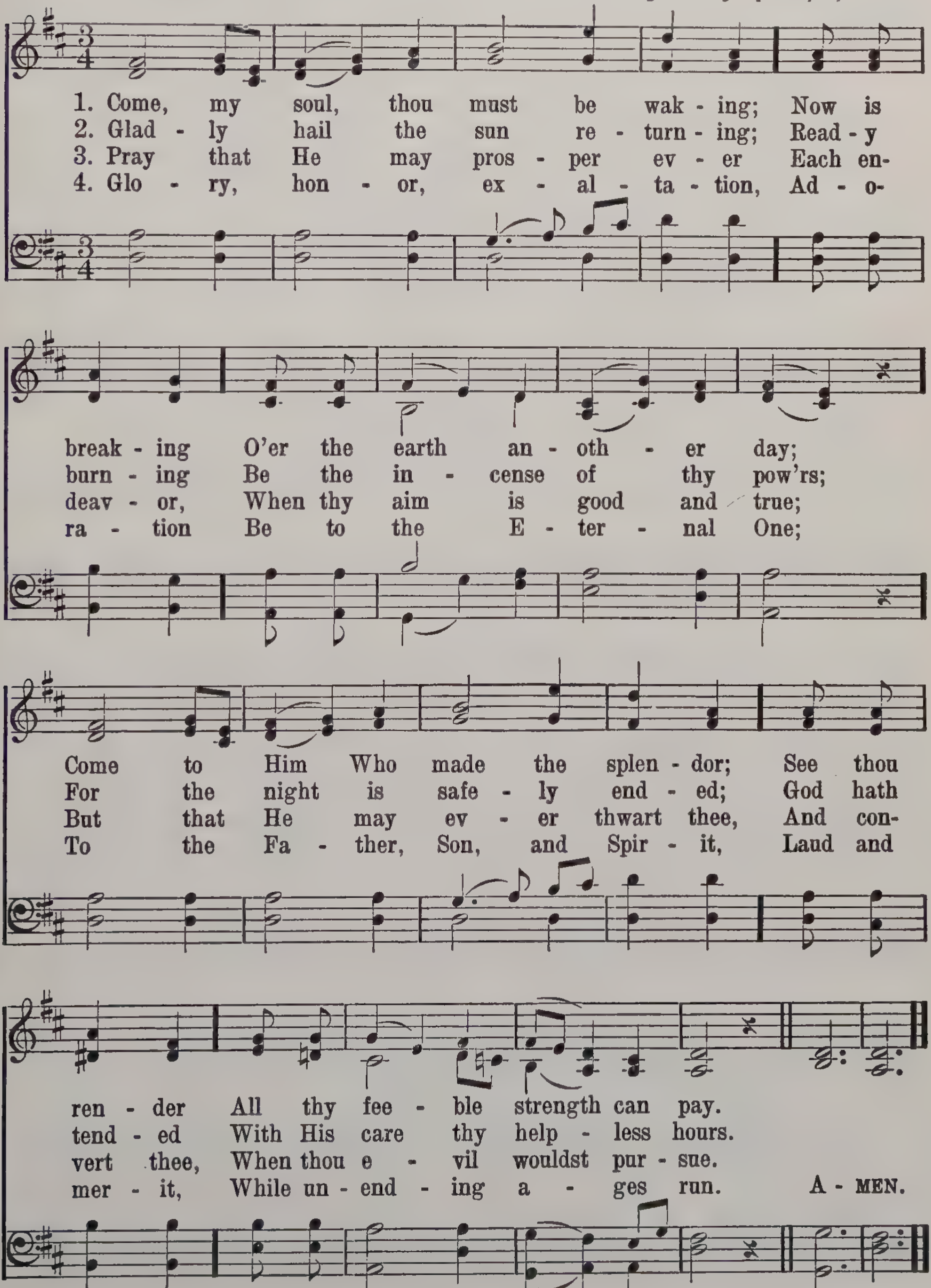
From Johann Sebastian Bach, (1685-1750)


1. Light of light, en - light - en me, Now a - new the
2. Fount of all our joy and peace, To Thy liv - ing
3. Kin - dle Thou the sac - ri - fice That up - on my
4. Let me with my heart to - day, Ho - ly, ho - ly,
day is dawn - ing; Sun of grace, the shad - ows flee,
wa - ters lead me; Thou from earth my soul re - lease,
lips is ly - ing; Clear the shad - ows from mine eyes,
ho - ly, sing - ing, Rapt a - while from earth a - way,
Bright-en Thou my Sab-bath morn - ing. With Thy joy - ous
And with grace and mer - cy feed me. Bless Thy Word, that
That, from ev - 'ry er - ror fly - ing, No strange fire may
All my soul to Thee up - spring - ing, Have a fore-taste
sun-shine blest, Hap-py is my day of rest!
it may prove Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.
in me glow That Thine al - tar doth not know.
in - ly giv'n, How they wor-ship Thee in heav'n. A - MEN.

17. Come, My Soul, Thou Must Be Waking

Friedrich R. von Canitz, 1700
Tr. Henry J. Buckoll, 1841, a.

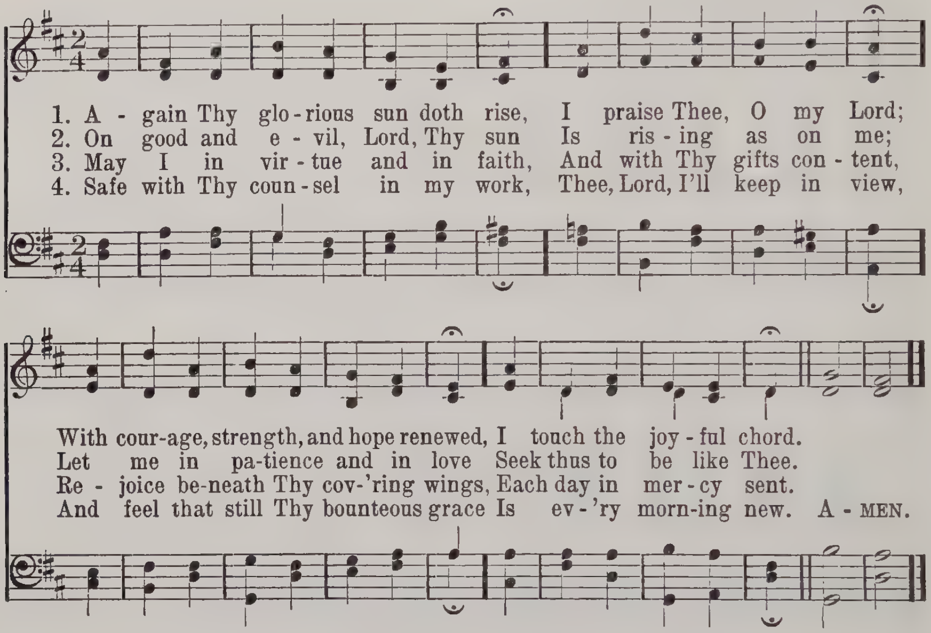
Arranged from Joseph Haydn, 1791


1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing; Now is
2. Glad - ly hail the sun re - turn - ing; Read - y
3. Pray that He may pros - per ev - er Each en-
4. Glo - ry, hon - or, ex - al - ta - tion, Ad - o-
break - ing O'er the earth an - oth - er day;
burn - ing Be the in - cense of thy pow'rs;
deav - or, When thy aim is good and true;
ra - tion Be to the E - ter - nal One;
Come to Him Who made the splen - dor; See thou
For the night is safe - ly end - ed; God hath
But that He may ev - er thwart thee, And con-
To the Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, Laud and
ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay.
tend - ed With His care thy help - less hours.
vert thee, When thou e - vil wouldst pur - sue.
mer - it, While un - end - ing a - ges run.
A - MEN.

18. Again Thy Glorious Sun Doth Rise

Johan Olof Wallin, 1816

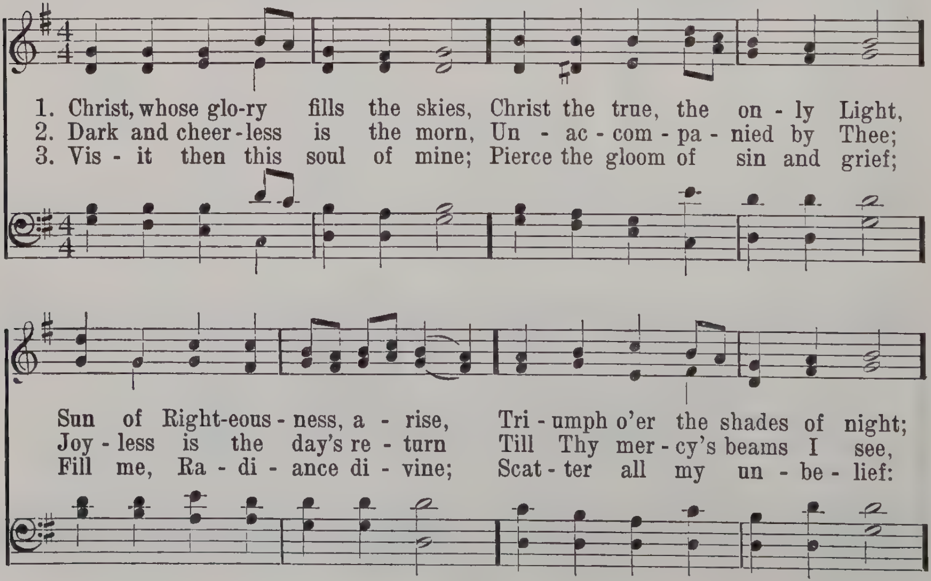
Johann Georg Christian Störl, 1710


1. A - gain Thy glo - rious sun doth rise, I praise Thee, O my Lord;
2. On good and e - vil, Lord, Thy sun Is ris - ing as on me;
3. May I in vir - tue and in faith, And with Thy gifts con - tent,
4. Safe with Thy coun - sel in my work, Thee, Lord, I'll keep in view,
With cour-age, strength, and hope renewed, I touch the joy - ful chord.
Let me in pa-tience and in love Seek thus to be like Thee.
Re - joice be-neath Thy cov-'ring wings, Each day in mer - cy sent.
And feel that still Thy bounteous grace Is ev - 'ry morn-ing new. A - MEN.

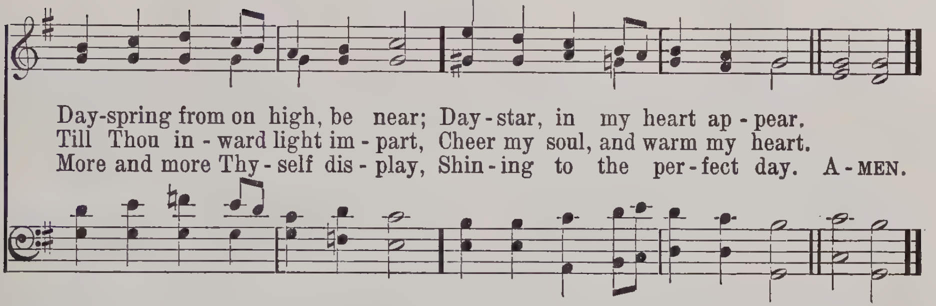
19. Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies

Charles Wesley, 1740

Charles Francois Gounod, 1872

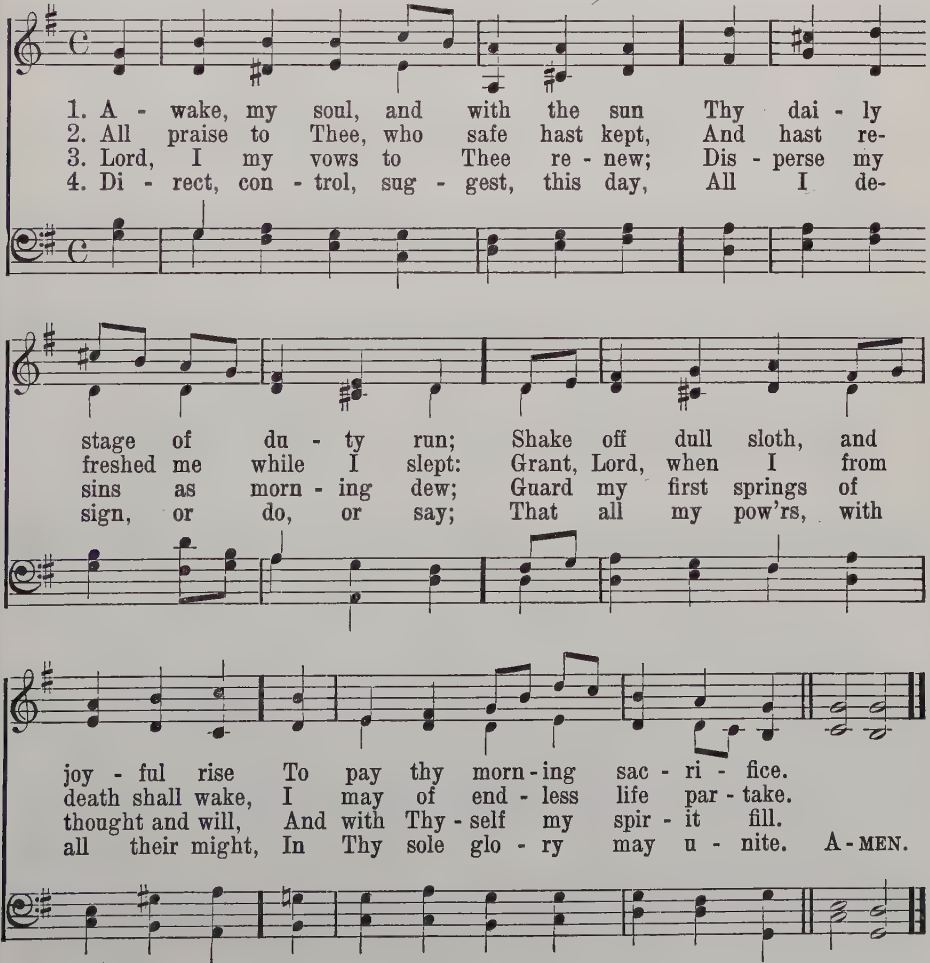

1. Christ, whose glo-ry fills the skies, Christ the true, the on - ly Light,
2. Dark and cheer - less is the morn, Un - ac - com - pa - nied by Thee;
3. Vis - it then this soul of mine; Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Sun of Right-eous - ness, a - rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night;
Joy - less is the day's re - turn Till Thy mer - cy's beams I see,
Fill me, Ra - di - ance di - vine; Scat - ter all my un - be - lief:

Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies


Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart ap-pear.
Till Thou in-ward light im-part, Cheer my soul, and warm my heart.
More and more Thy-self dis-play, Shin-ing to the per-fect day. A-MEN.

20. Awake, My Soul, and with the Sun

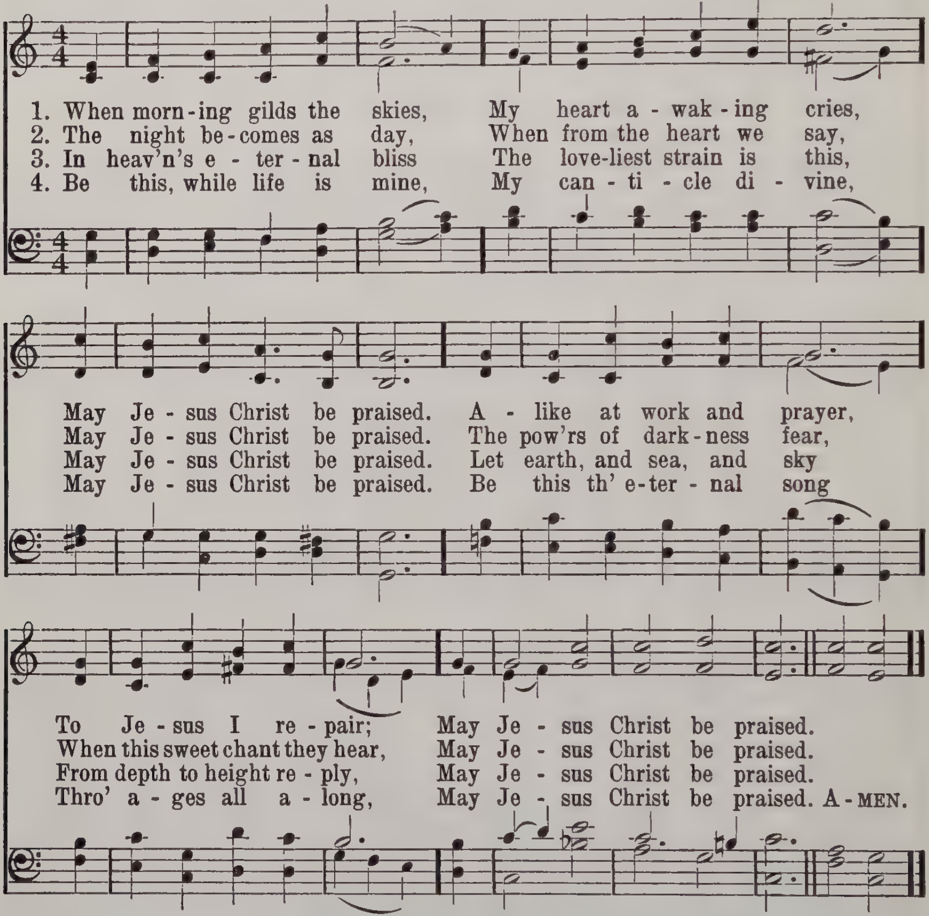
Thomas Ken, 1695, a. Francois Hippolite Barthelemon, 1780


1. A-wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai-ly stage of du-ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and joy-ful rise To pay thy morn-ing sac-ri-fice.
2. All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept, And hast re-freshed me while I slept: Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end-less life par-take.
3. Lord, I my vows to Thee re-new; Dis-perse my sins as morn-ing dew; Guard my first springs of thought and will, And with Thy-self my spir-it fill.
4. Di-rect, con-trol, sug-gest, this day, All I de-sign, or do, or say; That all my pow'rs, with all their might, In Thy sole glo-ry may u-nite. A-MEN.

21. When Morning Gilds the Skies

From the German, 1828
Tr. Edward Caswall, 1854

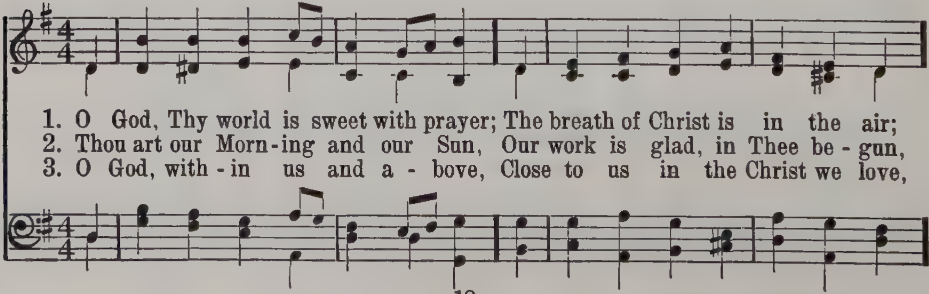
Joseph Barnby, 1868


1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,
2. The night be-comes as day, When from the heart we say,
3. In heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss The love-liest strain is this,
4. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,
May Je - sus Christ be praised. A - like at work and prayer,
May Je - sus Christ be praised. The pow'rs of dark-ness fear,
May Je - sus Christ be praised. Let earth, and sea, and sky
May Je - sus Christ be praised. Be this th' e-ter - nal song
To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.
When this sweet chant they hear, May Je - sus Christ be praised.
From depth to height re - ply, May Je - sus Christ be praised.
Thro' a - ges all a - long, May Je - sus Christ be praised. A - MEN.

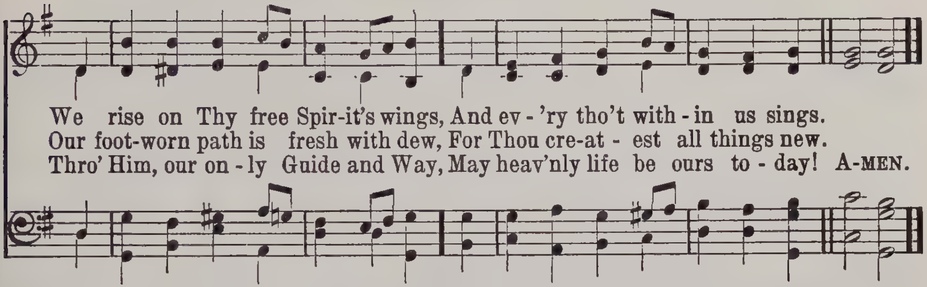
22. O God, Thy World Is Sweet with Prayer

Lucy Larcom, 1892

Robert Schumann, 1833


1. O God, Thy world is sweet with prayer; The breath of Christ is in the air;
2. Thou art our Morn-ing and our Sun, Our work is glad, in Thee be - gun,
3. O God, with - in us and a - bove, Close to us in the Christ we love,

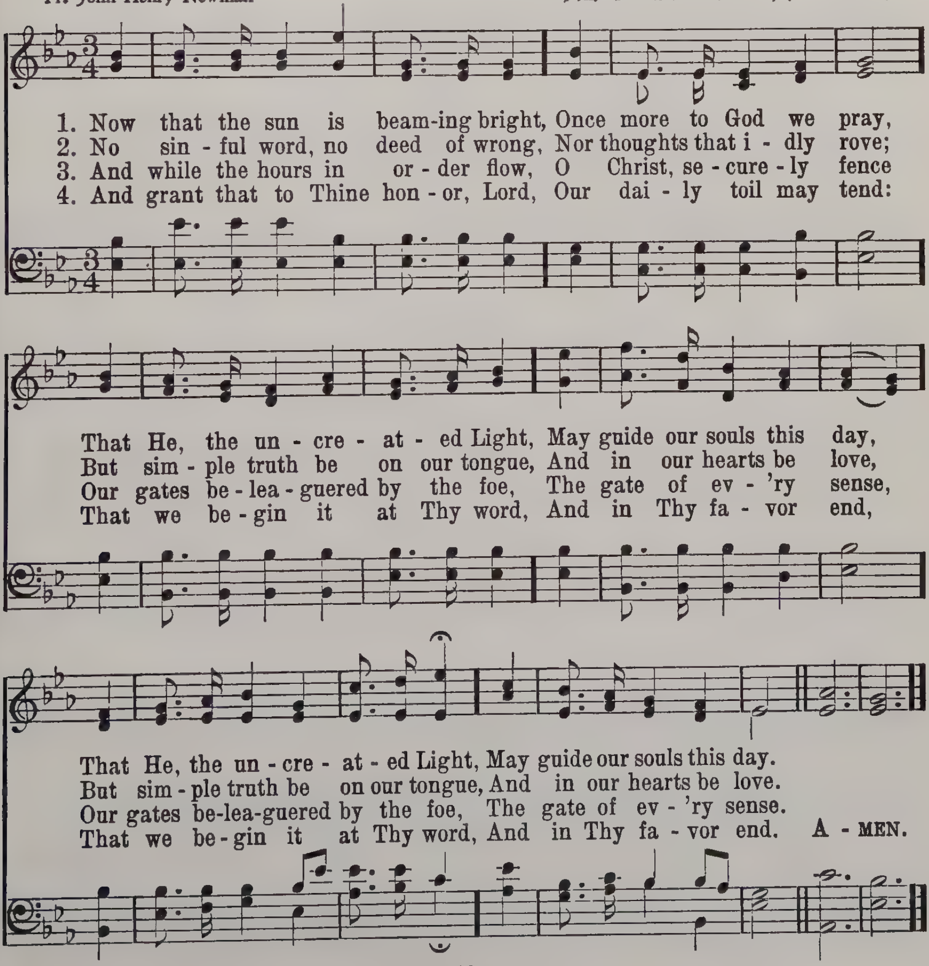
O God, Thy World Is Sweet with Prayer


We rise on Thy free Spir-it's wings, And ev - 'ry tho't with - in us sings.
Our foot-worn path is fresh with dew, For Thou cre-at - est all things new.
Thro' Him, our on - ly Guide and Way, May heav'nly life be ours to - day! A-MEN.

23. Now That the Sun Is Beaming Bright

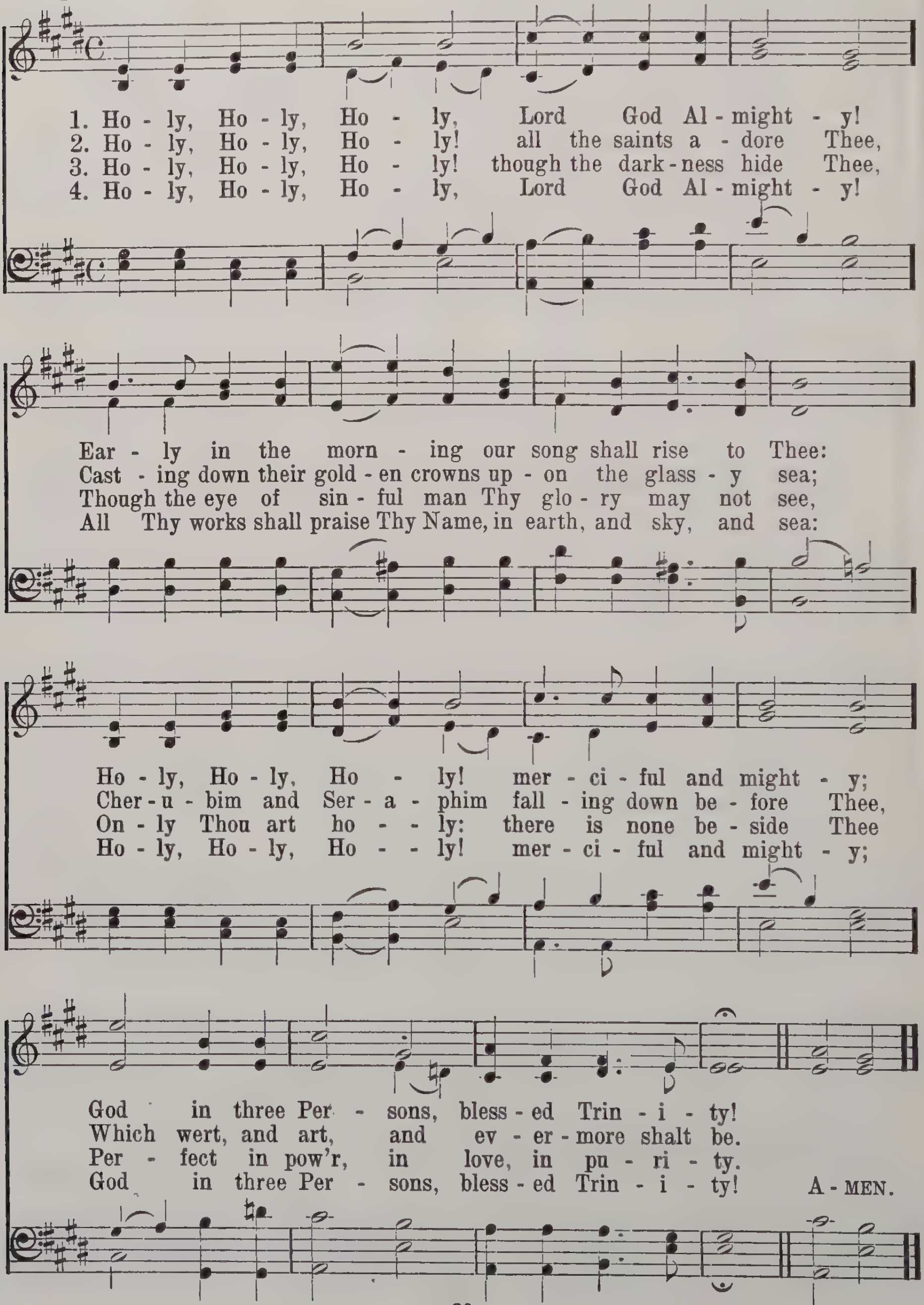
From the Latin
Tr. John Henry Newman

Joh. Christ. Heinr. Rink, (1770–1846)


1. Now that the sun is beam-ing bright, Once more to God we pray,
2. No sin - ful word, no deed of wrong, Nor thoughts that i - dly rove;
3. And while the hours in or - der flow, O Christ, se - cure - ly fence
4. And grant that to Thine hon - or, Lord, Our dai - ly toil may tend:
That He, the un - cre - at - ed Light, May guide our souls this day,
But sim - ple truth be on our tongue, And in our hearts be love,
Our gates be - lea - guered by the foe, The gate of ev - 'ry sense,
That we be - gin it at Thy word, And in Thy fa - vor end,
That He, the un - cre - at - ed Light, May guide our souls this day.
But sim - ple truth be on our tongue, And in our hearts be love.
Our gates be-lea-guered by the foe, The gate of ev - 'ry sense.
That we be - gin it at Thy word, And in Thy fa - vor end. A - MEN.

24. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!

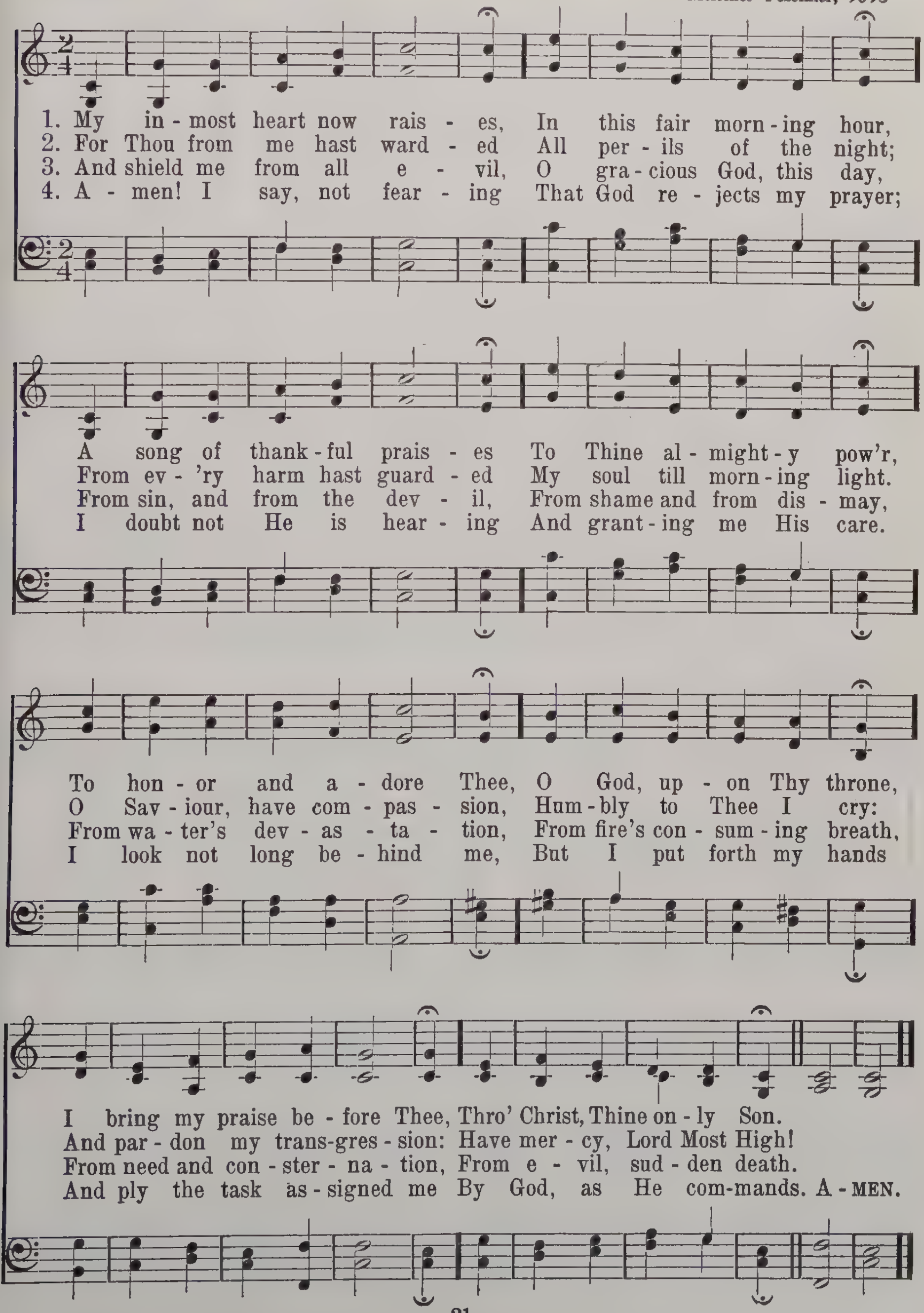
Reginald Heber, 1827 John Bacchus Dykes, 1860


1. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
2. Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
3. Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
4. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:
Casting down their golden crowns upon the glassy sea;
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Only Thou art holy: there is none beside Thee
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty;
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
Perfect in pow'r, in love, in purity.
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!
A-MEN.

25. My Inmost Heart Now Raises

Johannes Mathesius, 1592

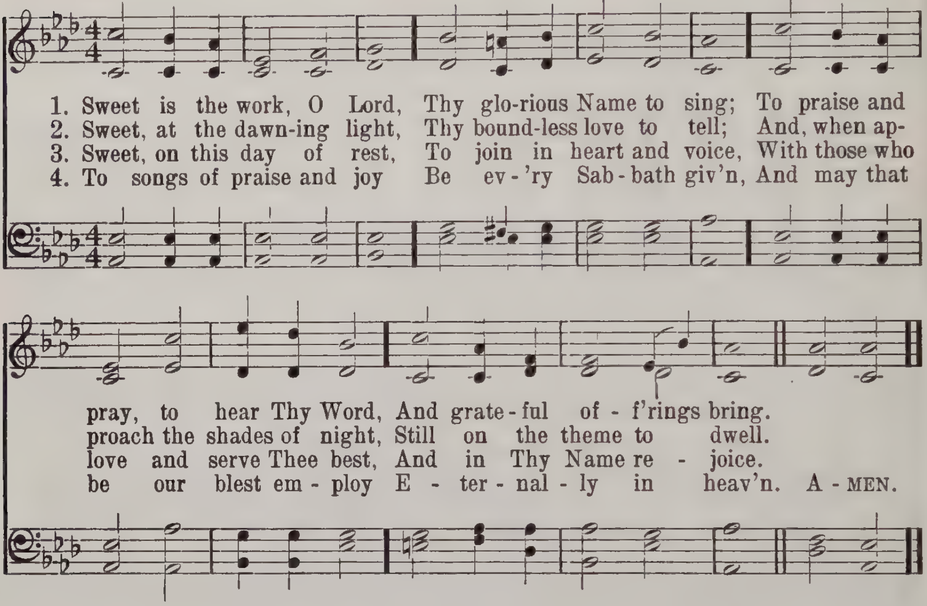
Melchior Teschner, 1613


1. My in - most heart now rais - es, In this fair morn - ing hour,
2. For Thou from me hast ward - ed All per - ils of the night;
3. And shield me from all e - vil, O gra - cious God, this day,
4. A - men! I say, not fear - ing That God re - jects my prayer;
A song of thank - ful prais - es To Thine al - might - y pow'r,
From ev - 'ry harm hast guard - ed My soul till morn - ing light.
From sin, and from the dev - il, From shame and from dis - may,
I doubt not He is hear - ing And grant - ing me His care.
To hon - or and a - dore Thee, O God, up - on Thy throne,
O Sav - iour, have com - pas - sion, Hum - bly to Thee I cry:
From wa - ter's dev - as - ta - tion, From fire's con - sum - ing breath,
I look not long be - hind me, But I put forth my hands
I bring my praise be - fore Thee, Thro' Christ, Thine on - ly Son.
And par - don my trans-gres - sion: Have mer - cy, Lord Most High!
From need and con - ster - na - tion, From e - vil, sud - den death.
And ply the task as - signed me By God, as He com-mands. A - MEN.

26. Sweet Is the Work, O Lord

Harriet Auber, 1829

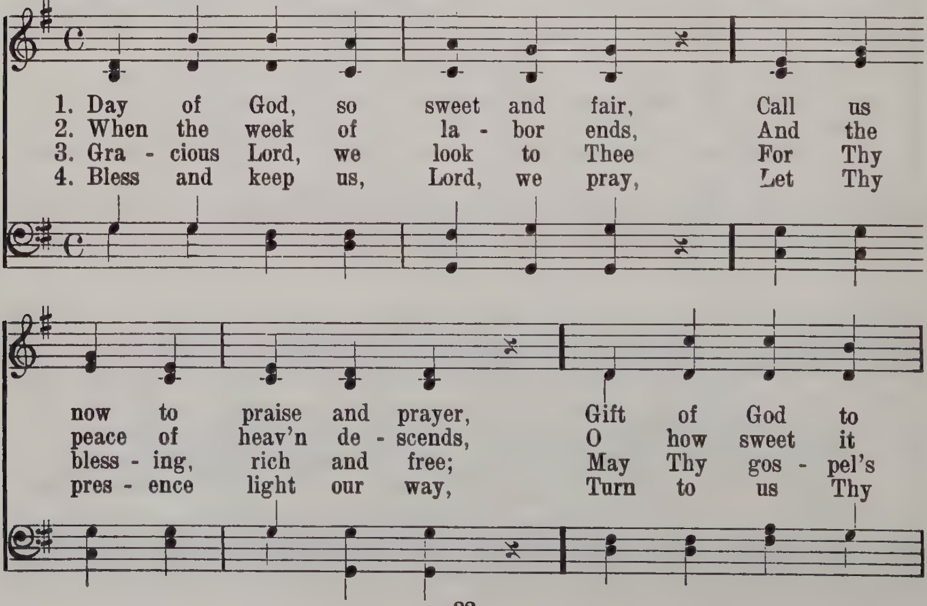
U. C. Burnap


1. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glo-rious Name to sing; To praise and
2. Sweet, at the dawn-ing light, Thy bound-less love to tell; And, when ap-
3. Sweet, on this day of rest, To join in heart and voice, With those who
4. To songs of praise and joy Be ev-'ry Sab-bath giv'n, And may that
pray, to hear Thy Word, And grate-ful of-f'rings bring.
proach the shades of night, Still on the theme to dwell.
love and serve Thee best, And in Thy Name re-joice.
be our blest em-ploy E-ter-nal-ly in heav'n. A-MEN.

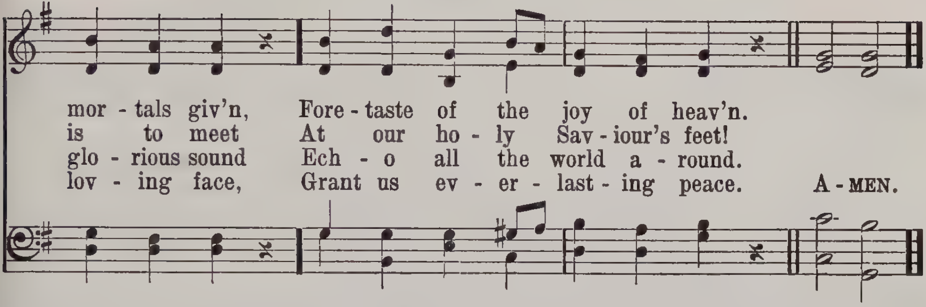
27. Day of God, So Sweet and Fair

Joel Blomqvist, stanzas 1, 2 and 3
Ernest Edwin Ryden, stanza 4, and tr. 1, 2 and 3

Joel Blomqvist


1. Day of God, so sweet and fair, Call us
2. When the week of la-bor ends, And the
3. Gra-cious Lord, we look to Thee For Thy
4. Bless and keep us, Lord, we pray, Let Thy
now to praise and prayer, Gift of God to
peace of heav'n de-scends, O how sweet it
bless-ing, rich and free; May Thy gos-pel's
pres-ence light our way, Turn to us Thy

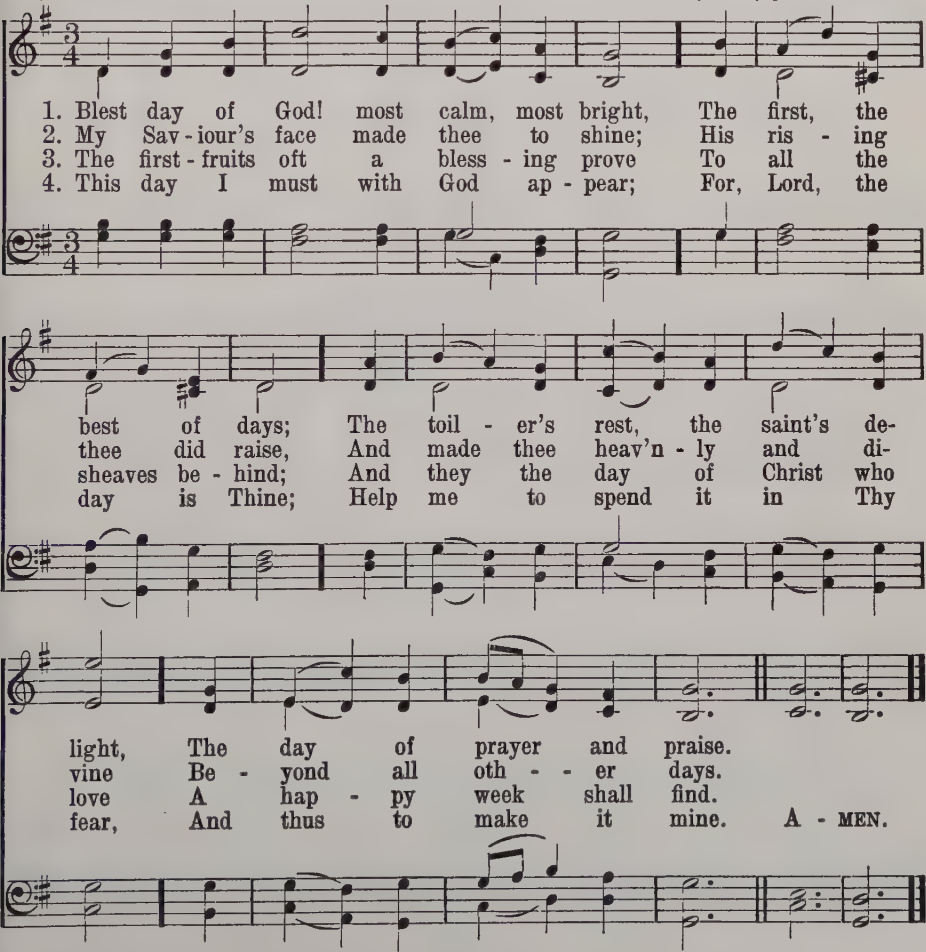
Day of God, So Sweet and Fair


mor - tals giv'n, Fore - taste of the joy of heav'n.
is to meet At our ho - ly Sav - iour's feet!
glo - rious sound Ech - o all the world a - round.
lov - ing face, Grant us ev - er - last - ing peace. A - MEN.

28. Blest Day of God! Most Calm, Most Bright

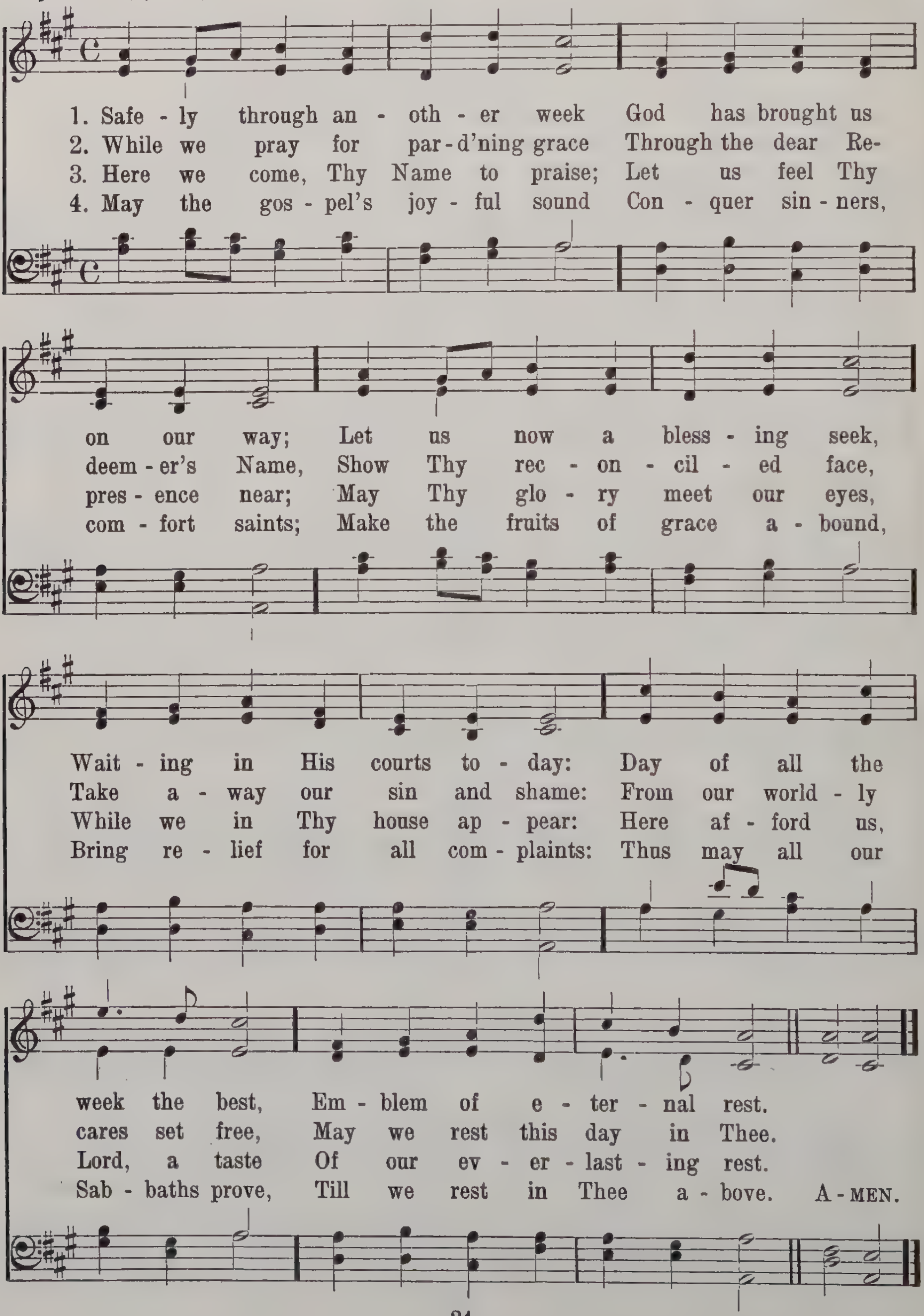
John Mason, 1683

Thomas Haweis, 1780
Har. by Henry John Gauntlett


1. Blest day of God! most calm, most bright, The first, the best of days; The toil - er's rest, the saint's de- light, The day of prayer and praise.
2. My Sav - iour's face made thee to shine; His ris - ing thee did raise, And made thee heav'n - ly and di- vine Be - yond all oth - - er days.
3. The first - fruits oft a bless - ing prove To all the sheaves be - hind; And they the day of Christ who love A hap - py week shall find.
4. This day I must with God ap - pear; For, Lord, the day is Thine; Help me to spend it in Thy fear, And thus to make it mine. A - MEN.

29. Safely through Another Week

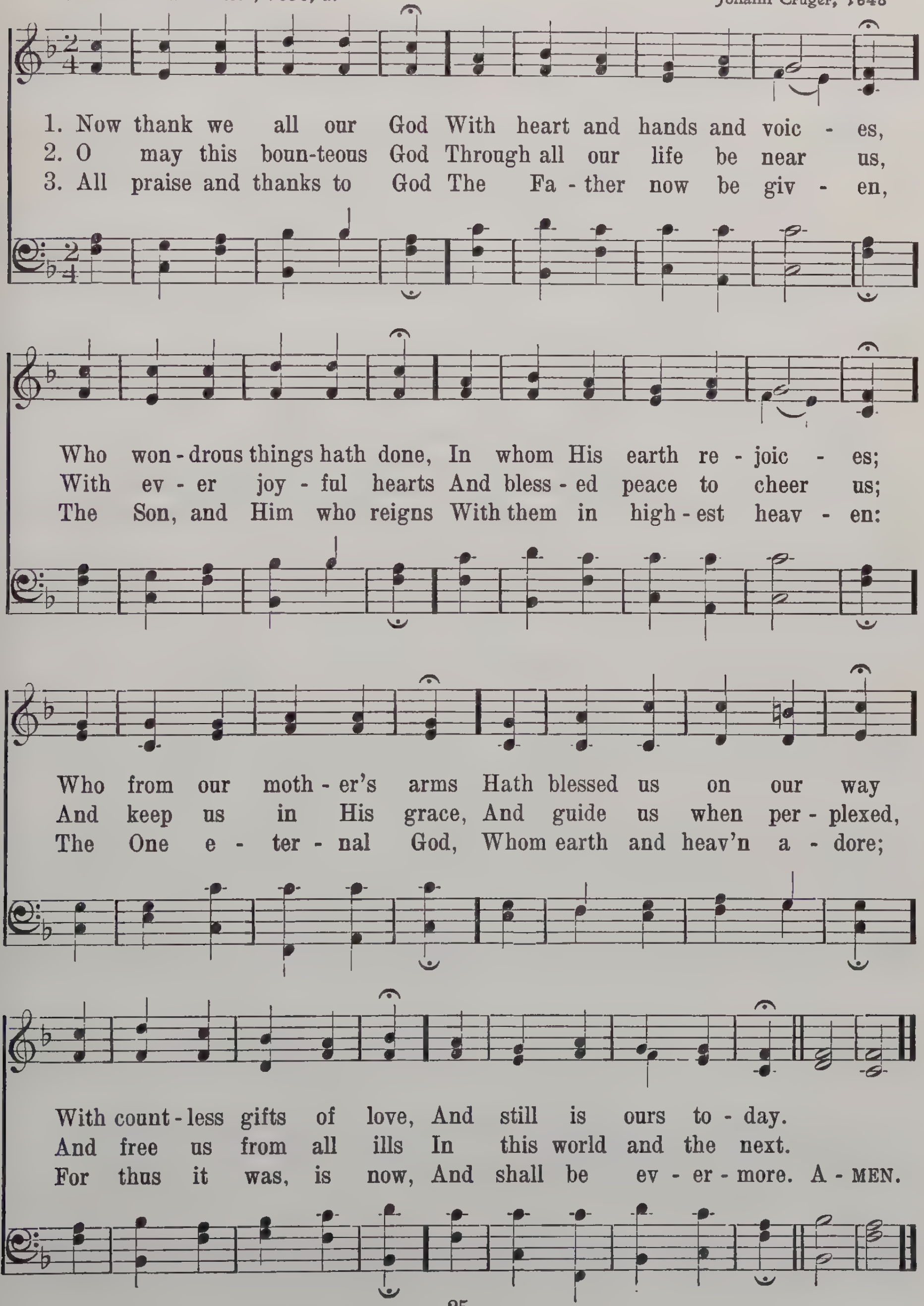
John Newton, 1774, a. Conrad Kocher, 1838


1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us
2. While we pray for par - d'ning grace Through the dear Re-
3. Here we come, Thy Name to praise; Let us feel Thy
4. May the gos - pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners,
on our way; Let us now a bless - ing seek,
deem - er's Name, Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face,
pres - ence near; May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes,
com - fort saints; Make the fruits of grace a - bound,
Wait - ing in His courts to - day: Day of all the
Take a - way our sin and shame: From our world - ly
While we in Thy house ap - pear: Here af - ford us,
Bring re - lief for all com - plaints: Thus may all our
week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing rest.
Sab - baths prove, Till we rest in Thee a - bove. A - MEN.

30. Now Thank We All Our God

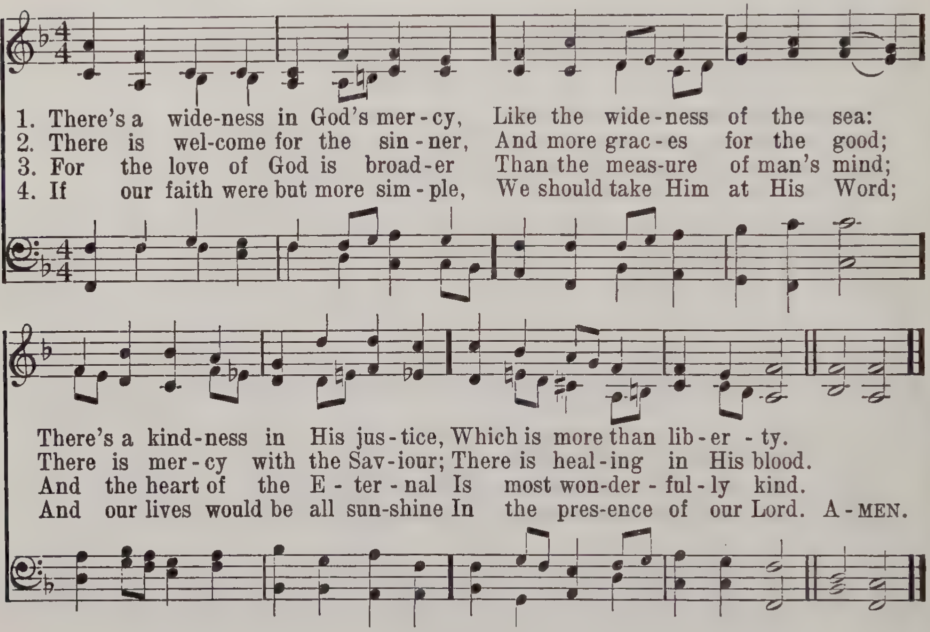
Martin Rinkart, 1630
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858, a.

Johann Crüger, 1648


1. Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voic - es,
2. O may this boun-teous God Through all our life be near us,
3. All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther now be giv - en,
Who won - drous things hath done, In whom His earth re - joic - es;
With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us;
The Son, and Him who reigns With them in high - est heav - en:
Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way
And keep us in His grace, And guide us when per - plexed,
The One e - ter - nal God, Whom earth and heav'n a - dore;
With count - less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
And free us from all ills In this world and the next.
For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more. A - MEN.

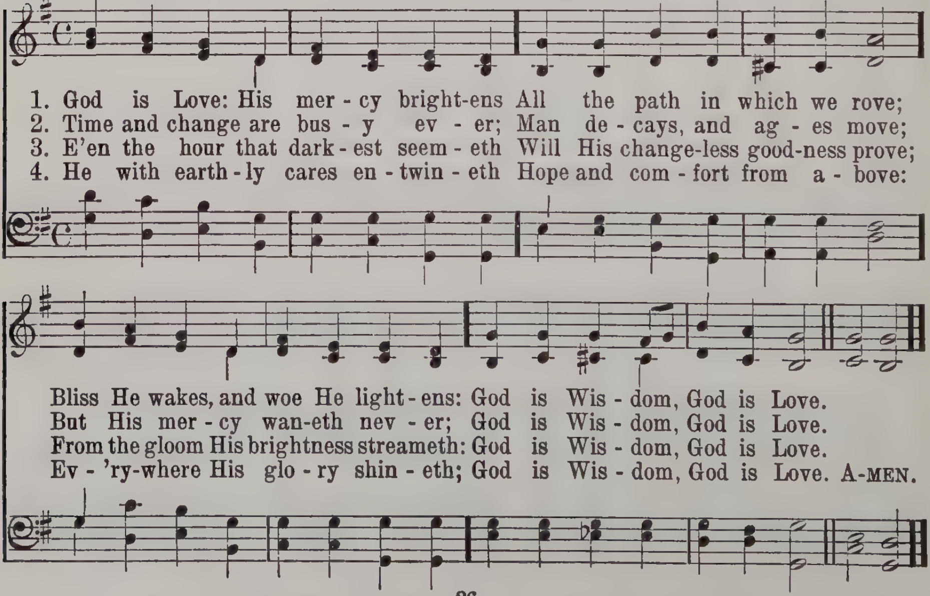
31. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

Frederick W. Faber, (1814–1863), a.
John Stainer, 1887


1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea:
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our faith were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His Word;
There's a kind-ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - iour; There is heal - ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won-der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the pres-ence of our Lord. A - MEN.

32. God Is Love: His Mercy Brightens

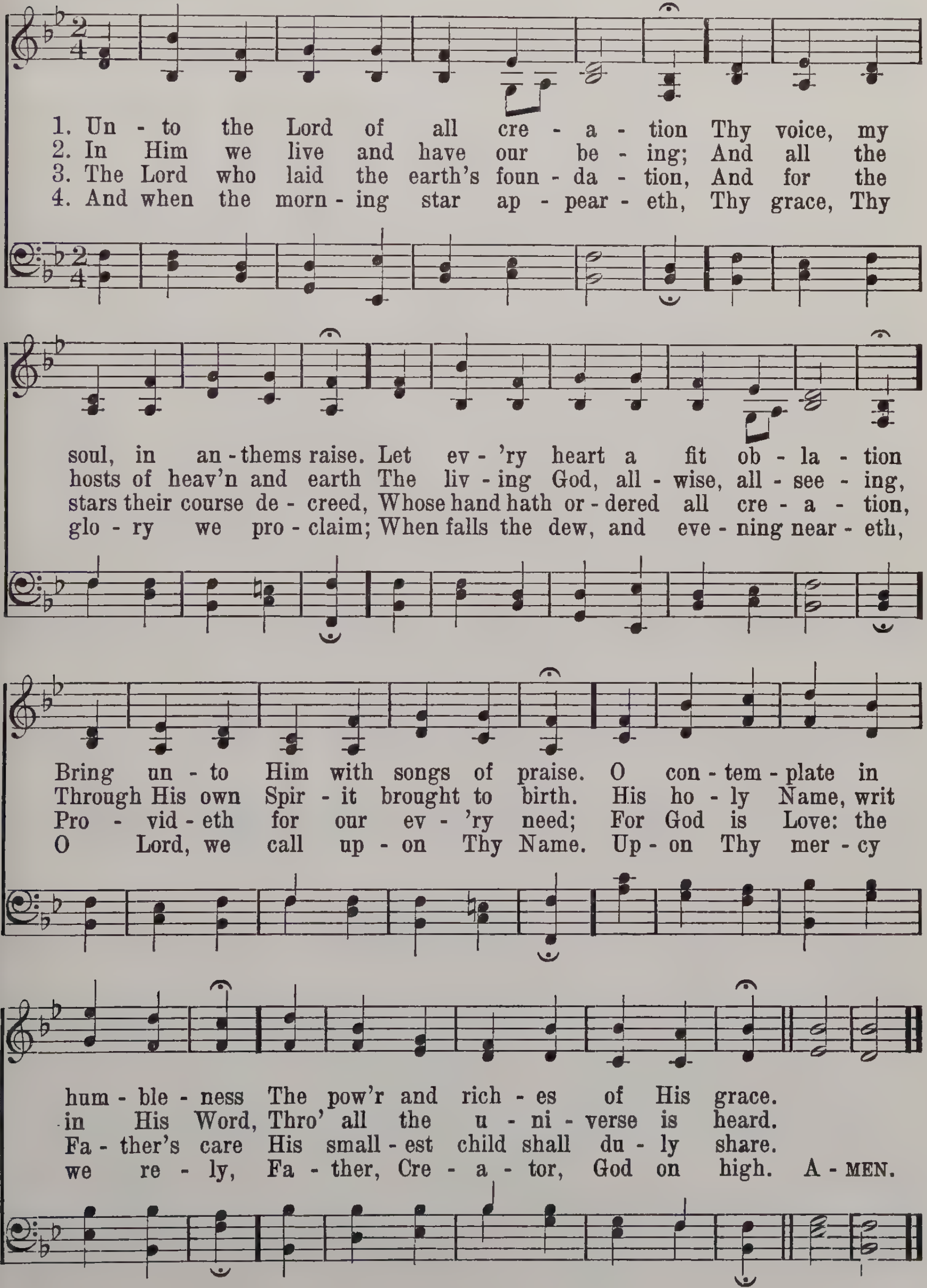
John Bowring, 1825, a.
Charlotte A. Barnard, 1868


1. God is Love: His mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Time and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de - cays, and ag - es move;
3. E'en the hour that dark - est seem - eth Will His change-less good-ness prove;
4. He with earth - ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove:
Bliss He wakes, and woe He light - ens: God is Wis - dom, God is Love.
But His mer - cy wan-eth nev - er; God is Wis - dom, God is Love.
From the gloom His brightness streameth: God is Wis - dom, God is Love.
Ev - 'ry-where His glo - ry shin - eth; God is Wis - dom, God is Love. A-MEN.

33. Unto the Lord of All Creation

Arvid August Afzelius, 1814
Tr. Ernst William Olson

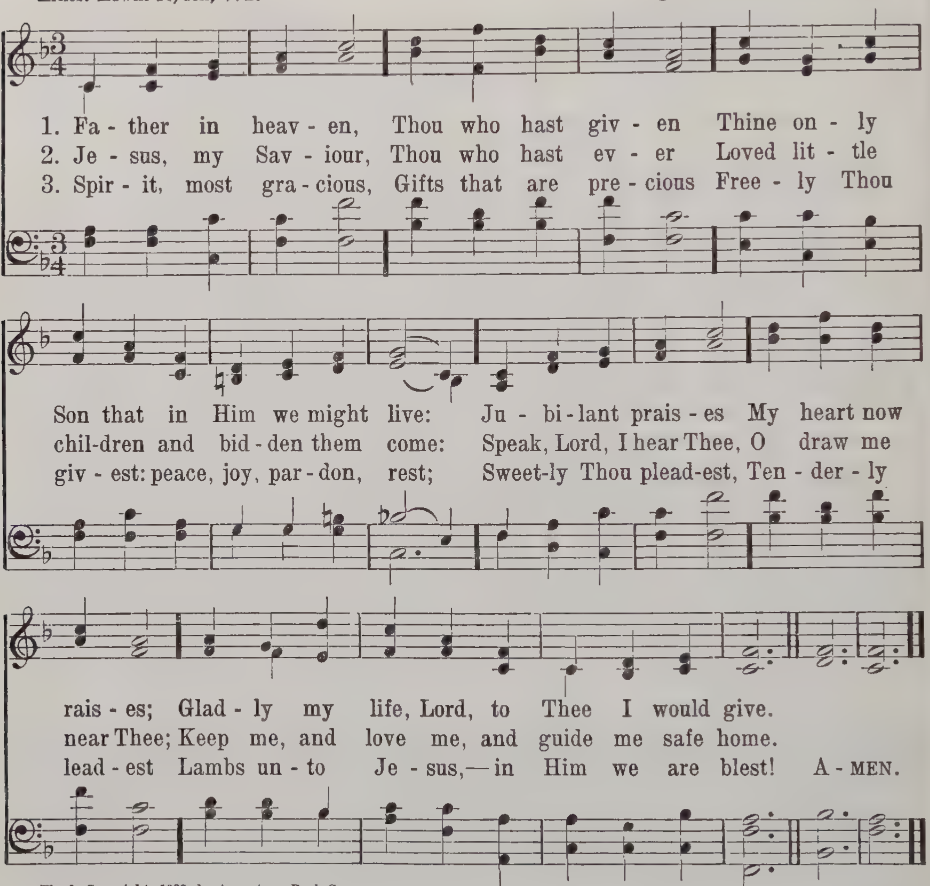
Bronner's Choral-Buch, 1715


1. Un - to the Lord of all cre - a - tion Thy voice, my
2. In Him we live and have our be - ing; And all the
3. The Lord who laid the earth's foun - da - tion, And for the
4. And when the morn - ing star ap - pear - eth, Thy grace, Thy
soul, in an - thems raise. Let ev - 'ry heart a fit ob - la - tion
hosts of heav'n and earth The liv - ing God, all - wise, all - see - ing,
stars their course de - creed, Whose hand hath or - dered all cre - a - tion,
glo - ry we pro - claim; When falls the dew, and eve - ning near - eth,
Bring un - to Him with songs of praise. O con - tem - plate in
Through His own Spir - it brought to birth. His ho - ly Name, writ
Pro - vid - eth for our ev - 'ry need; For God is Love: the
O Lord, we call up - on Thy Name. Up - on Thy mer - cy
hum - ble - ness The pow'r and rich - es of His grace.
in His Word, Thro' all the u - ni - verse is heard.
Fa - ther's care His small - est child shall du - ly share.
we re - ly, Fa - ther, Cre - a - tor, God on high. A - MEN.

34. Father in Heaven, Thou Who Hast Given

Ernest Edwin Ryden, 1927

Arranged from Antoine E. Batiste


1. Fa - ther in heav - en, Thou who hast giv - en Thine on - ly
2. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Thou who hast ev - er Loved lit - tle
3. Spir - it, most gra - cious, Gifts that are pre - cious Free - ly Thou
Son that in Him we might live: Ju - bi - lant prais - es My heart now
chil-dren and bid - den them come: Speak, Lord, I hear Thee, O draw me
giv - est: peace, joy, par - don, rest; Sweet-ly Thou plead-est, Ten - der - ly
rais - es; Glad - ly my life, Lord, to Thee I would give.
near Thee; Keep me, and love me, and guide me safe home.
lead - est Lambs un - to Je - sus,— in Him we are blest! A - MEN.

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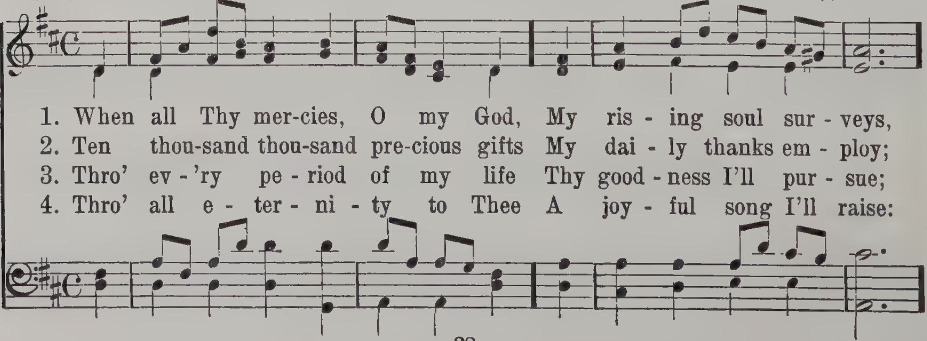
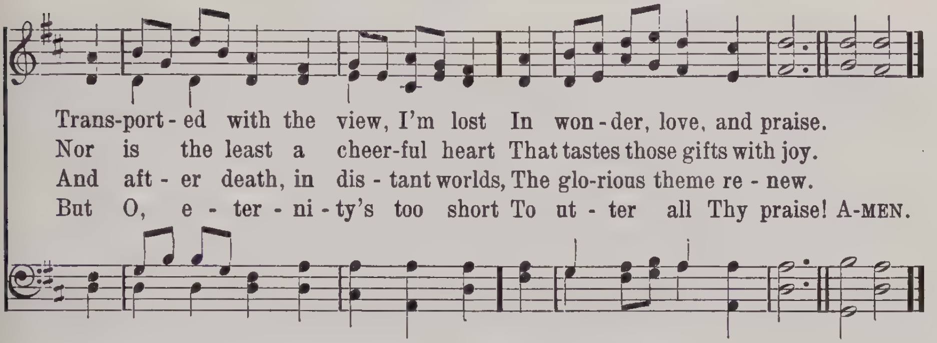
35. When All Thy Mercies, O My God

Joseph Addison, 1712

Samuel Stanley, 1800


1. When all Thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,
2. Ten thou-sand thou-sand pre-cious gifts My dai - ly thanks em - ploy;
3. Thro' ev - 'ry pe - riod of my life Thy good - ness I'll pur - sue;
4. Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty to Thee A joy - ful song I'll raise:

When All Thy Mercies, O My God

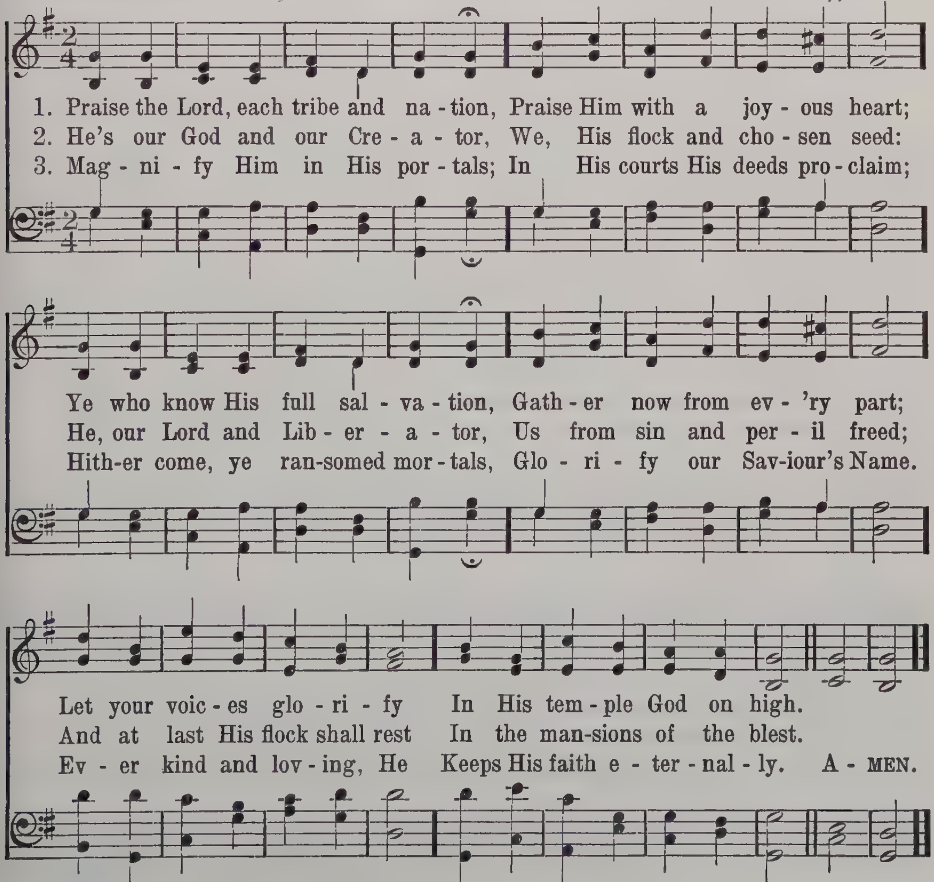


Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.
Nor is the least a cheer-ful heart That tastes those gifts with joy.
And aft-er death, in dis-tant worlds, The glo-rious theme re-new.
But O, e-ter-ni-ty's too short To ut-ter all Thy praise! A-MEN.

36. Praise the Lord, Each Tribe and Nation

Johann Franck, 1650
Tr. Ernst William Olson

Swedish Melody, 1689



1. Praise the Lord, each tribe and na-tion, Praise Him with a joy-ous heart;
2. He's our God and our Cre-a-tor, We, His flock and cho-sen seed:
3. Mag-ni-fy Him in His por-tals; In His courts His deeds pro-claim;

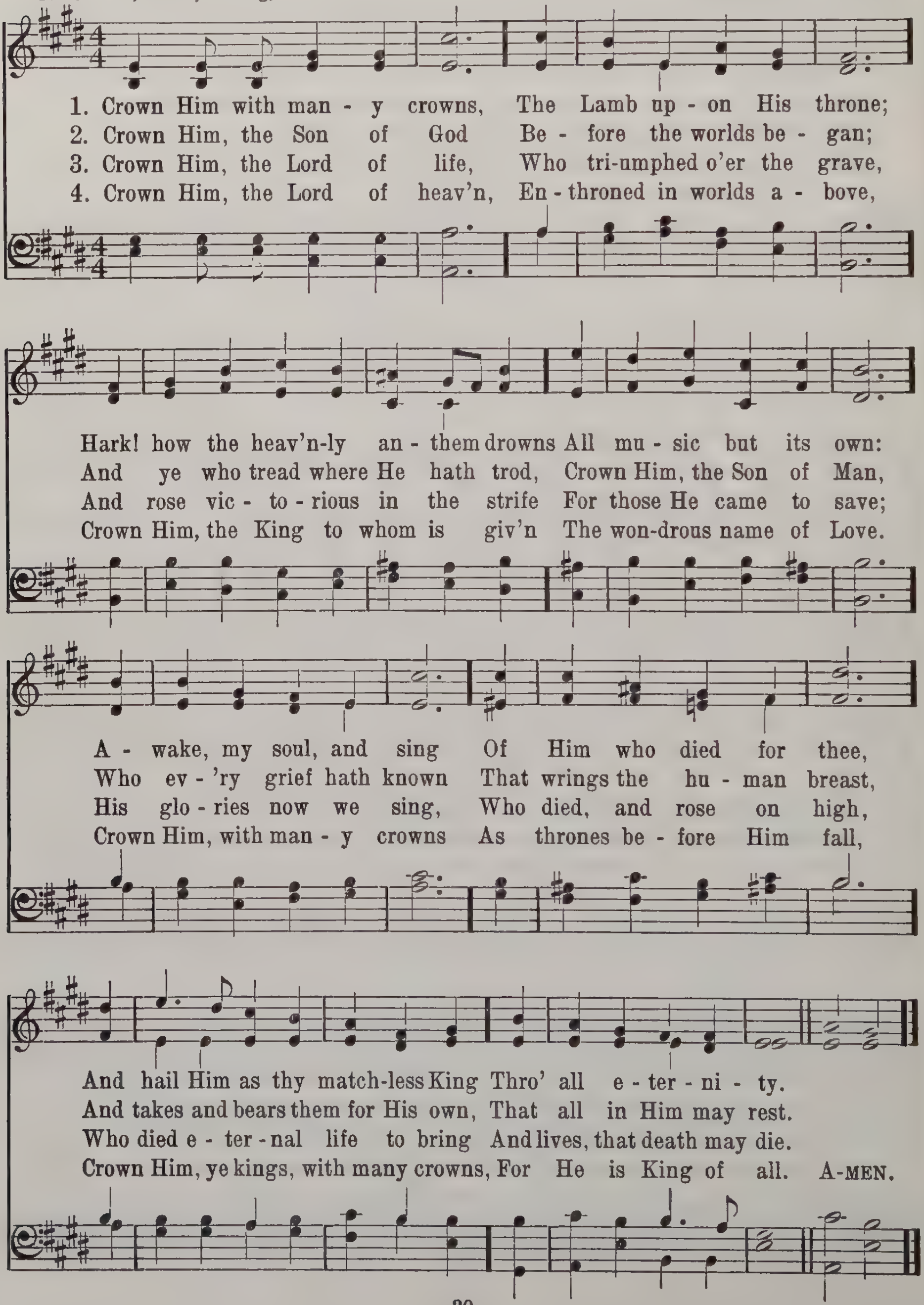
Ye who know His full sal-va-tion, Gath-er now from ev-'ry part;
He, our Lord and Lib-er-a-tor, Us from sin and per-il freed;
Hith-er come, ye ran-somed mor-tals, Glo-ri-fy our Sav-iour's Name.

Let your voic-es glo-ri-fy In His tem-ple God on high.
And at last His flock shall rest In the man-sions of the blest.
Ev-er kind and lov-ing, He Keeps His faith e-ter-nal-ly. A-MEN.

37. Crown Him with Many Crowns

Stanza 1, Matthew Bridges, 1851
Stanzas 2-4, Godfrey Thring, 1882

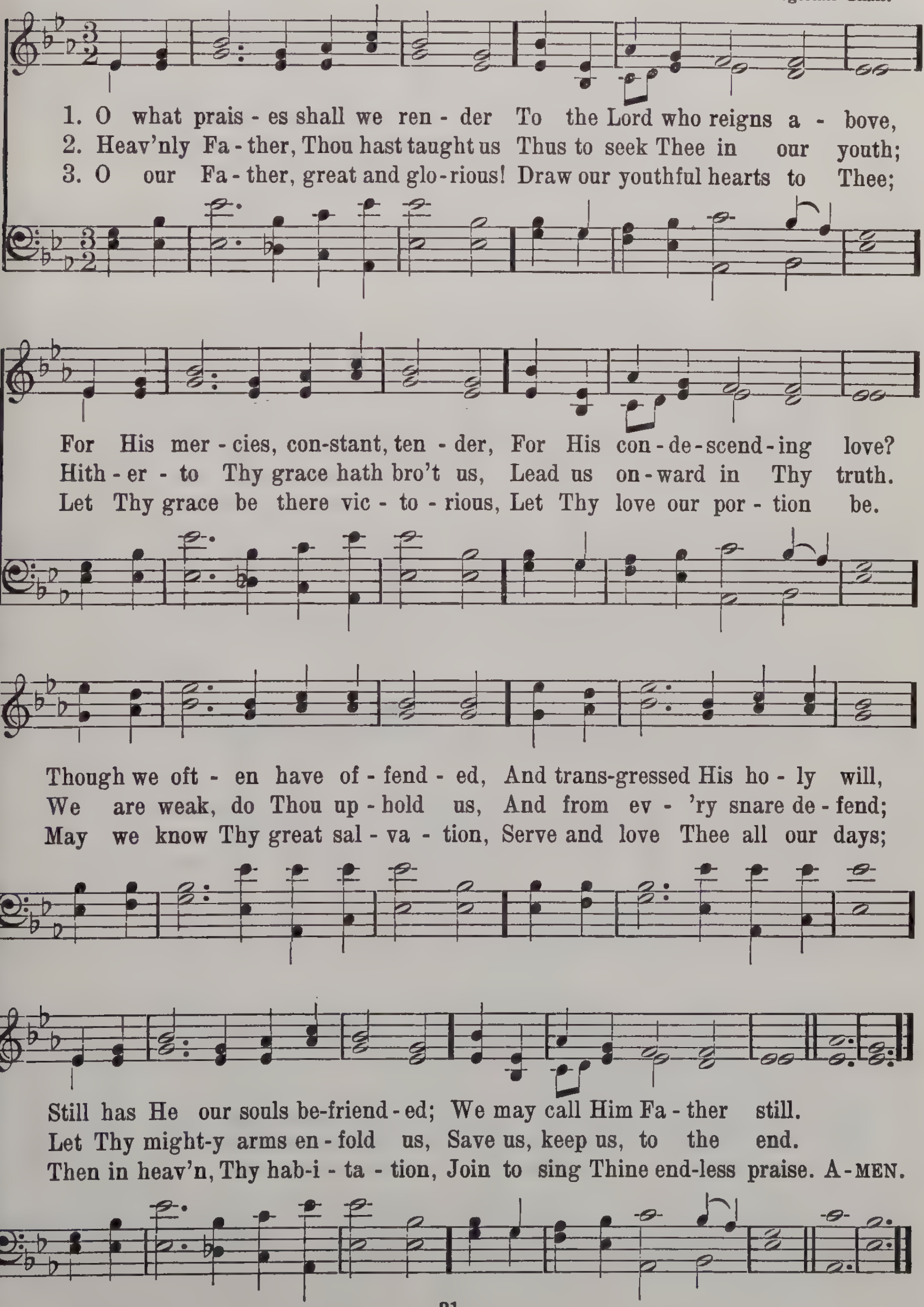
George Job Elvey, 1868


1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him, the Son of God Be - fore the worlds be - gan;
3. Crown Him, the Lord of life, Who tri-umphed o'er the grave,
4. Crown Him, the Lord of heav'n, En - throned in worlds a - bove,
Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own:
And ye who tread where He hath trod, Crown Him, the Son of Man,
And rose vic - to - rious in the strife For those He came to save;
Crown Him, the King to whom is giv'n The won-drous name of Love.
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
Who ev - 'ry grief hath known That wrings the hu - man breast,
His glo - ries now we sing, Who died, and rose on high,
Crown Him, with man - y crowns As thrones be - fore Him fall,
And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
And takes and bears them for His own, That all in Him may rest.
Who died e - ter - nal life to bring And lives, that death may die.
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns, For He is King of all. A-MEN.

38. O What Praises Shall We Render?

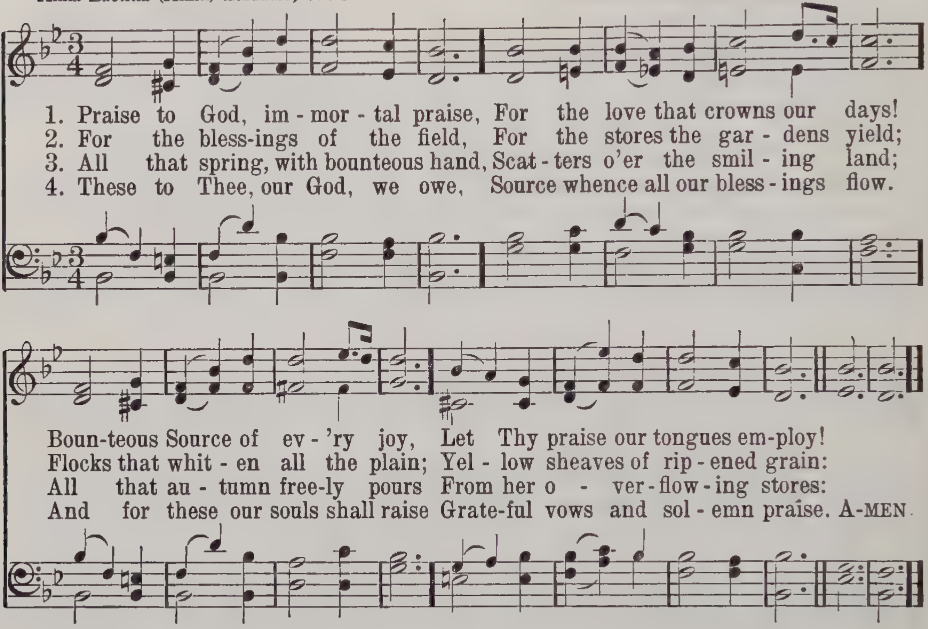
John Burton, Jr., (1803–1877)

Lowell Mason, 1839
From a Gregorian Chant


1. O what prais - es shall we ren - der To the Lord who reigns a - bove,
2. Heav'nly Fa - ther, Thou hast taught us Thus to seek Thee in our youth;
3. O our Fa - ther, great and glo - rious! Draw our youthful hearts to Thee;
For His mer - cies, con-stant, ten - der, For His con - de - scend - ing love?
Hith - er - to Thy grace hath bro't us, Lead us on - ward in Thy truth.
Let Thy grace be there vic - to - rious, Let Thy love our por - tion be.
Though we oft - en have of - fend - ed, And trans-gressed His ho - ly will,
We are weak, do Thou up - hold us, And from ev - 'ry snare de - fend;
May we know Thy great sal - va - tion, Serve and love Thee all our days;
Still has He our souls be-friend - ed; We may call Him Fa - ther still.
Let Thy might-y arms en - fold us, Save us, keep us, to the end.
Then in heav'n, Thy hab-i - ta - tion, Join to sing Thine end-less praise. A - MEN.

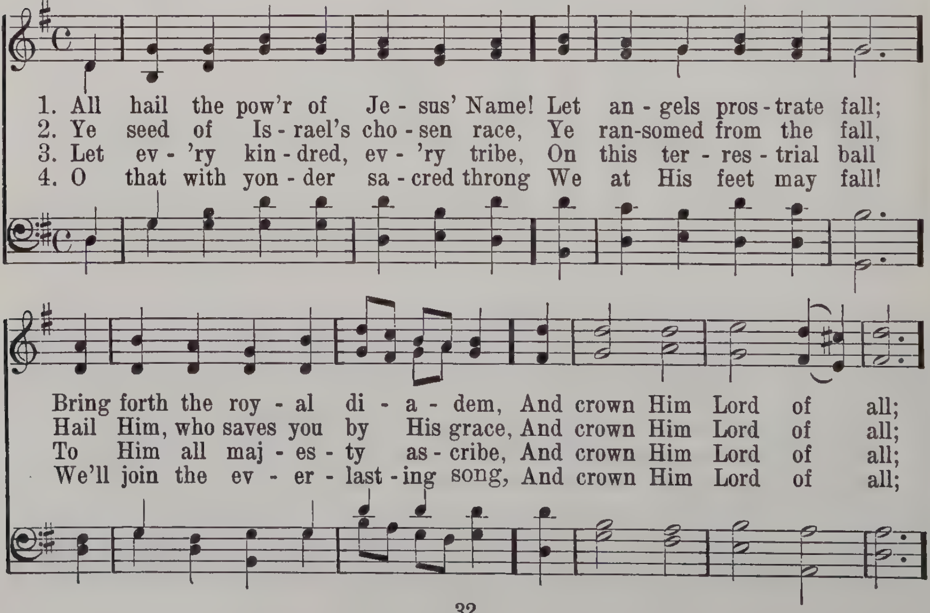
39. Praise to God, Immortal Praise

Anna Laetitia (Aikin) Barbauld, 1773 — Arr. from Louis Moreau Gottschalk, 1867

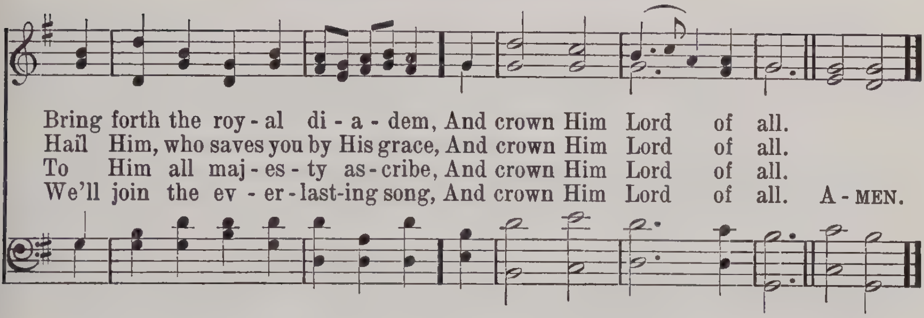

1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days!
2. For the bless-ings of the field, For the stores the gar - dens yield;
3. All that spring, with bounteous hand, Scat - ters o'er the smil - ing land;
4. These to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless - ings flow.
Boun-teous Source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em-ploy!
Flocks that whit - en all the plain; Yel - low sheaves of rip - ened grain:
All that au - tumn free-ly pours From her o - ver-flow - ing stores:
And for these our souls shall raise Grate-ful vows and sol - emn praise. A-MEN.

40. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

Edward Perronet, 1780, a. — Oliver Holden, 1793


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Ye seed of Is - rael's cho - sen race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

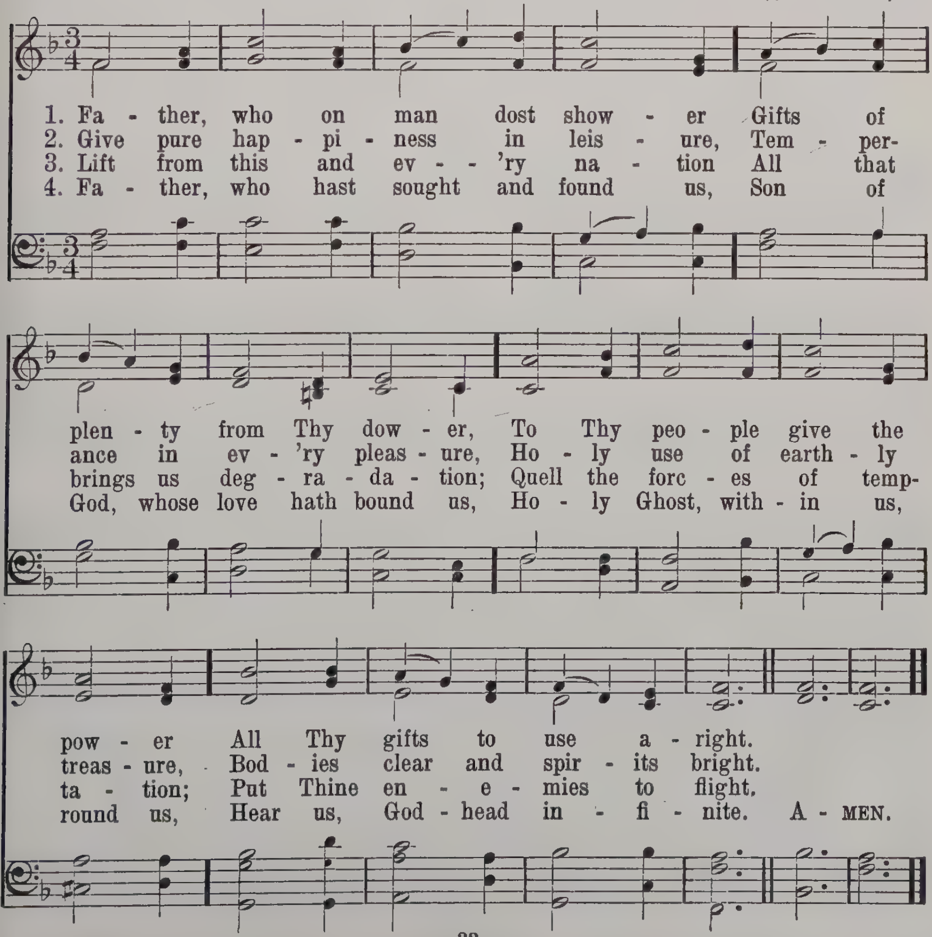
All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name


Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all. A-MEN.

41. Father, Who on Man Dost Shower

Percy Dearmer, 1906

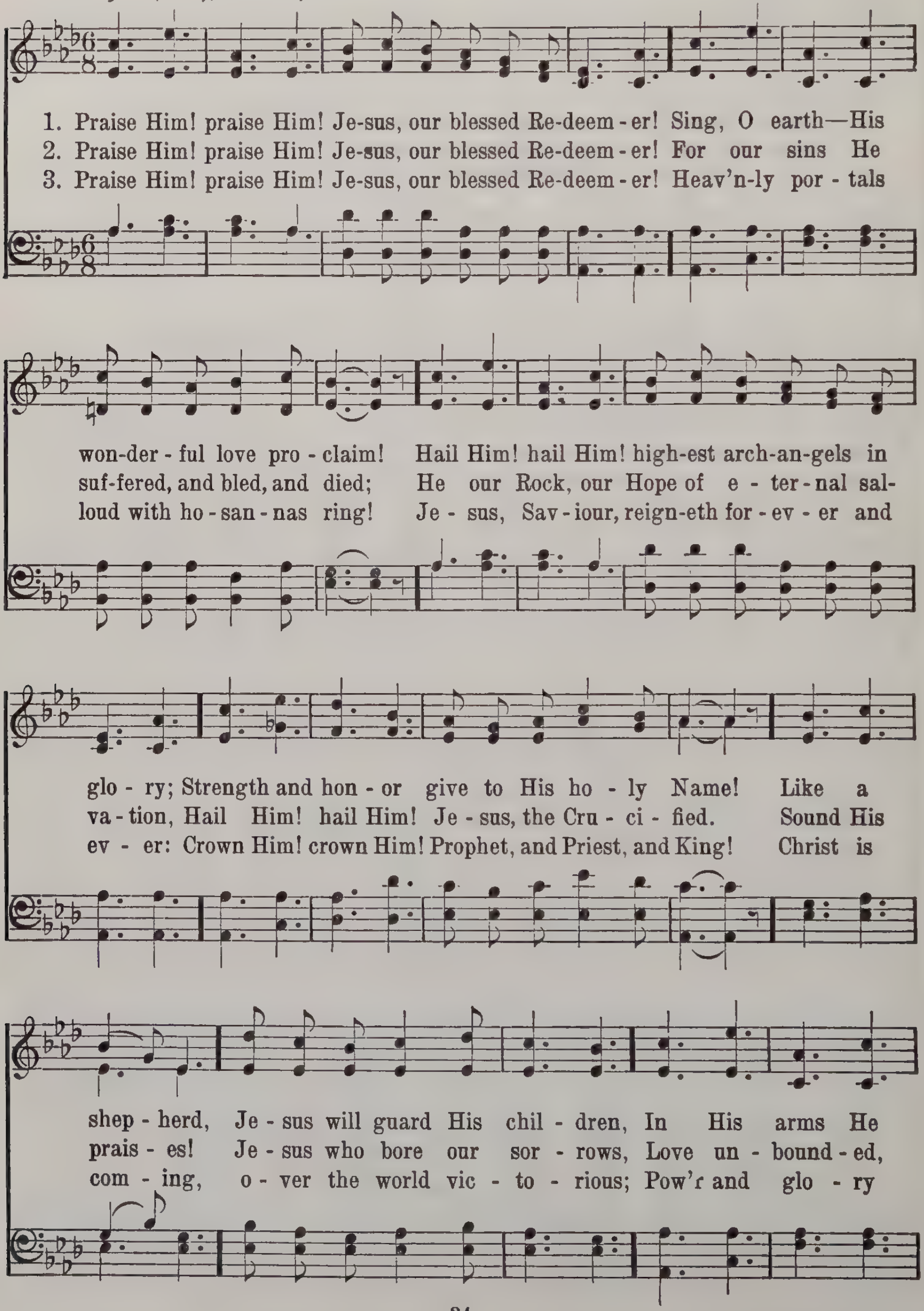
German Melody, 15th Century


1. Father, who on man dost shower Gifts of plenty from Thy dower, To Thy people give the power All Thy gifts to use aright.
2. Give pure happiness in leisure, Temperance in ev'ry pleasure, Holy use of earthly treasure, Bodies clear and spirits bright.
3. Lift from this and ev'ry nation All that brings us degradation; Quell the forces of temptation; Put Thine enemies to flight.
4. Father, who hast sought and found us, Son of God, whose love hath bound us, Holy Ghost, within us, round us, Hear us, Godhead infinite. A-MEN.

42. Praise Him! Praise Him!

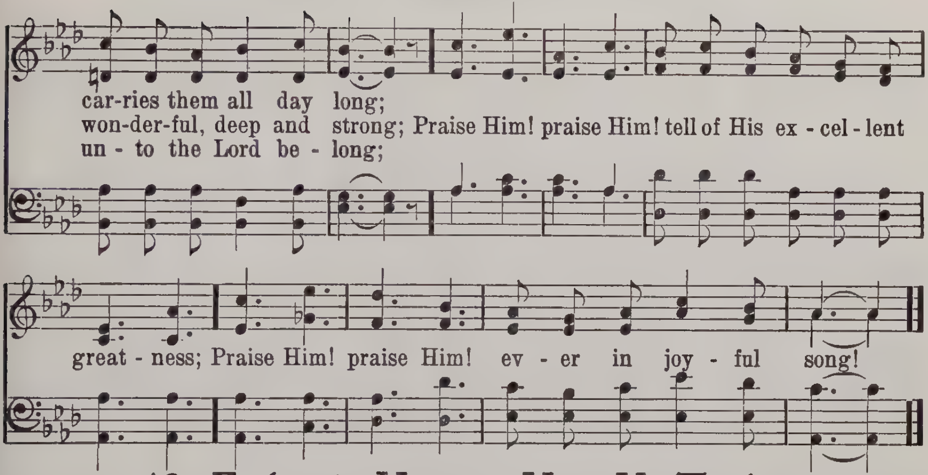
Frances Jane (Crosby) Van Alstyne

Chester G. Allen


1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Re-deem-er! Sing, O earth—His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our blessed Re-deem-er! Heav'n-ly por-tals
won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in
suf-fered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our Hope of e-ter-nal sal-
loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-iour, reign-eth for-ev-er and
glo-ry; Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly Name! Like a
va-tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus, the Cru-ci-fied. Sound His
ev-er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is
shep-herd, Je-sus will guard His chil-dren, In His arms He
prais-es! Je-sus who bore our sor-rows, Love un-bound-ed,
com-ing, o-ver the world vic-to-rious; Pow'r and glo-ry

Praise Him! Praise Him!

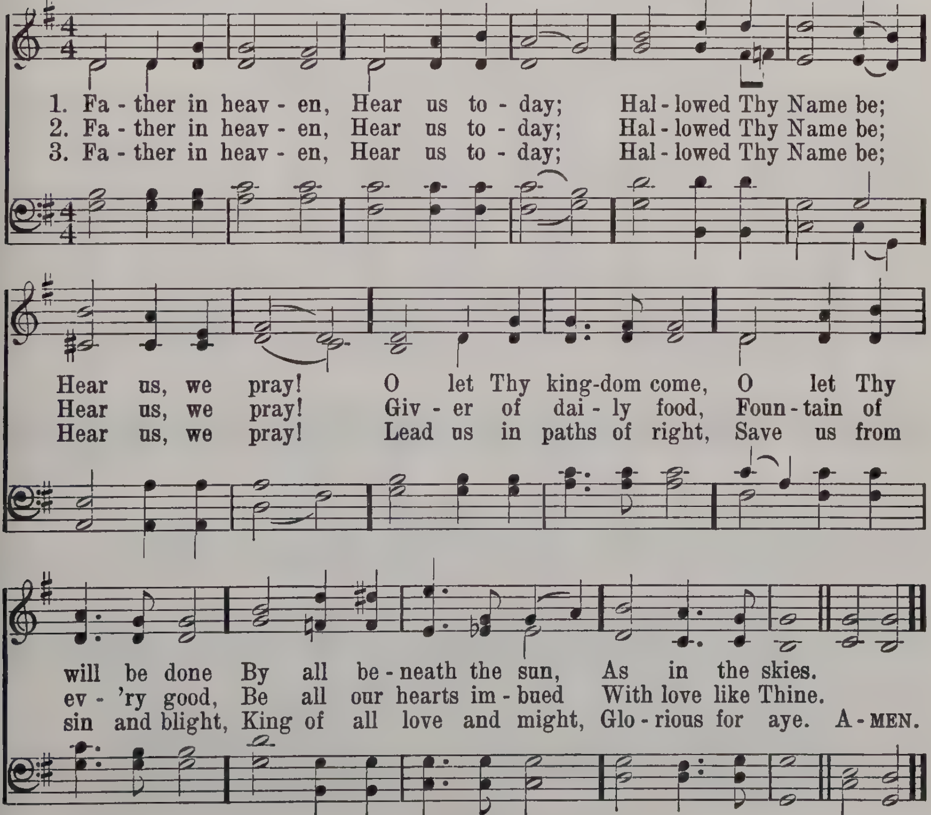
Refrain:


car-ries them all day long;
won-der-ful, deep and strong; Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex-cel-lent
un-to the Lord be-long;
great-ness; Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song!

43. Father in Heaven, Hear Us To-day

Charles G. Ames

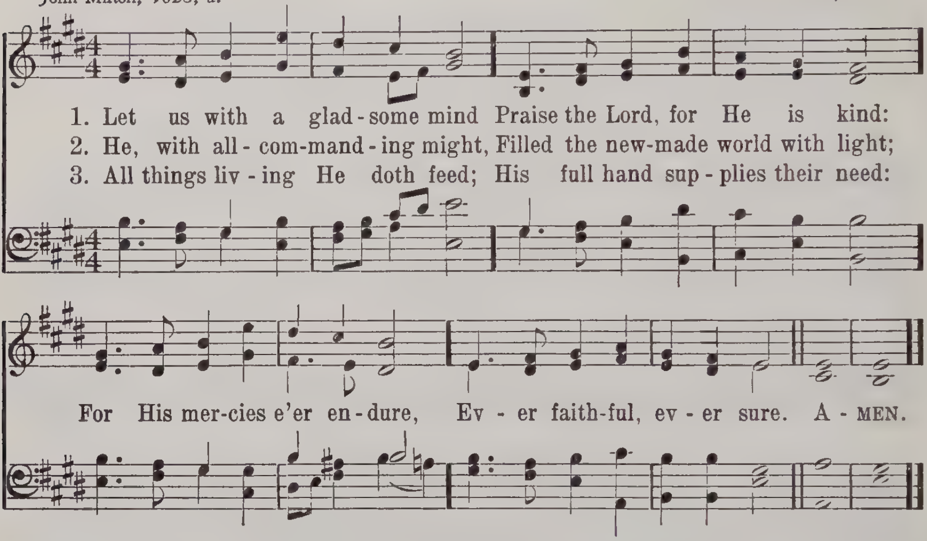
Composer Unknown, 1870


1. Fa-ther in heav-en, Hear us to-day; Hal-lowed Thy Name be;
2. Fa-ther in heav-en, Hear us to-day; Hal-lowed Thy Name be;
3. Fa-ther in heav-en, Hear us to-day; Hal-lowed Thy Name be;
Hear us, we pray! O let Thy king-dom come, O let Thy
Hear us, we pray! Giv-er of dai-ly food, Foun-tain of
Hear us, we pray! Lead us in paths of right, Save us from
will be done By all be-neath the sun, As in the skies.
ev-'ry good, Be all our hearts im-bued With love like Thine.
sin and blight, King of all love and might, Glo-rious for aye. A-MEN.

44. Let Us with a Gladsome Mind

John Milton, 1623, a.

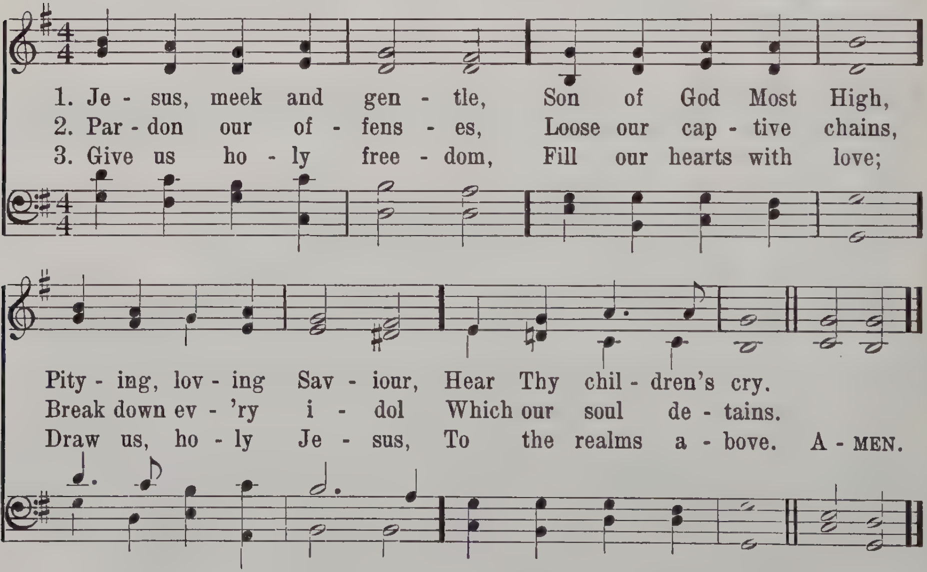
The Parish Choir, 1850


1. Let us with a glad-some mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
2. He, with all-com-mand-ing might, Filled the new-made world with light;
3. All things liv-ing He doth feed; His full hand sup-plies their need:
For His mer-cies e'er en-dure, Ev-er faith-ful, ev-er sure. A-MEN.

45. Jesus, Meek and Gentle

George R. Prynne, 1856

Composer Unknown


1. Je-sus, meek and gen-tle, Son of God Most High,
2. Par-don our of-fens-es, Loose our cap-tive chains,
3. Give us ho-ly free-dom, Fill our hearts with love;
Pity-ing, lov-ing Sav-iour, Hear Thy chil-dren's cry.
Break down ev-'ry i-dol Which our soul de-tains.
Draw us, ho-ly Je-sus, To the realms a-bove. A-MEN.

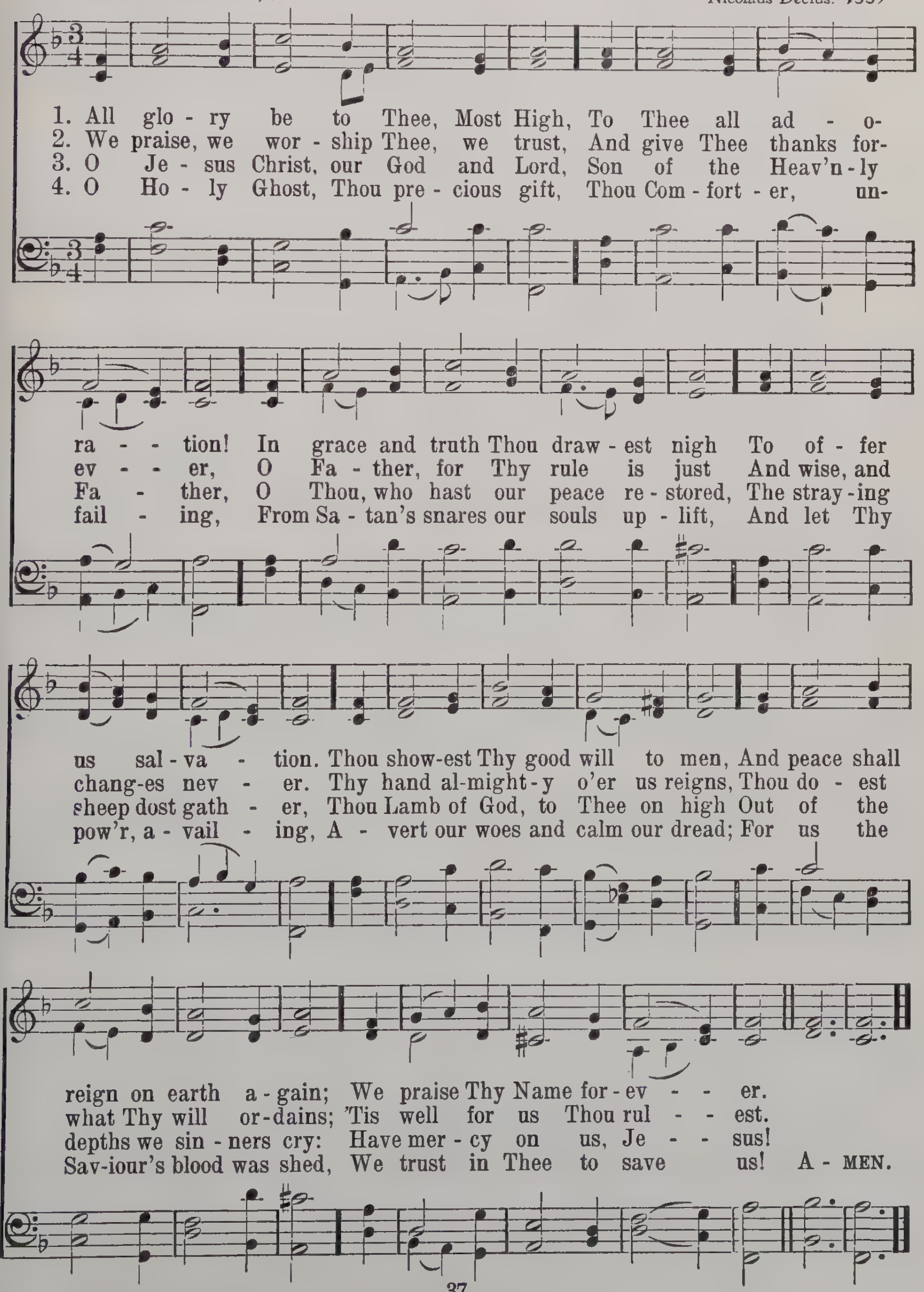
4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way,
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God Most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

46. All Glory Be to Thee, Most High

Nicolaus Decius, 1526, 1539
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, a.

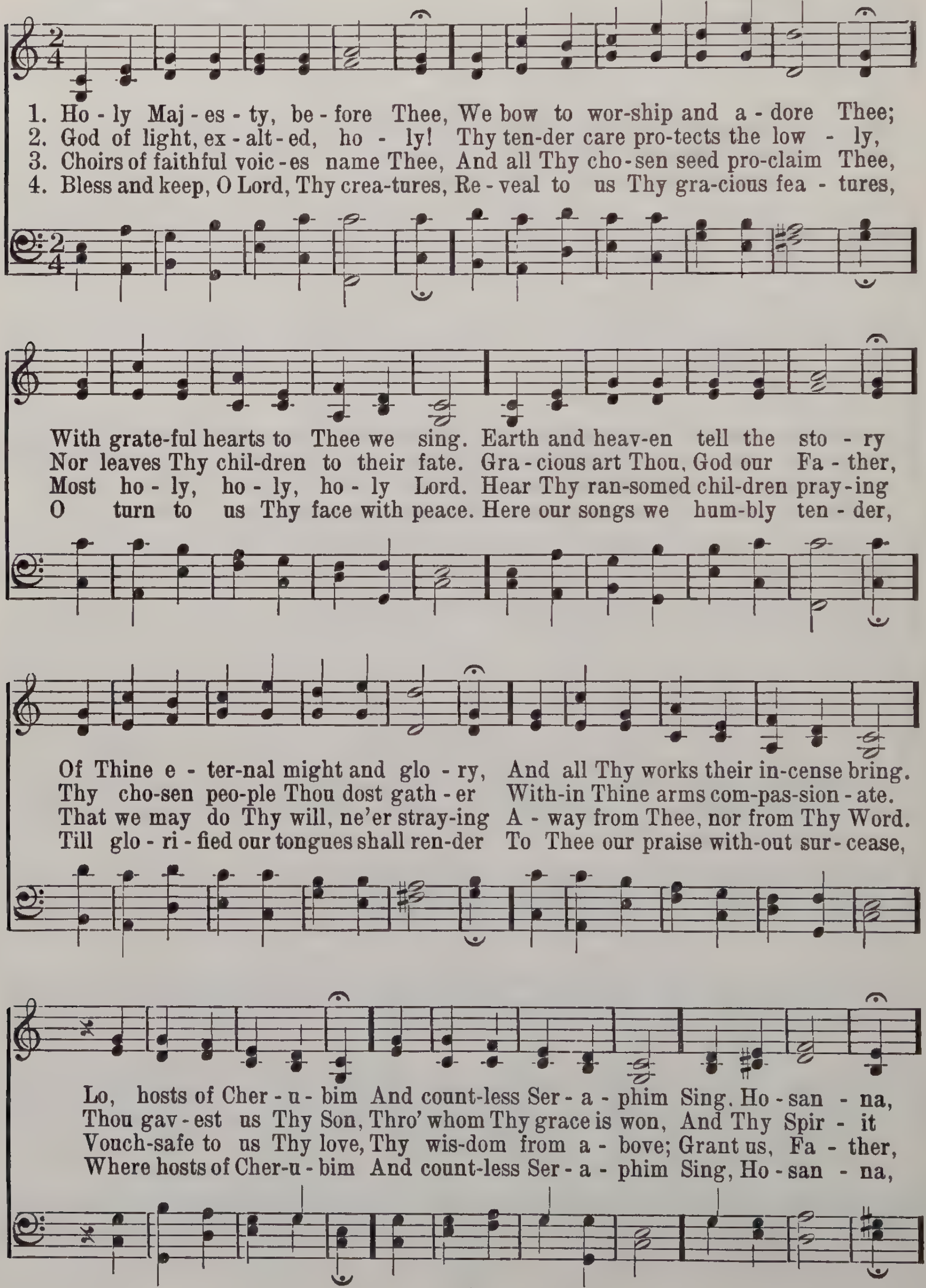
Valentin Schumann's Geistliche Lieder, 1539
Nicolaus Decius? 1539


1. All glo - ry be to Thee, Most High, To Thee all ad - o-
2. We praise, we wor - ship Thee, we trust, And give Thee thanks for-
3. O Je - sus Christ, our God and Lord, Son of the Heav'n-ly
4. O Ho - ly Ghost, Thou pre - cious gift, Thou Com - fort - er, un-
ra - - tion! In grace and truth Thou draw - est nigh To of - fer
ev - - er, O Fa - ther, for Thy rule is just And wise, and
Fa - ther, O Thou, who hast our peace re - stored, The stray - ing
fail - ing, From Sa - tan's snares our souls up - lift, And let Thy
us sal - va - tion. Thou show-est Thy good will to men, And peace shall
chang-es nev - er. Thy hand al-might - y o'er us reigns, Thou do - est
sheep dost gath - er, Thou Lamb of God, to Thee on high Out of the
pow'r, a - vail - ing, A - vert our woes and calm our dread; For us the
reign on earth a - gain; We praise Thy Name for - ev - - - er.
what Thy will or - dains; 'Tis well for us Thou rul - - - est.
depths we sin - ners cry: Have mer - cy on us, Je - - - sus!
Sav-iour's blood was shed, We trust in Thee to save us! A - MEN.

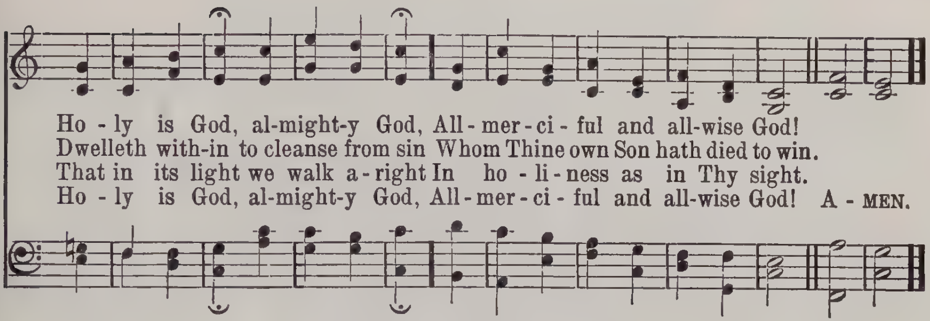
47. Holy Majesty, before Thee

Samuel Johan Hedborn, 1812
Tr. August W. Kjellstrand, 1922

Philipp Nicolai, 1599


1. Ho - ly Maj - es - ty, be - fore Thee, We bow to wor-ship and a - dore Thee;
2. God of light, ex - alt - ed, ho - ly! Thy ten-der care pro-tects the low - ly,
3. Choirs of faithful voic - es name Thee, And all Thy cho - sen seed pro-claim Thee,
4. Bless and keep, O Lord, Thy crea-tures, Re - veal to us Thy gra-cious fea - tures,
With grate-ful hearts to Thee we sing. Earth and heav-en tell the sto - ry
Nor leaves Thy chil-dren to their fate. Gra - cious art Thou, God our Fa - ther,
Most ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord. Hear Thy ran-somed chil-dren pray-ing
O turn to us Thy face with peace. Here our songs we hum-bly ten - der,
Of Thine e - ter-nal might and glo - ry, And all Thy works their in-cense bring.
Thy cho-sen peo-ple Thou dost gath - er With-in Thine arms com-pas-sion - ate.
That we may do Thy will, ne'er stray-ing A - way from Thee, nor from Thy Word.
Till glo - ri - fied our tongues shall ren-der To Thee our praise with-out sur - cease,
Lo, hosts of Cher - u - bim And count-less Ser - a - phim Sing. Ho - san - na,
Thou gav - est us Thy Son, Thro' whom Thy grace is won, And Thy Spir - it
Vouch-safe to us Thy love, Thy wis-dom from a - bove; Grant us, Fa - ther,
Where hosts of Cher-u - bim And count-less Ser - a - phim Sing, Ho - san - na,

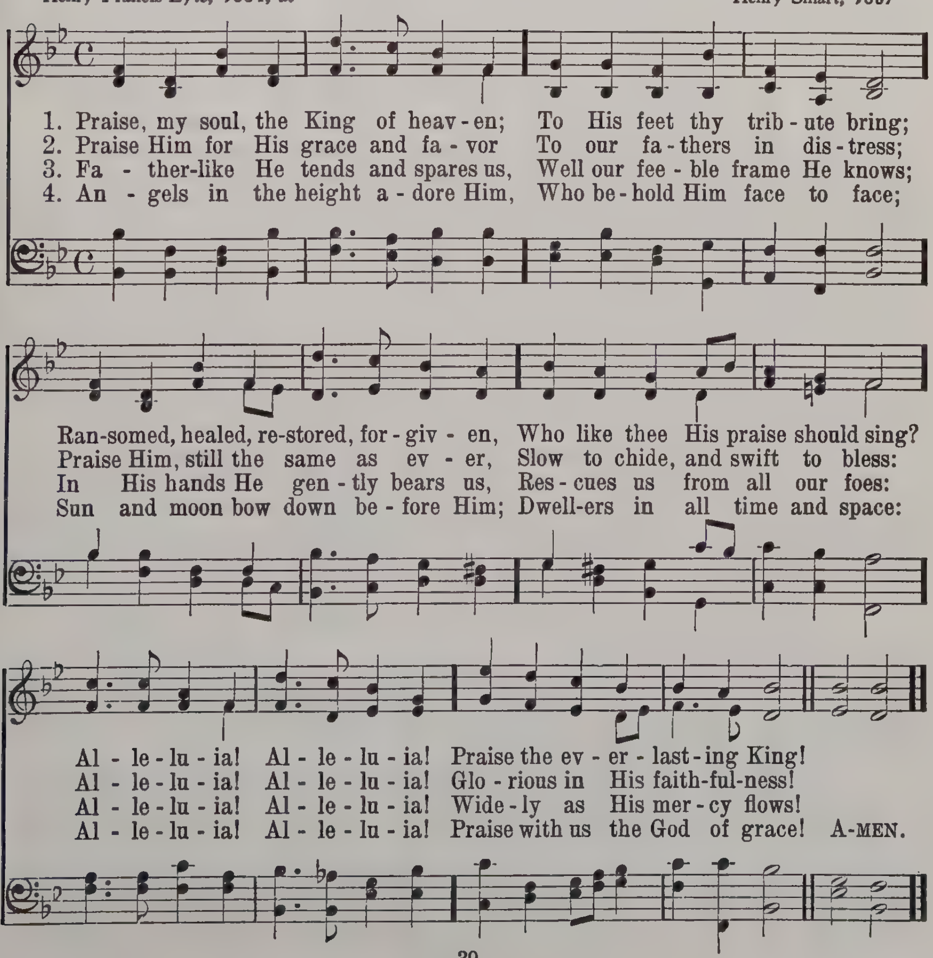
Holy Majesty, before Thee


Ho - ly is God, al-might-y God, All - mer - ci - ful and all-wise God!
Dwelleth with-in to cleanse from sin Whom Thine own Son hath died to win.
That in its light we walk a - right In ho - li - ness as in Thy sight.
Ho - ly is God, al-might-y God, All - mer - ci - ful and all-wise God! A - MEN.

48. Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

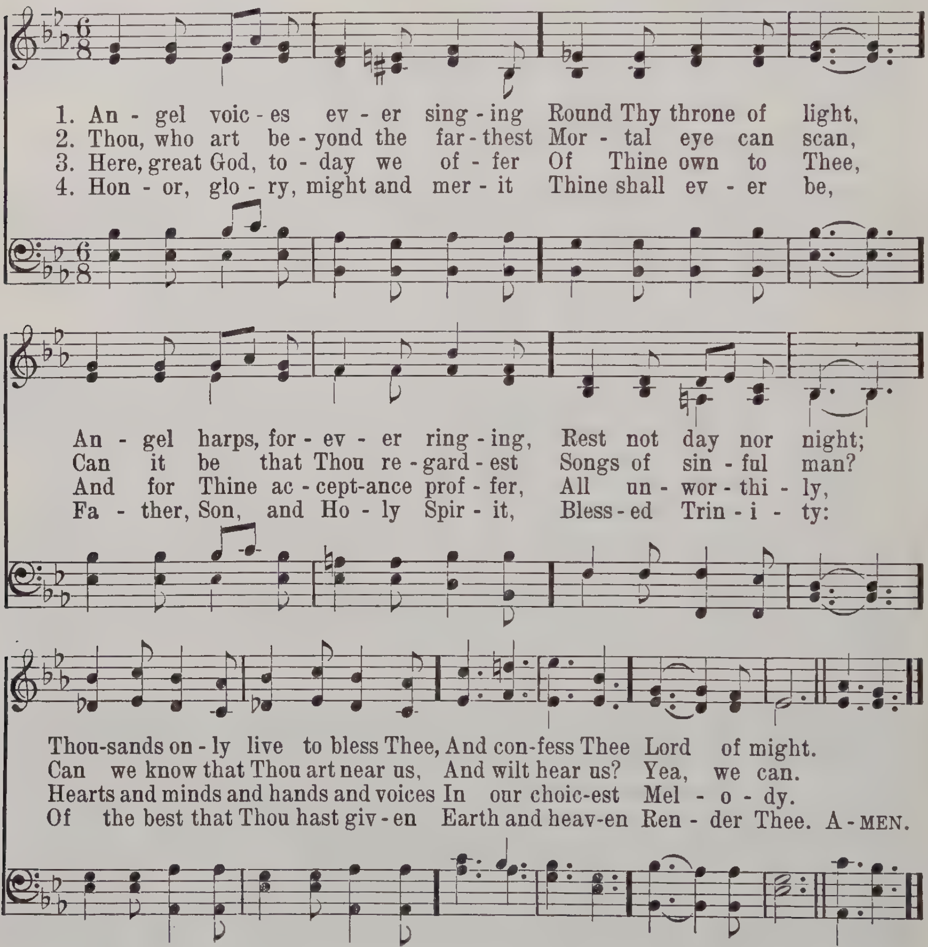
Henry Francis Lyte, 1834, a.

Henry Smart, 1867


1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To His feet thy trib - ute bring;
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers in dis - tress;
3. Fa - ther-like He tends and spares us, Well our fee - ble frame He knows;
4. An - gels in the height a - dore Him, Who be - hold Him face to face;
Ran-somed, healed, re-stored, for - giv - en, Who like thee His praise should sing?
Praise Him, still the same as ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
In His hands He gen - tly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes:
Sun and moon bow down be - fore Him; Dwell-ers in all time and space:
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King!
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious in His faith-ful-ness!
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Wide - ly as His mer - cy flows!
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise with us the God of grace! A-MEN.

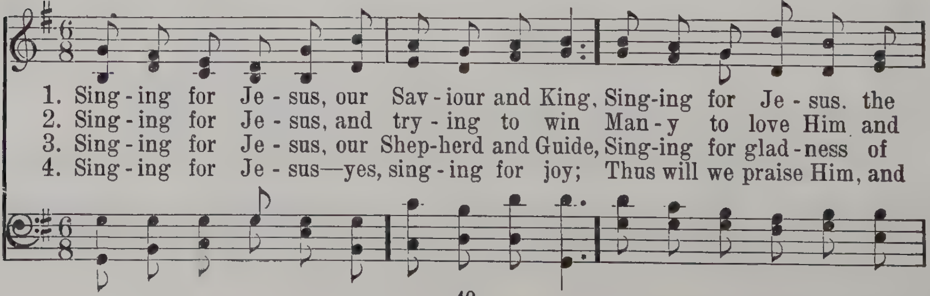
49. Angel Voices Ever Singing

Francis Pott, 1861 Arthur Seymour Sullivan, 1872

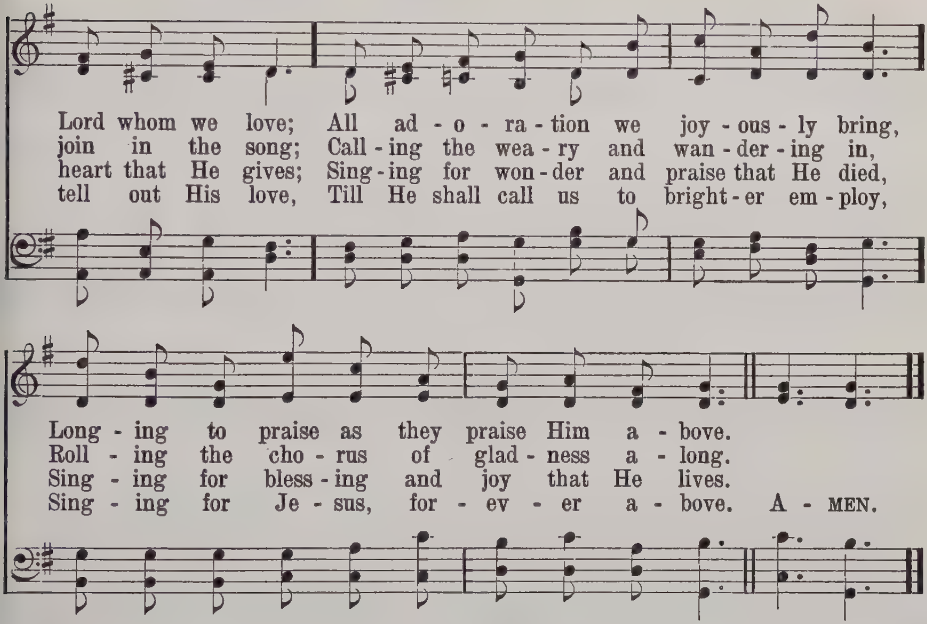

1. An - gel voic - es ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,
2. Thou, who art be - yond the far - thest Mor - tal eye can scan,
3. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of Thine own to Thee,
4. Hon - or, glo - ry, might and mer - it Thine shall ev - er be,
An - gel harps, for - ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
Can it be that Thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man?
And for Thine ac - cept-ance prof - fer, All un - wor - thi - ly,
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty:
Thou-sands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con-fess Thee Lord of might.
Can we know that Thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
Hearts and minds and hands and voices In our choic-est Mel - o - dy.
Of the best that Thou hast giv - en Earth and heav-en Ren - der Thee. A - MEN.

50. Singing for Jesus, Our Saviour and King

Frances Ridley Havergal, (1836–1879) Timothy Richard Matthews, 1886


1. Sing - ing for Je - sus, our Sav - iour and King, Sing-ing for Je - sus. the
2. Sing - ing for Je - sus, and try - ing to win Man - y to love Him and
3. Sing - ing for Je - sus, our Shep-herd and Guide, Sing-ing for glad - ness of
4. Sing - ing for Je - sus—yes, sing - ing for joy; Thus will we praise Him, and

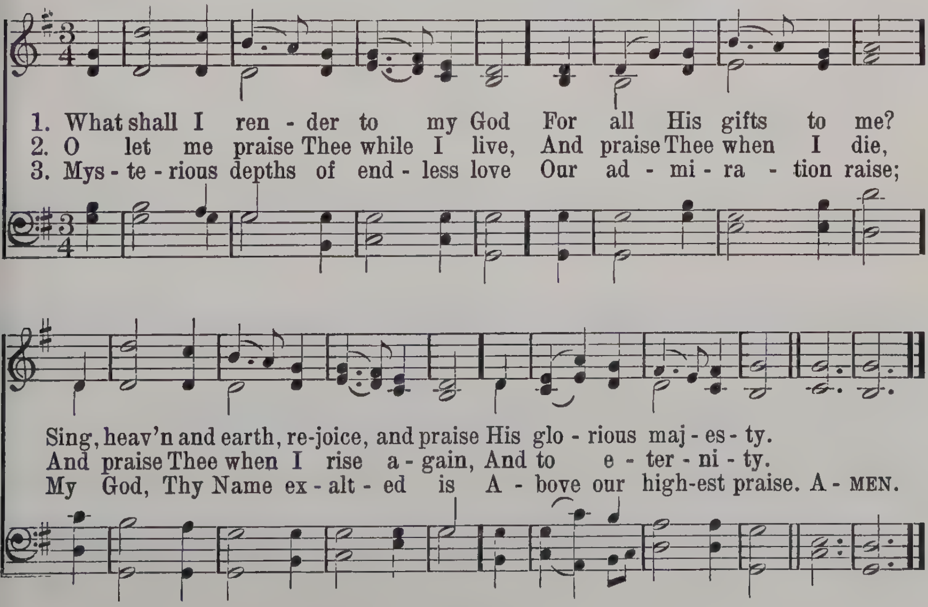
Singing for Jesus, Our Saviour and King


Lord whom we love; All ad-o-ra-tion we joy-ous-ly bring,
join in the song; Call-ing the wea-ry and wan-der-ing in,
heart that He gives; Sing-ing for won-der and praise that He died,
tell out His love, Till He shall call us to bright-er em-ploy,
Long-ing to praise as they praise Him a-bove.
Roll-ing the cho-rus of glad-ness a-long.
Sing-ing for bless-ing and joy that He lives.
Sing-ing for Je-sus, for-ev-er a-bove. A-MEN.

51. What Shall I Render to My God?

John Mason, 1683, a.

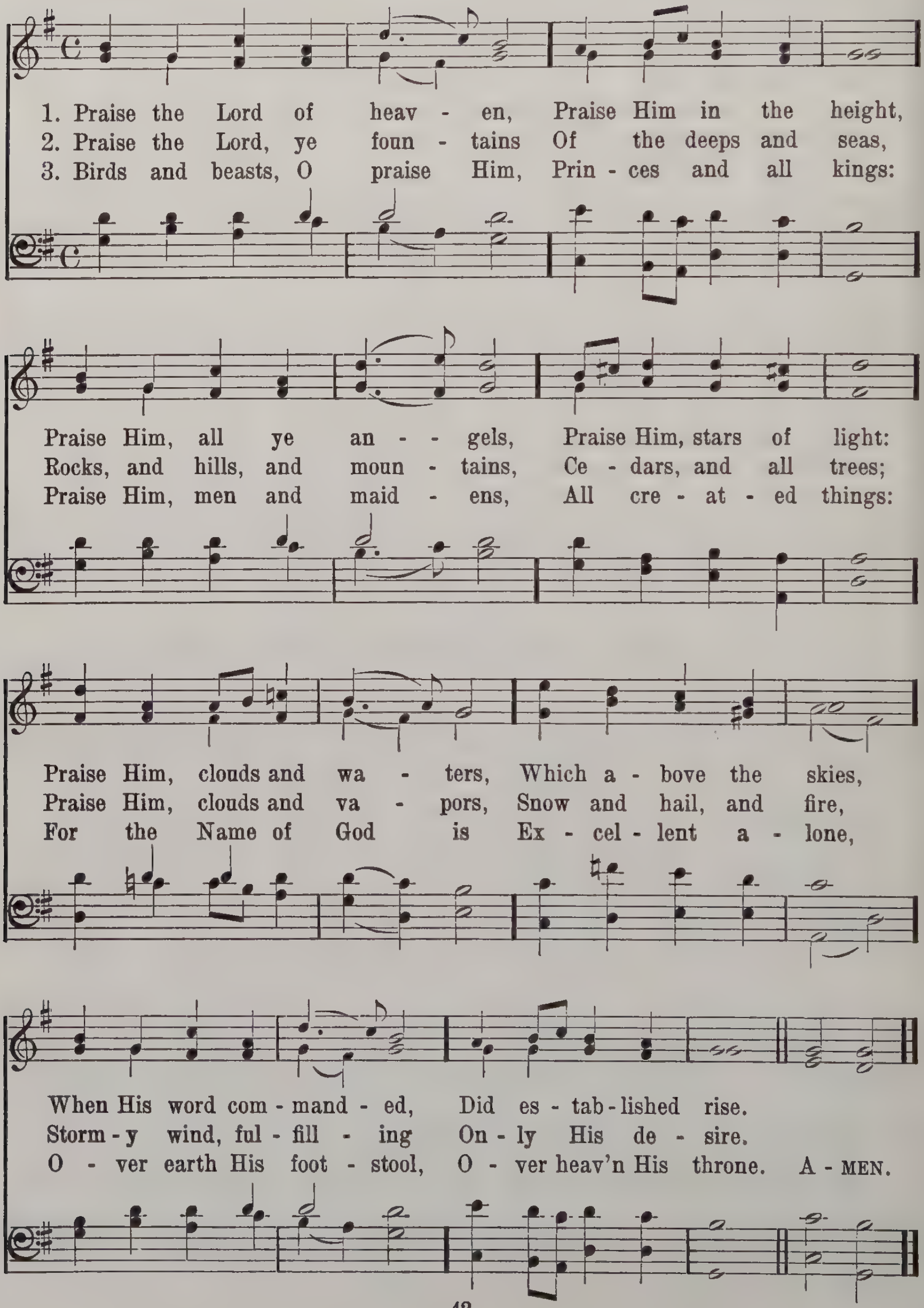
L. Devereux
Arranged by G. Kingsley, 1839


1. What shall I ren-der to my God For all His gifts to me?
2. O let me praise Thee while I live, And praise Thee when I die,
3. Mys-te-rious depths of end-less love Our ad-mi-ra-tion raise;
Sing, heav'n and earth, re-joice, and praise His glo-rious maj-es-ty.
And praise Thee when I rise a-gain, And to e-ter-ni-ty.
My God, Thy Name ex-alt-ed is A-bove our high-est praise. A-MEN.

52. Praise the Lord of Heaven

Thomas Briarly Browne, 1844

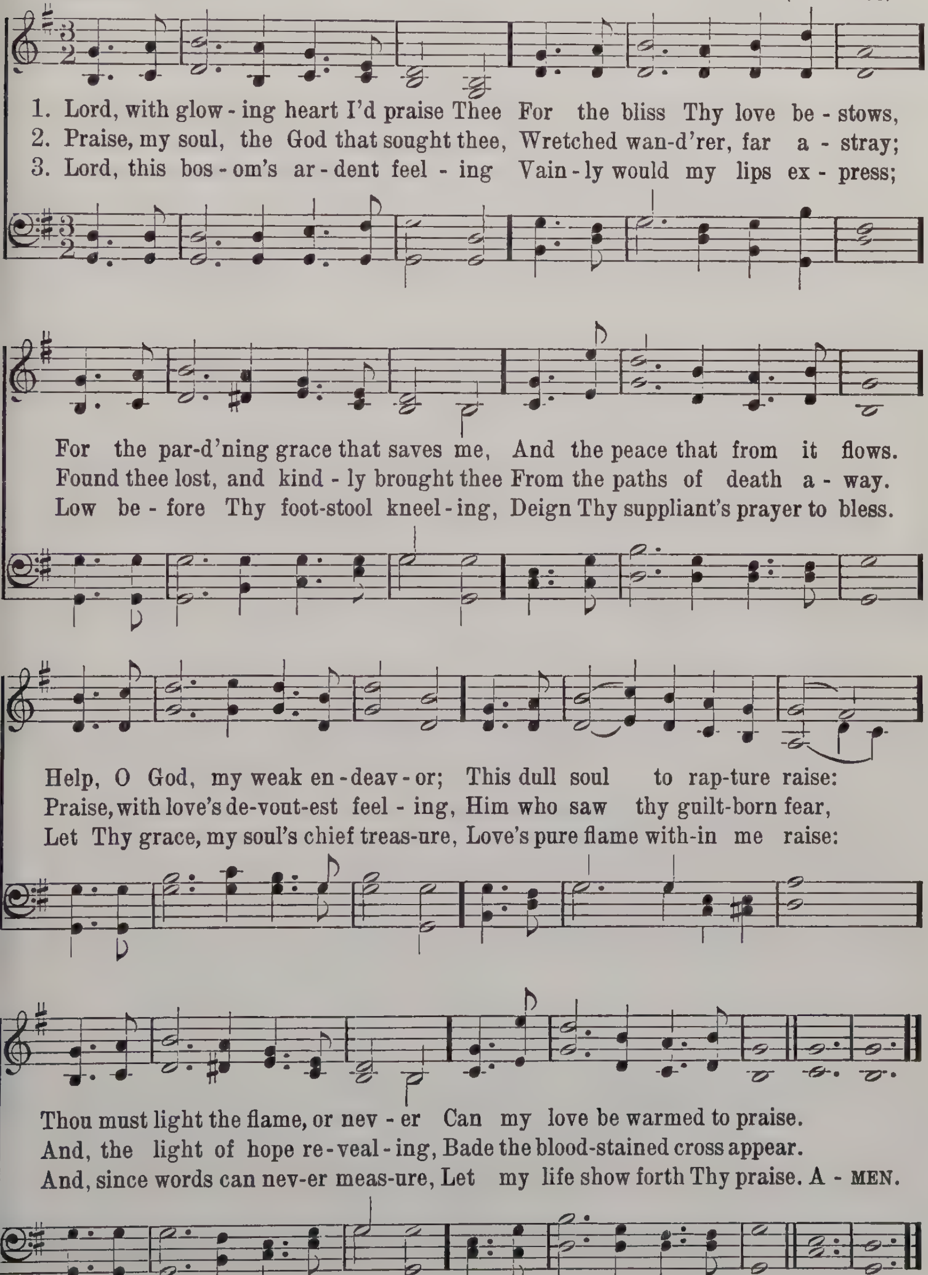
Composer Unknown


1. Praise the Lord of heav - en, Praise Him in the height,
2. Praise the Lord, ye foun - tains Of the deeps and seas,
3. Birds and beasts, O praise Him, Prin - ces and all kings:
Praise Him, all ye an - - gels, Praise Him, stars of light:
Rocks, and hills, and moun - tains, Ce - dars, and all trees;
Praise Him, men and maid - ens, All cre - at - ed things:
Praise Him, clouds and wa - ters, Which a - bove the skies,
Praise Him, clouds and va - pors, Snow and hail, and fire,
For the Name of God is Ex - cel - lent a - lone,
When His word com - mand - ed, Did es - tab - lished rise.
Storm - y wind, ful - fill - ing On - ly His de - sire.
O - ver earth His foot - stool, O - ver heav'n His throne. A - MEN.

53. Lord, with Glowing Heart I'd Praise Thee

Francis Scott Key, 1823

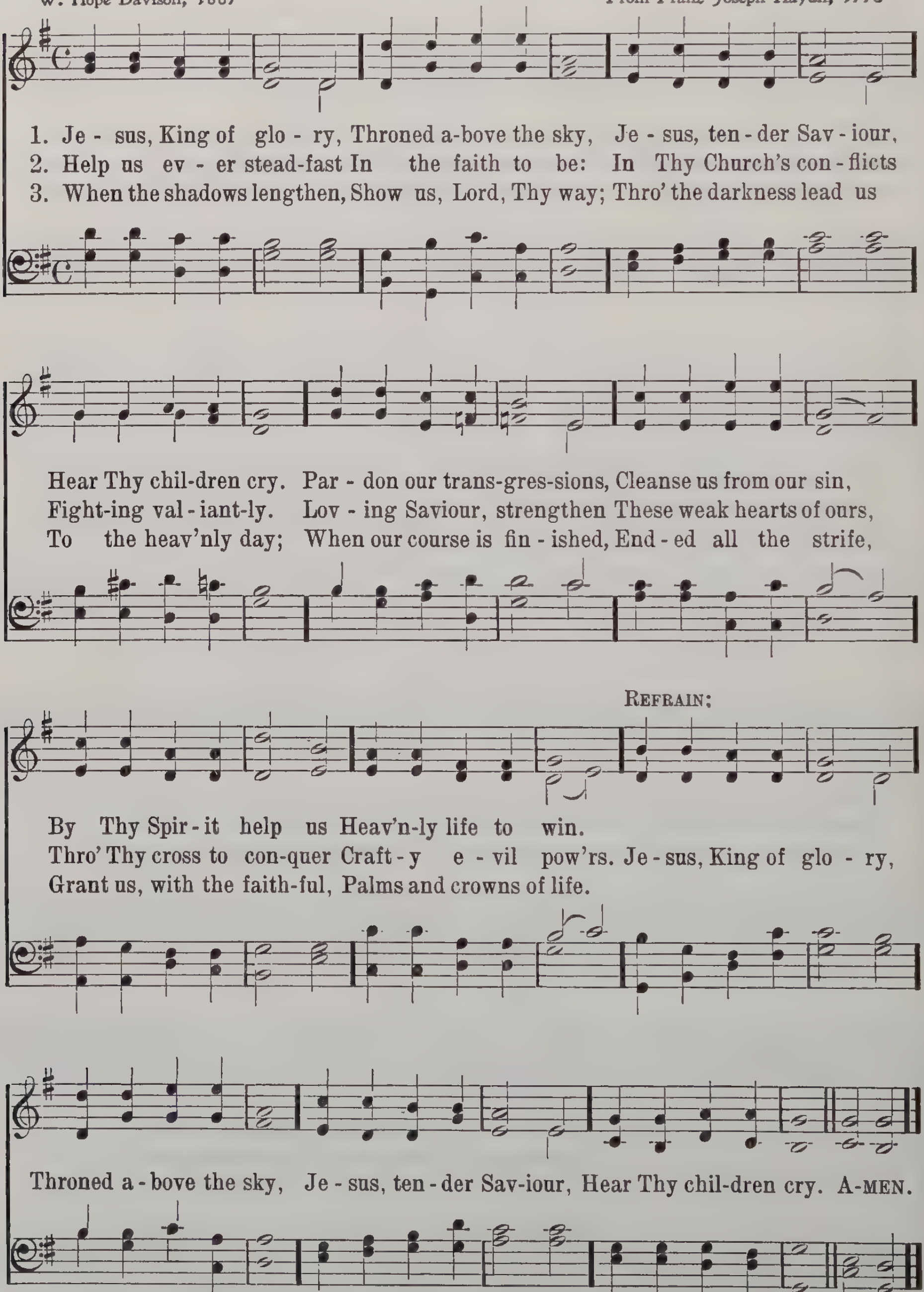
Spanish Melody
Francois H. Barthelemon? (1741-1808)


1. Lord, with glow-ing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be-stows,
2. Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee, Wretched wan-d'rer, far a-stray;
3. Lord, this bos-om's ar-dent feel-ing Vain-ly would my lips ex-press;
For the par-d'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows.
Found thee lost, and kind-ly brought thee From the paths of death a-way.
Low be-fore Thy foot-stool kneel-ing, Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless.
Help, O God, my weak en-deav-or; This dull soul to rap-ture raise:
Praise, with love's de-vout-est feel-ing, Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treas-ure, Love's pure flame with-in me raise:
Thou must light the flame, or nev-er Can my love be warmed to praise.
And, the light of hope re-veal-ing, Bade the blood-stained cross appear.
And, since words can nev-er meas-ure, Let my life show forth Thy praise. A-MEN.

54. Jesus, King of Glory

W. Hope Davison, 1887

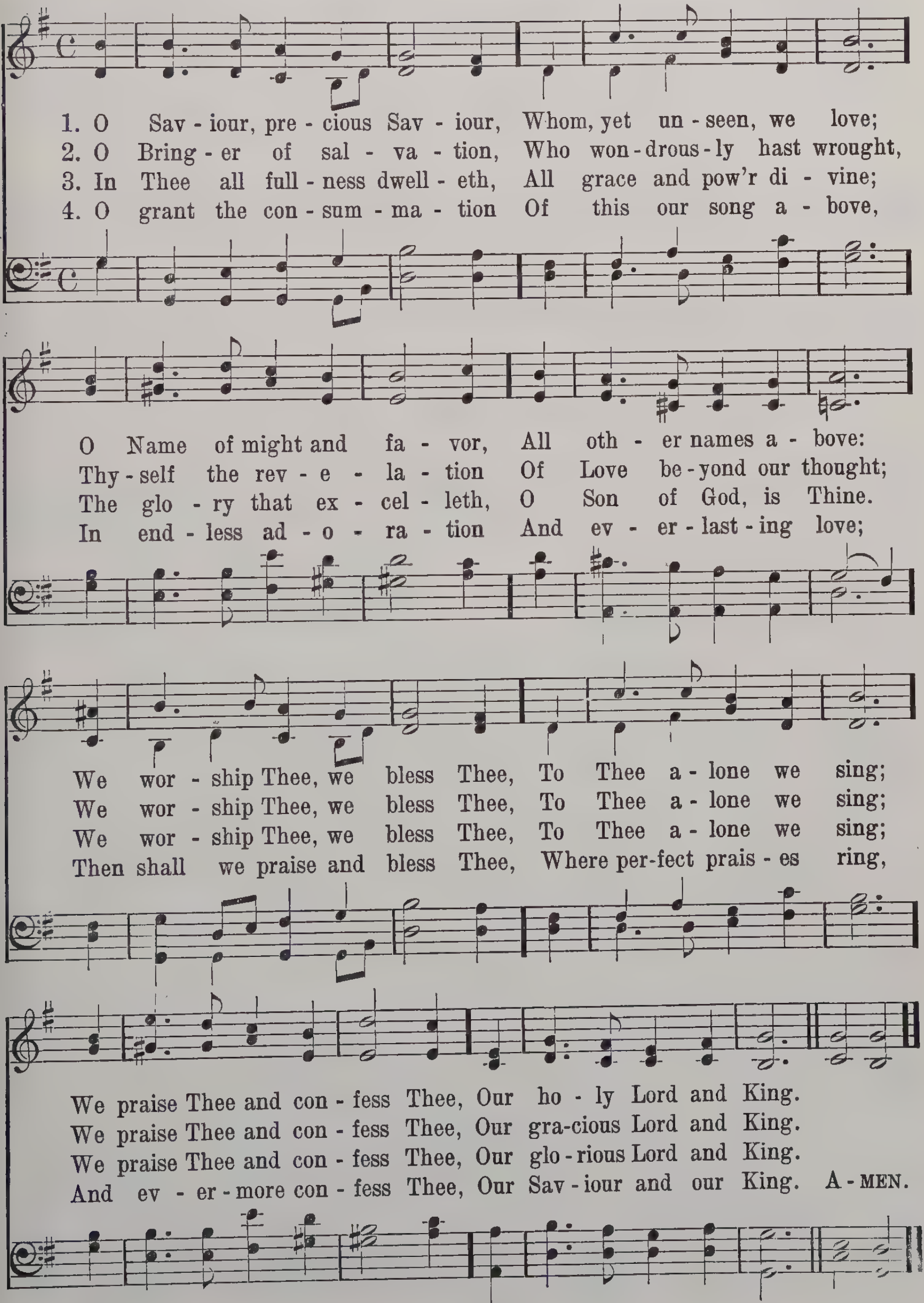
From Franz Joseph Haydn, 1775


1. Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Throned a-bove the sky, Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour,
2. Help us ev - er stead-fast In the faith to be: In Thy Church's con - flicts
3. When the shadows lengthen, Show us, Lord, Thy way; Thro' the darkness lead us
Hear Thy chil-dren cry. Par - don our trans-gres-sions, Cleanse us from our sin,
Fight-ing val - iant-ly. Lov - ing Saviour, strengthen These weak hearts of ours,
To the heav'nly day; When our course is fin - ished, End - ed all the strife,
REFRAIN:
By Thy Spir - it help us Heav'n-ly life to win.
Thro' Thy cross to con-quer Craft - y e - vil pow'rs. Je - sus, King of glo - ry,
Grant us, with the faith-ful, Palms and crowns of life.
Throned a - bove the sky, Je - sus, ten - der Sav-iour, Hear Thy chil-dren cry. A-MEN.

55. O Saviour, Precious Saviour

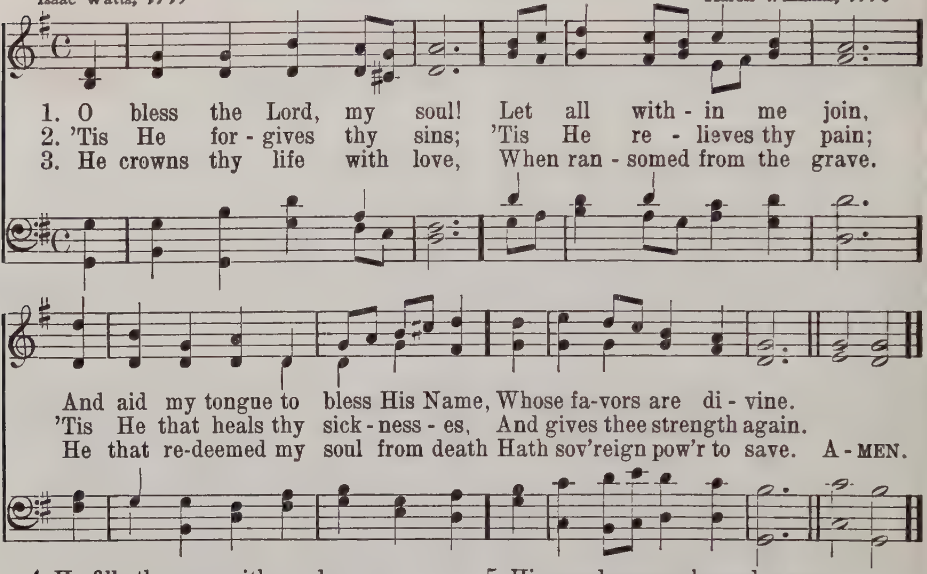
Frances Ridley Havergal, 1870

Arthur Henry Mann, 1881


1. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom, yet un - seen, we love;
2. O Bring - er of sal - va - tion, Who won - drous - ly hast wrought,
3. In Thee all full - ness dwell - eth, All grace and pow'r di - vine;
4. O grant the con - sum - ma - tion Of this our song a - bove,
O Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove:
Thy - self the rev - e - la - tion Of Love be - yond our thought;
The glo - ry that ex - cel - leth, O Son of God, is Thine.
In end - less ad - o - ra - tion And ev - er - last - ing love;
We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing;
We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing;
We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing;
Then shall we praise and bless Thee, Where per - fect prais - es ring,
We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our ho - ly Lord and King.
We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our gra - cious Lord and King.
We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our glo - rious Lord and King.
And ev - er - more con - fess Thee, Our Sav - iour and our King. A - MEN.

56. O Bless the Lord, My Soul!

Isaac Watts, 1719
Aaron Williams, 1770

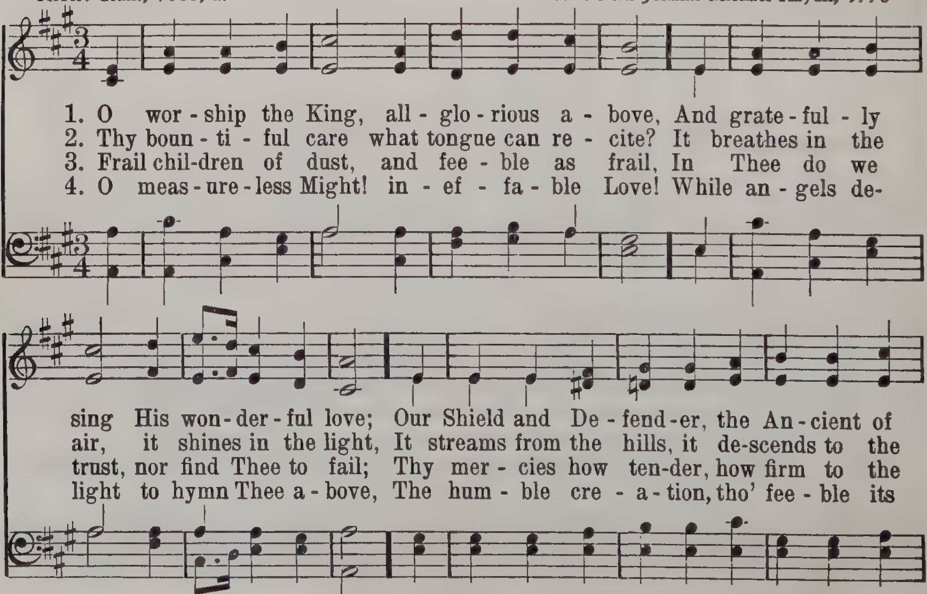

1. O bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with-in me join,
2. 'Tis He for-gives thy sins; 'Tis He re-lieves thy pain;
3. He crowns thy life with love, When ran-somed from the grave.
And aid my tongue to bless His Name, Whose fa-vors are di-vine.
'Tis He that heals thy sick-ness-es, And gives thee strength again.
He that re-deemed my soul from death Hath sov'reign pow'r to save. A-MEN.

4 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the opprest.

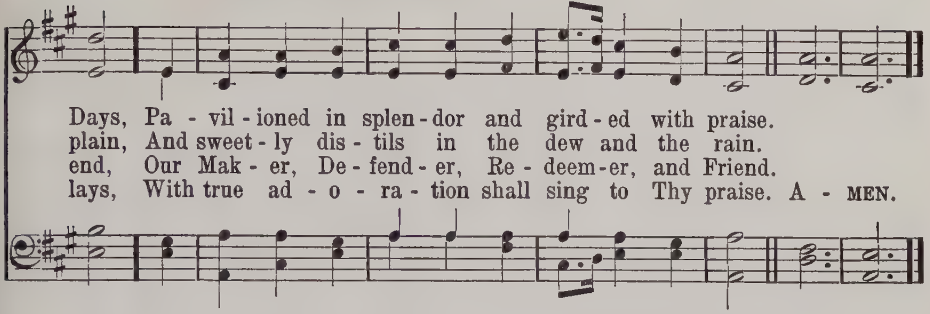
5 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known,
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His belovèd Son.

57. O Worship the King, All-glorious Above

Robert Grant, 1833, a.
Arr. from Johann Michael Haydn, 1770


1. O wor-ship the King, all-glo-rious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly
2. Thy boun-ti-ful care what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the
3. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we
4. O meas-ure-less Might! in-ef-fa-ble Love! While an-gels de-
sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten-der, how firm to the
light to hymn Thee a-bove, The hum-ble cre-a-tion, tho' fee-ble its

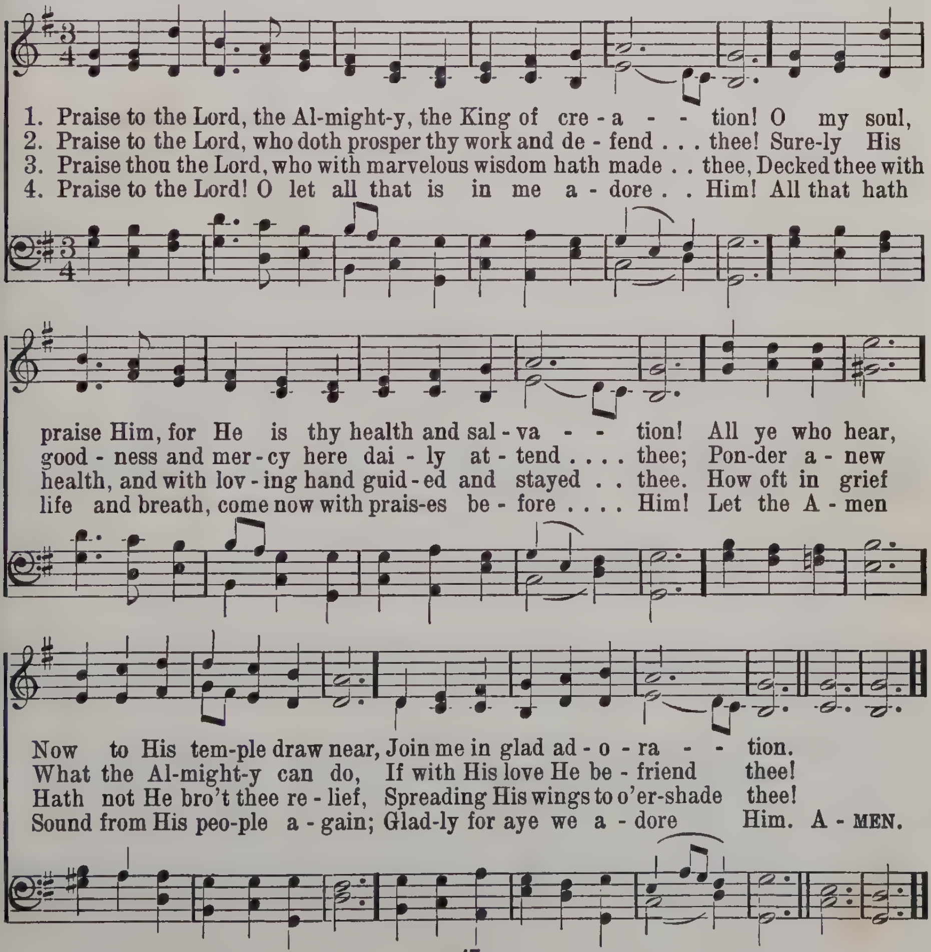
O Worship the King, All-glorious Above


Days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor and gird - ed with praise.
plain, And sweet - ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.
end, Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.
lays, With true ad - o - ra - tion shall sing to Thy praise. A - MEN.

58. Praise to the Lord, the Almighty

Joachim Neander, 1680
Tr. Catherine Winkworth

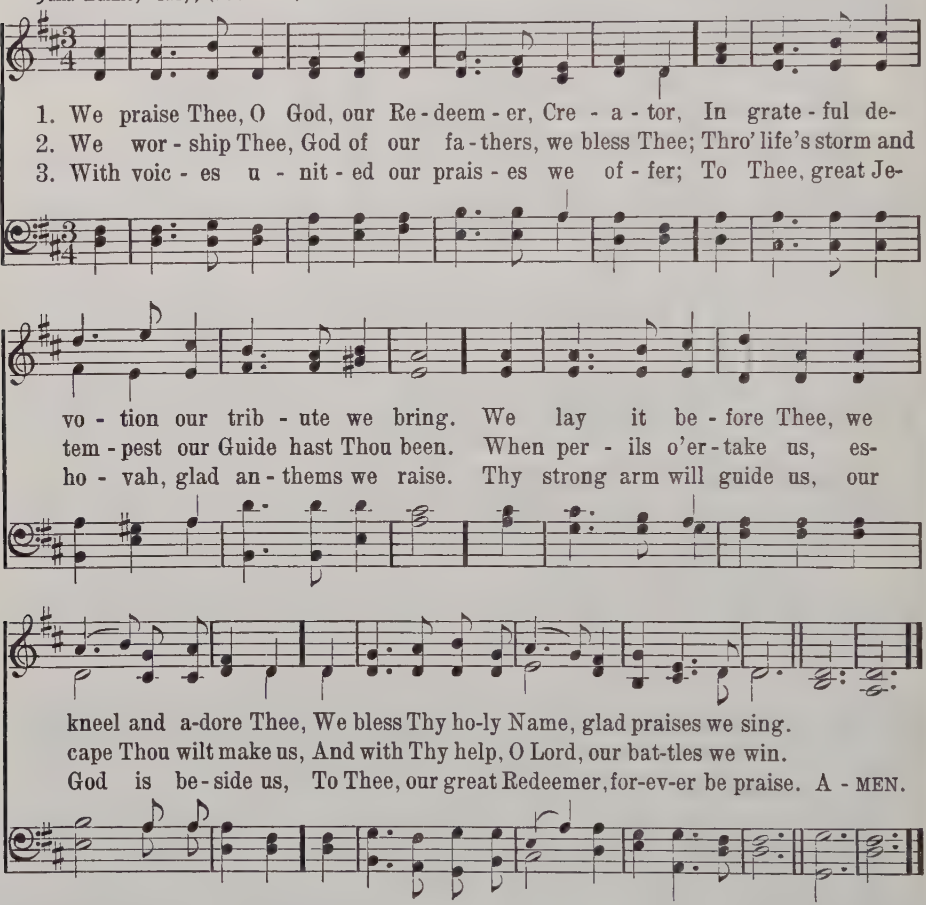
Stralsund Gesangbuch, 1665
Present form since 1708


1. Praise to the Lord, the Al-might-y, the King of cre - a - - tion! O my soul,
2. Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and de - fend . . . thee! Sure-ly His
3. Praise thou the Lord, who with marvelous wisdom hath made . . thee, Decked thee with
4. Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me a - dore . . Him! All that hath
praise Him, for He is thy health and sal - va - - tion! All ye who hear,
good - ness and mer - cy here dai - ly at - tend . . . . thee; Pon-der a - new
health, and with lov - ing hand guid - ed and stayed . . thee. How oft in grief
life and breath, come now with prais-es be - fore . . . . Him! Let the A - men
Now to His tem-ple draw near, Join me in glad ad - o - ra - - tion.
What the Al-might-y can do, If with His love He be - friend thee!
Hath not He bro't thee re - lief, Spreading His wings to o'er-shade thee!
Sound from His peo-ple a - gain; Glad-ly for aye we a - dore Him. A - MEN.

59. We Praise Thee, O God, Our Redeemer, Creator

Julia Bulkley Cady, (1882-)

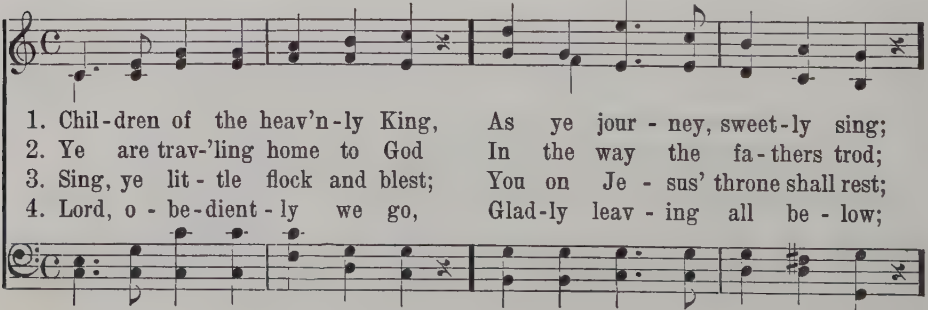
Old Netherlands Melody


1. We praise Thee, O God, our Re-deem-er, Cre-a-tor, In grate-ful de-
2. We wor-ship Thee, God of our fa-thers, we bless Thee; Thro' life's storm and
3. With voic-es u-nit-ed our prais-es we of-fer; To Thee, great Je-
vo-tion our trib-ute we bring. We lay it be-fore Thee, we
tem-pest our Guide hast Thou been. When per-ils o'er-take us, es-
ho-vah, glad an-thems we raise. Thy strong arm will guide us, our
kneel and a-dore Thee, We bless Thy ho-ly Name, glad praises we sing.
cape Thou wilt make us, And with Thy help, O Lord, our bat-tles we win.
God is be-side us, To Thee, our great Redeemer, for-ev-er be praise. A-MEN.

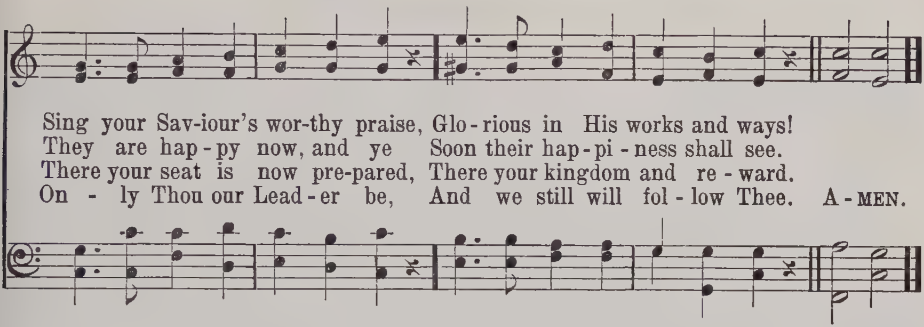
60. Children of the Heavenly King

John Cennick, 1742

George Frederick Händel, (1685-1759)


1. Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;
2. Ye are trav-'ling home to God In the way the fa-thers trod;
3. Sing, ye lit-tle flock and blest; You on Je-sus' throne shall rest;
4. Lord, o-be-dient-ly we go, Glad-ly leav-ing all be-low;

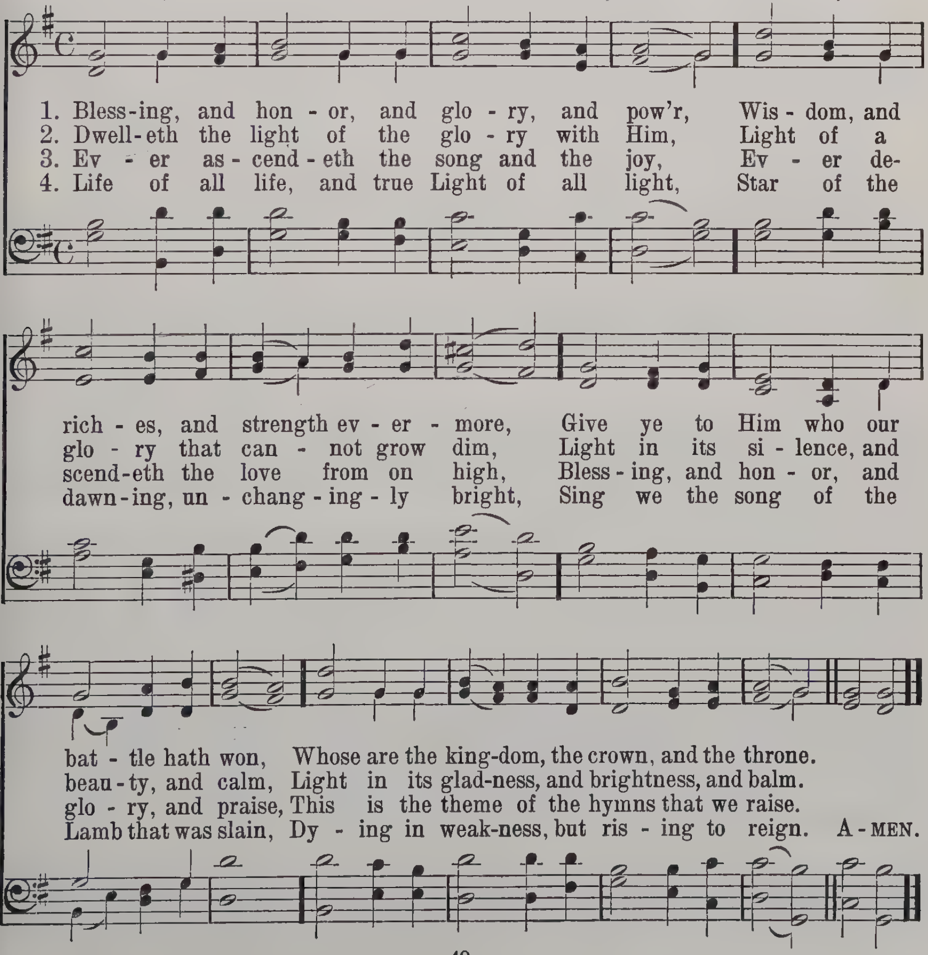
Children of the Heavenly King


Sing your Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways!
They are hap-py now, and ye Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.
There your seat is now pre-pared, There your kingdom and re-ward.
On-ly Thou our Lead-er be, And we still will fol-low Thee. A-MEN.

61. Blessing, and Honor, and Glory, and Power

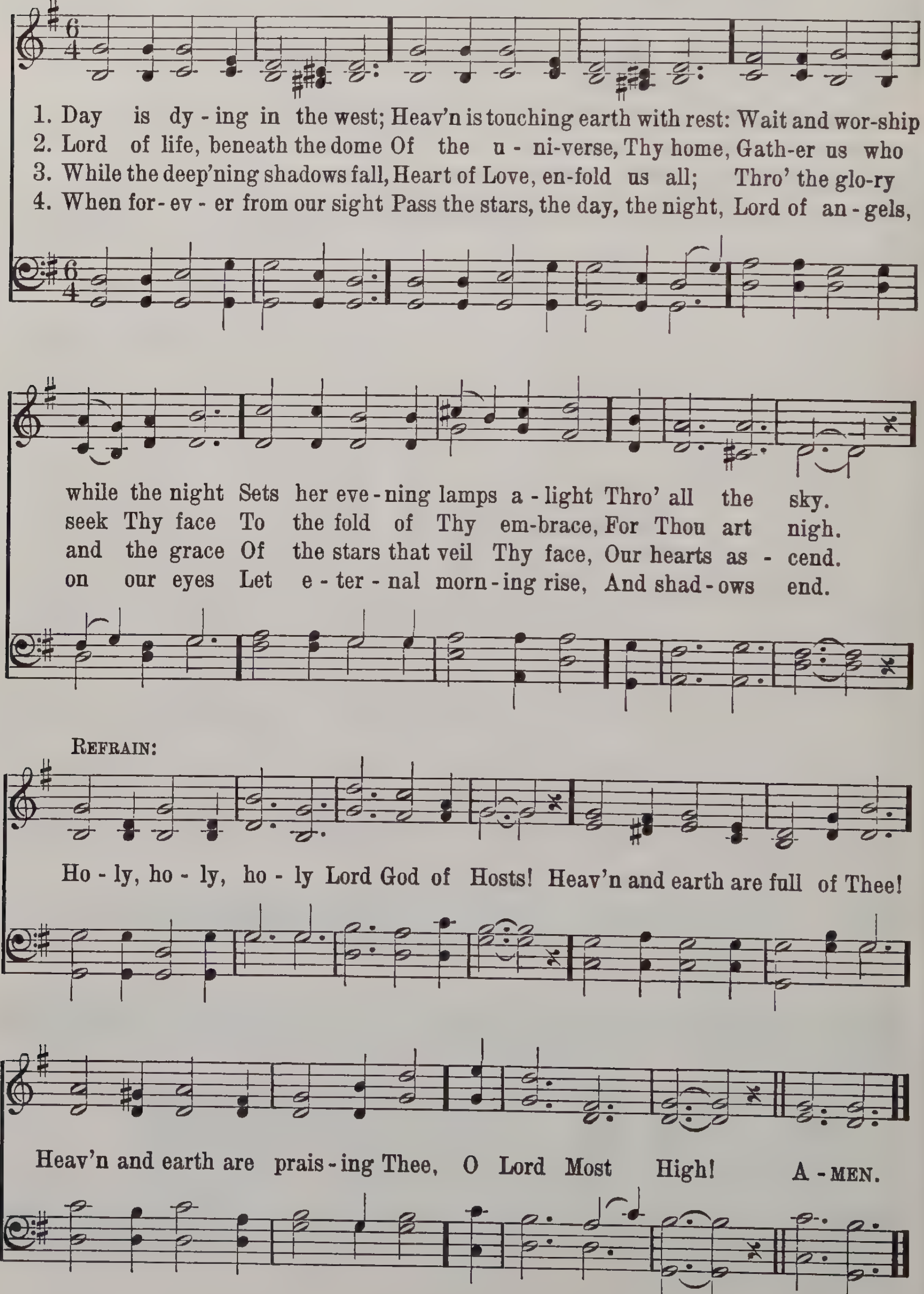
Horatius Bonar, 1866

Adapted from a Melody in La Feillee
Plain Chant, 1782


1. Bless-ing, and hon-or, and glo-ry, and pow'r, Wis-dom, and rich-es, and strength ev-er-more, Give ye to Him who our bat-tle hath won, Whose are the king-dom, the crown, and the throne.
2. Dwell-eth the light of the glo-ry with Him, Light of a glo-ry that can-not grow dim, Light in its si-lence, and beau-ty, and calm, Light in its glad-ness, and brightness, and balm.
3. Ev-er as-cend-eth the song and the joy, Ev-er de-scend-eth the love from on high, Bless-ing, and hon-or, and glo-ry, and praise, This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.
4. Life of all life, and true Light of all light, Star of the dawn-ing, un-chang-ing-ly bright, Sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain, Dy-ing in weak-ness, but ris-ing to reign. A-MEN.

62. Day Is Dying in the West

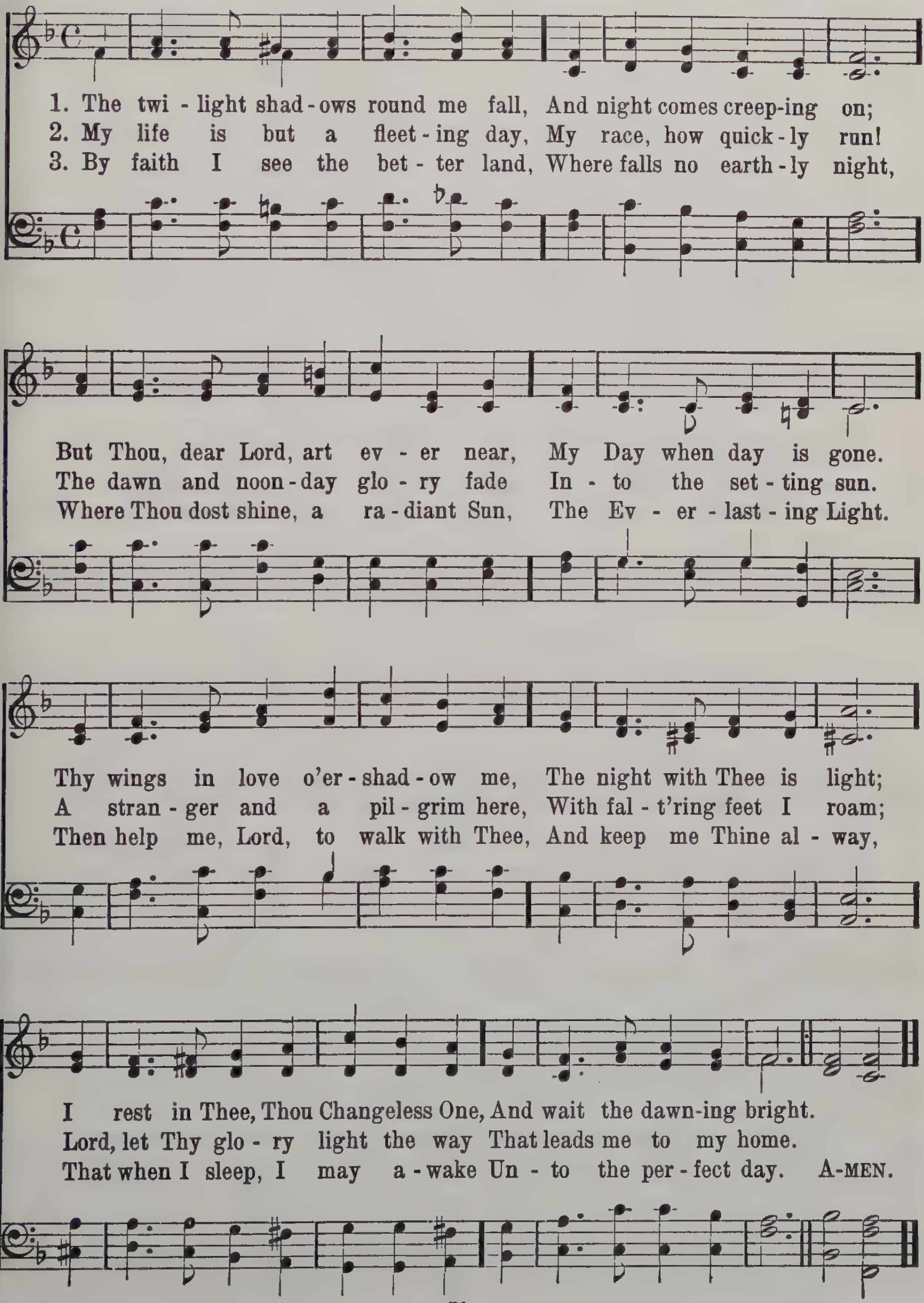
Mary Artimisia Lathbury, 1877 William Fisk Sherwin, 1877


1. Day is dy-ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest: Wait and wor-ship
2. Lord of life, beneath the dome Of the u-ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold us all; Thro' the glo-ry
4. When for-ev-er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an-gels,
while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
seek Thy face To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thou art nigh.
and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
on our eyes Let e-ter-nal morn-ing rise, And shad-ows end.
REFRAIN:
Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee!
Heav'n and earth are prais-ing Thee, O Lord Most High! A-MEN.

63. The Twilight Shadows Round Me Fall

Ernest Edwin Ryden, 1924

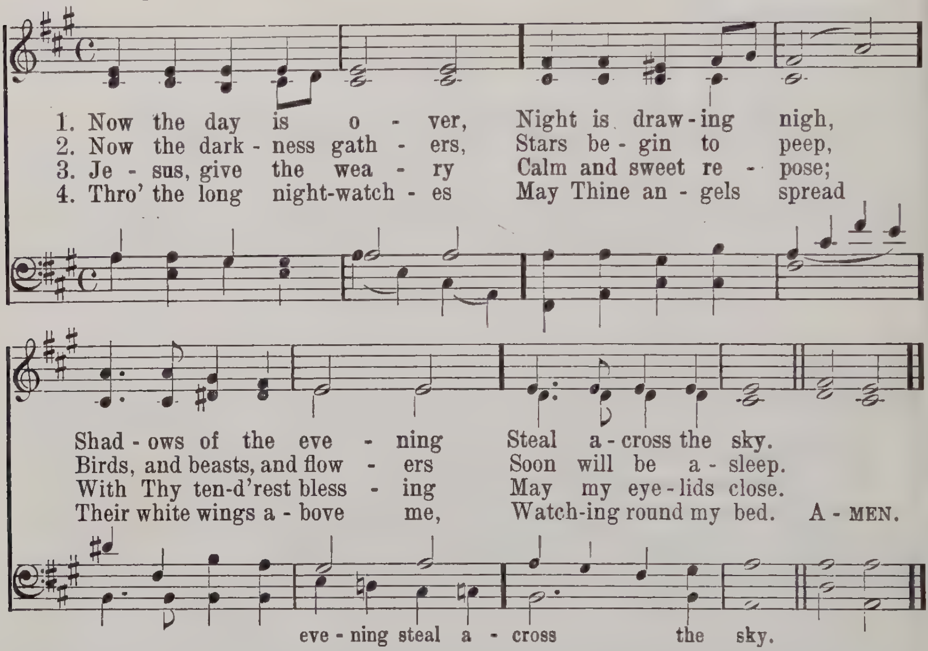
Peter Johnson, 1915


1. The twi - light shad - ows round me fall, And night comes creep-ing on;
2. My life is but a fleet - ing day, My race, how quick - ly run!
3. By faith I see the bet - ter land, Where falls no earth - ly night,
But Thou, dear Lord, art ev - er near, My Day when day is gone.
The dawn and noon - day glo - ry fade In - to the set - ting sun.
Where Thou dost shine, a ra - diant Sun, The Ev - er - last - ing Light.
Thy wings in love o'er - shad - ow me, The night with Thee is light;
A stran - ger and a pil - grim here, With fal - t'ring feet I roam;
Then help me, Lord, to walk with Thee, And keep me Thine al - way,
I rest in Thee, Thou Changeless One, And wait the dawn-ing bright.
Lord, let Thy glo - ry light the way That leads me to my home.
That when I sleep, I may a - wake Un - to the per - fect day. A-MEN.

64. Now the Day Is Over

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

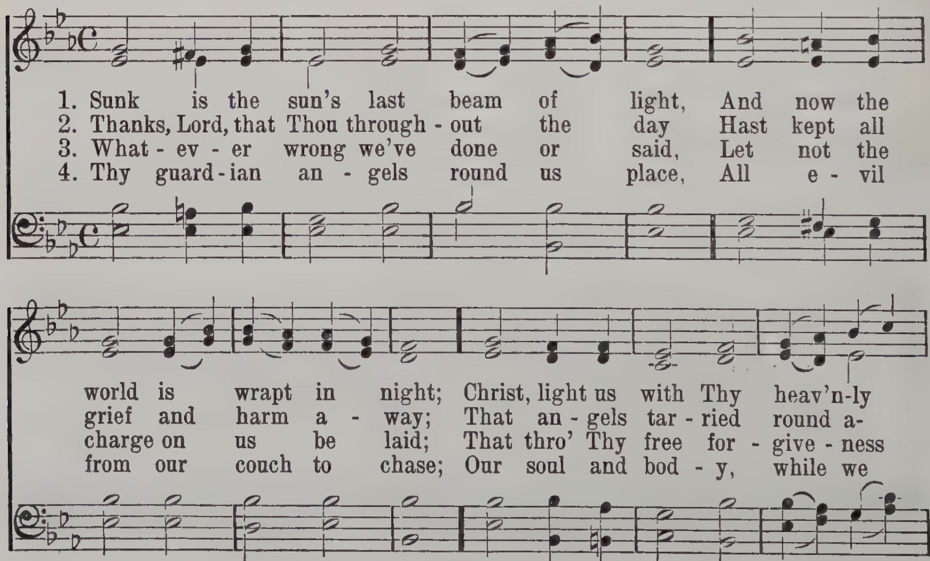
Joseph Barnby, 1868


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Now the dark - ness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep,
3. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
4. Thro' the long night-watch - es May Thine an - gels spread
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
Birds, and beasts, and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May my eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch-ing round my bed. A - MEN.
eve - ning steal a - cross the sky.

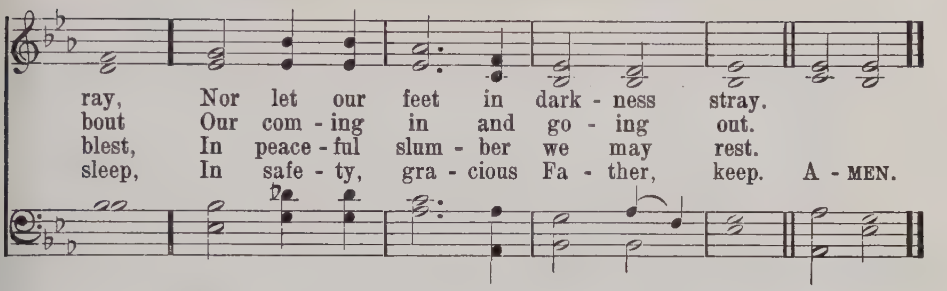
65. Sunk Is the Sun's Last Beam of Light

Nicholas Hermann, 1560

George Hews, 1835


1. Sunk is the sun's last beam of light, And now the
2. Thanks, Lord, that Thou through - out the day Hast kept all
3. What - ev - er wrong we've done or said, Let not the
4. Thy guard - ian an - gels round us place, All e - vil
world is wrapt in night; Christ, light us with Thy heav'n-ly
grief and harm a - way; That an - gels tar - ried round a-
charge on us be laid; That thro' Thy free for - give - ness
from our couch to chase; Our soul and bod - y, while we

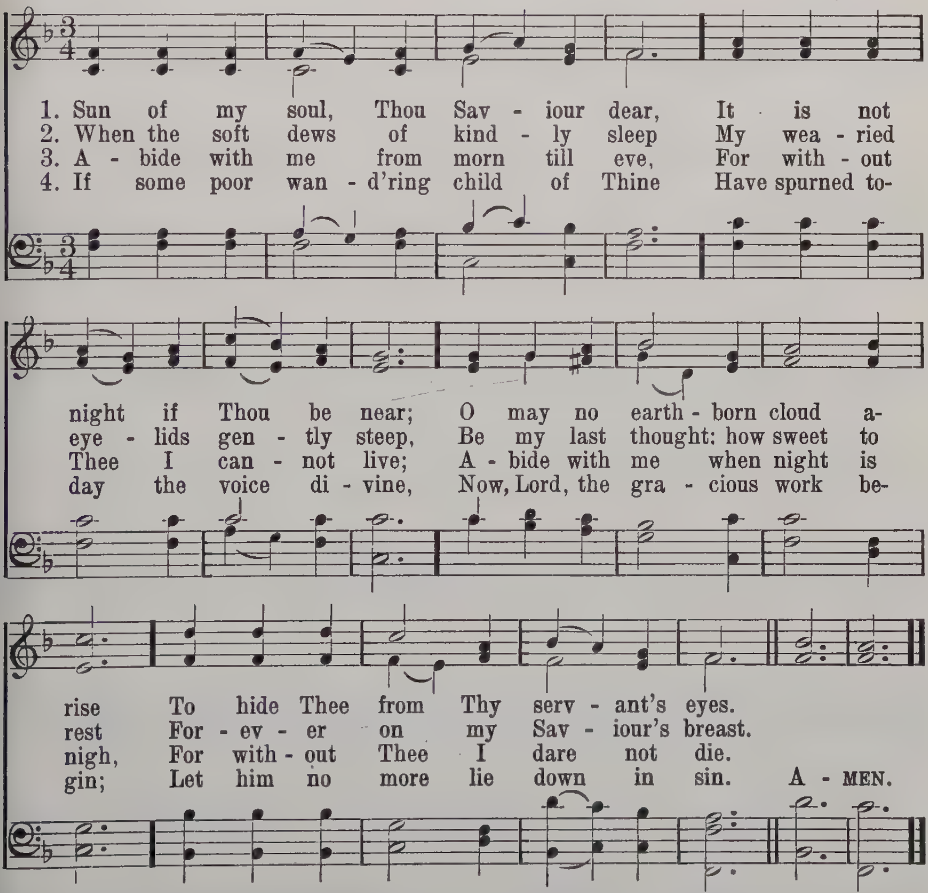
Sunk Is the Sun's Last Beam of Light


ray, Nor let our feet in dark - ness stray.
bout Our com - ing in and go - ing out.
blest, In peace - ful slum - ber we may rest.
sleep, In safe - ty, gra - cious Fa - ther, keep. A - MEN.

66. Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear

John Keble, 1827, a.

Attributed to Peter Ritter, 1792

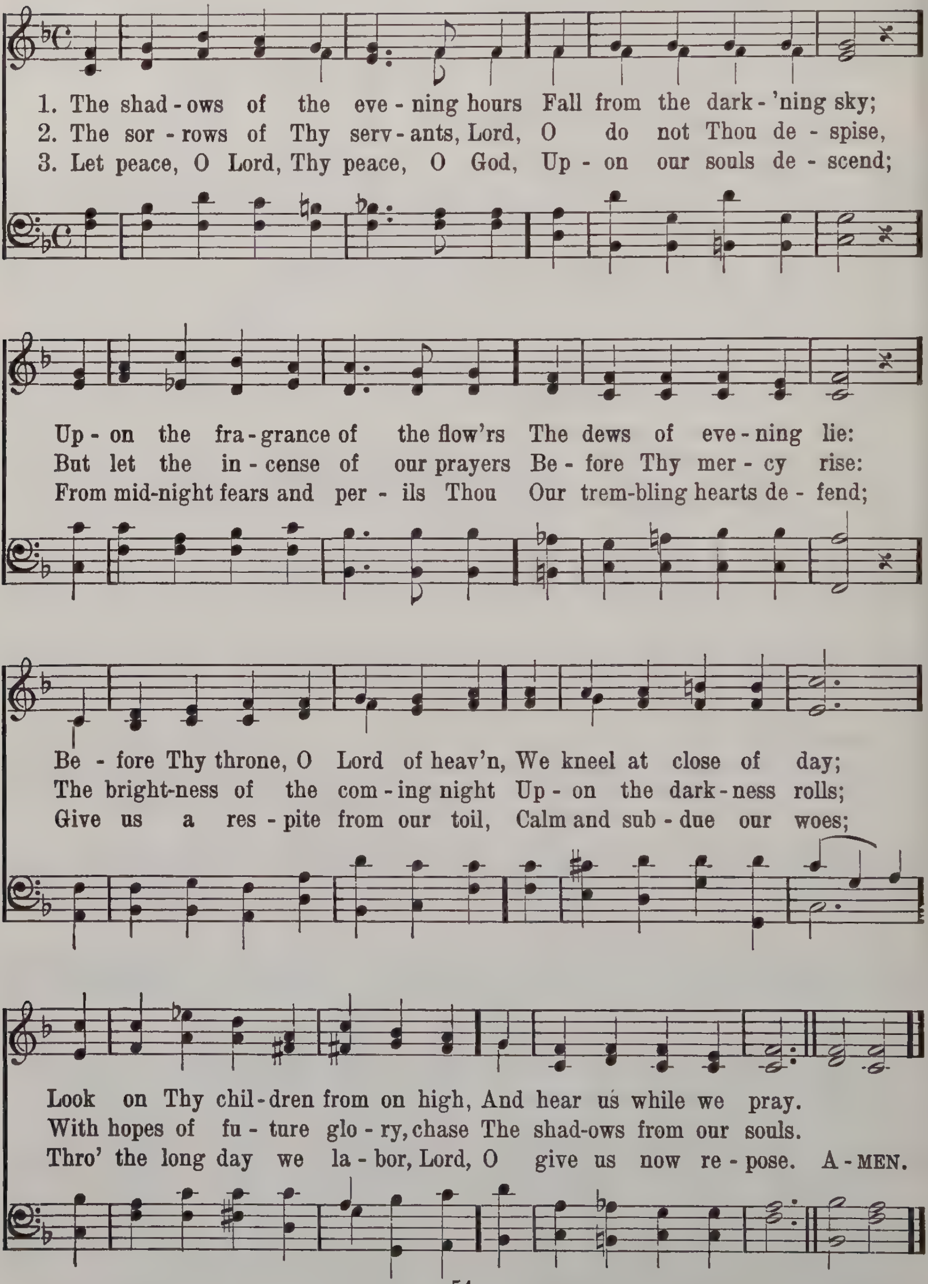

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ried
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out
4. If some poor wan - d'ring child of Thine Have spurned to-
night if Thou be near; O may no earth - born cloud a-
eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last thought: how sweet to
Thee I can - not live; A - bide with me when night is
day the voice di - vine, Now, Lord, the gra - cious work be-
rise To hide Thee from Thy serv - ant's eyes.
rest For - ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast.
nigh, For with - out Thee I dare not die.
gin; Let him no more lie down in sin. A - MEN.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumber, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

67. The Shadows of the Evening Hours

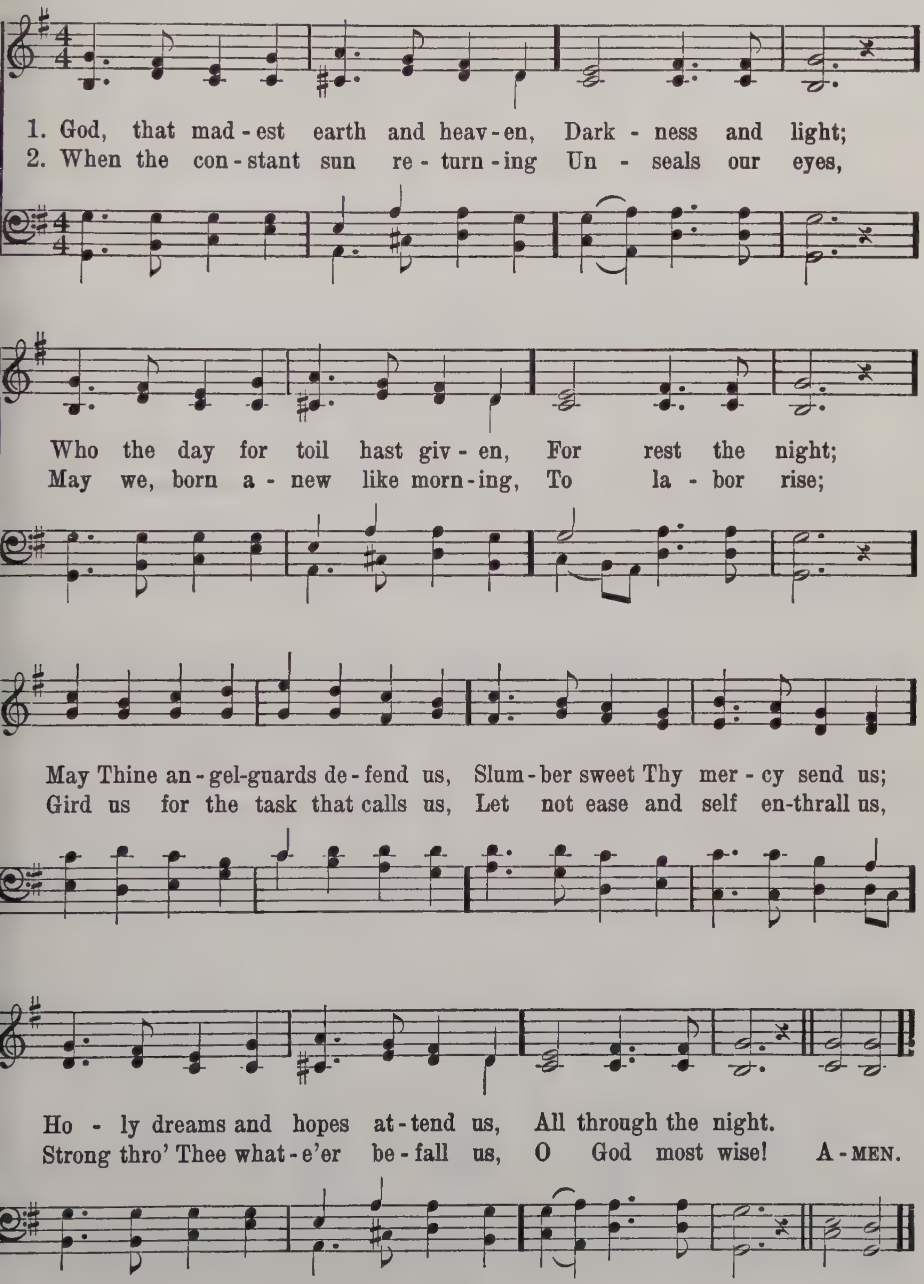
Adelaide A. Procter, 1862 — Henry Hiles, 1867


1. The shad-ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark-'ning sky;
2. The sor-rows of Thy serv-ants, Lord, O do not Thou de-spise,
3. Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God, Up-on our souls de-scend;
Up-on the fra-grance of the flow'rs The dews of eve-ning lie:
But let the in-cense of our prayers Be-fore Thy mer-cy rise:
From mid-night fears and per-ils Thou Our trem-bling hearts de-fend;
Be-fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;
The bright-ness of the com-ing night Up-on the dark-ness rolls;
Give us a res-pite from our toil, Calm and sub-due our woes;
Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.
With hopes of fu-ture glo-ry, chase The shad-ows from our souls.
Thro' the long day we la-bor, Lord, O give us now re-pose. A-MEN.

68. God, That Madest Earth and Heaven

Reginald Heber, 1827
Frederick L. Hosmer, 1912

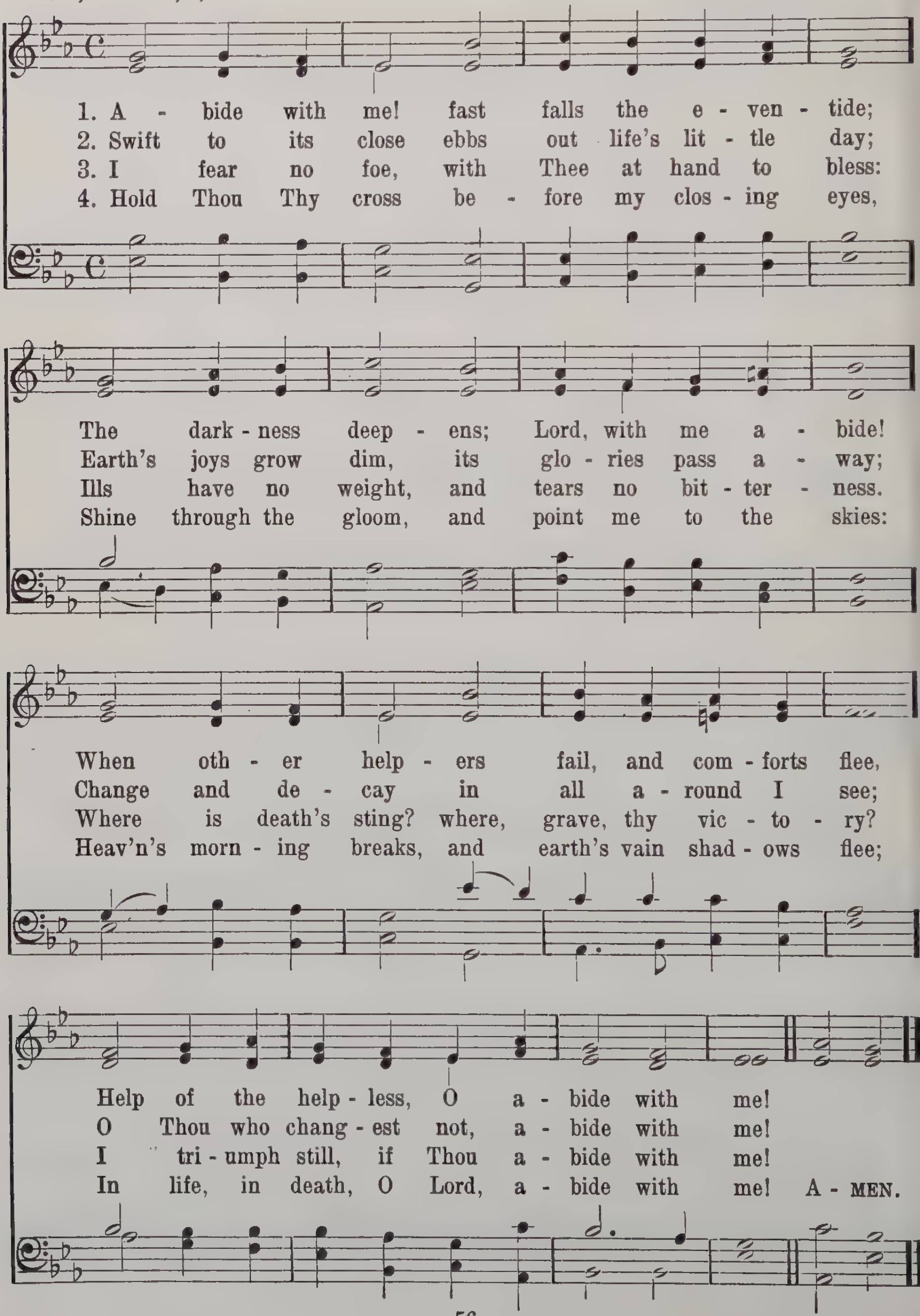
Welsh Traditional Melody
Harmonized by L. O. Emerson, 1906


1. God, that mad-est earth and heav-en, Dark-ness and light;
2. When the con-stant sun re-turn-ing Un-seals our eyes,
Who the day for toil hast giv-en, For rest the night;
May we, born a-new like morn-ing, To la-bor rise;
May Thine an-gel-guards de-fend us, Slum-ber sweet Thy mer-cy send us;
Gird us for the task that calls us, Let not ease and self en-thrall us,
Ho-ly dreams and hopes at-tend us, All through the night.
Strong thro' Thee what-e'er be-fall us, O God most wise! A-MEN.

69. Abide with Me! Fast Falls the Eventide

Henry Francis Lyte, 1847

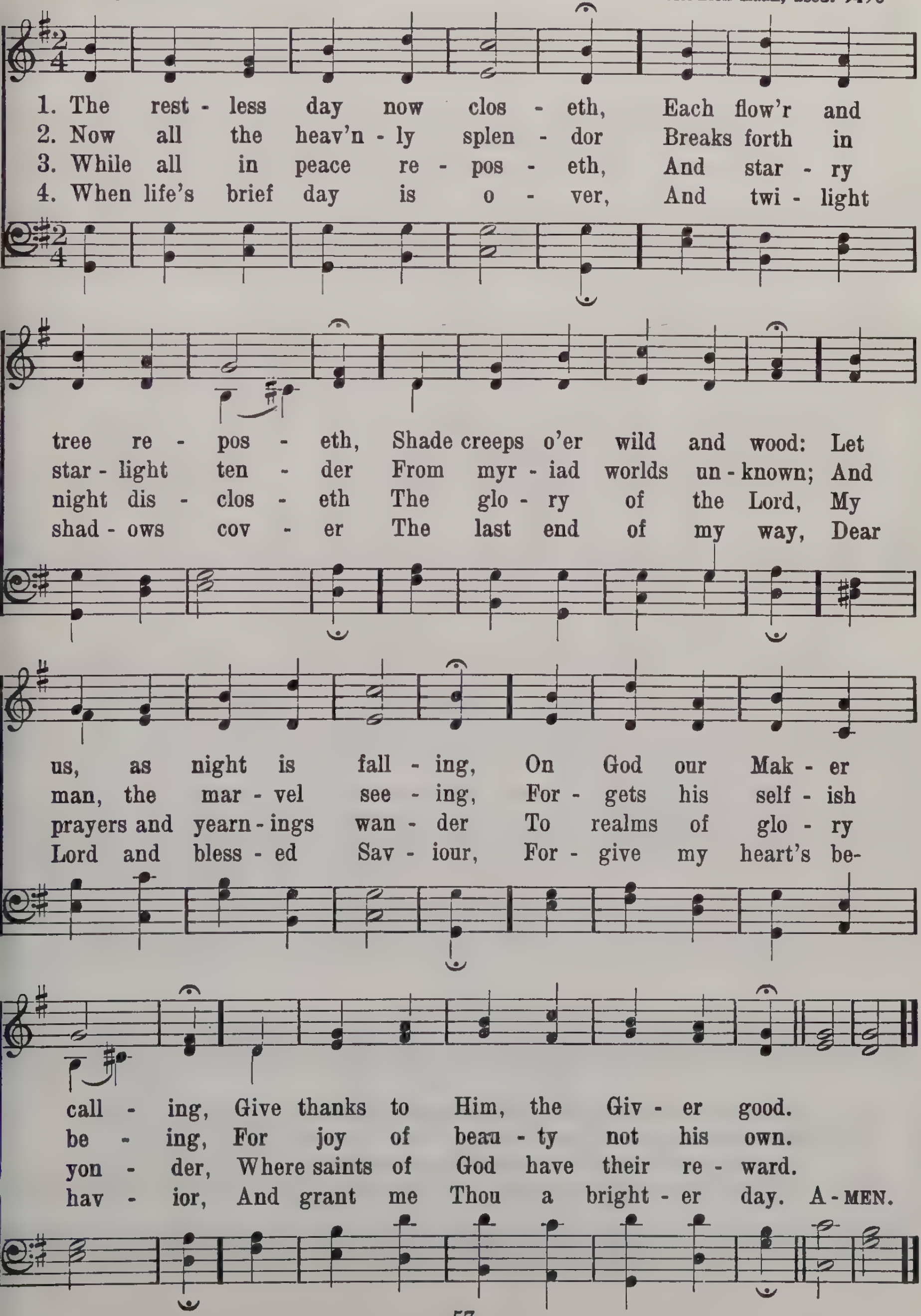
William Henry Monk, 1861


1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
3. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes,
The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!
Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness.
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic - to - ry?
Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee;
Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me!
In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - MEN.

70. The Restless Day Now Closeth

Paul Gerhardt, stanzas 1 and 2
Claus August Wendell, stanzas 3 and 4

Heinrich Isaak, about 1490

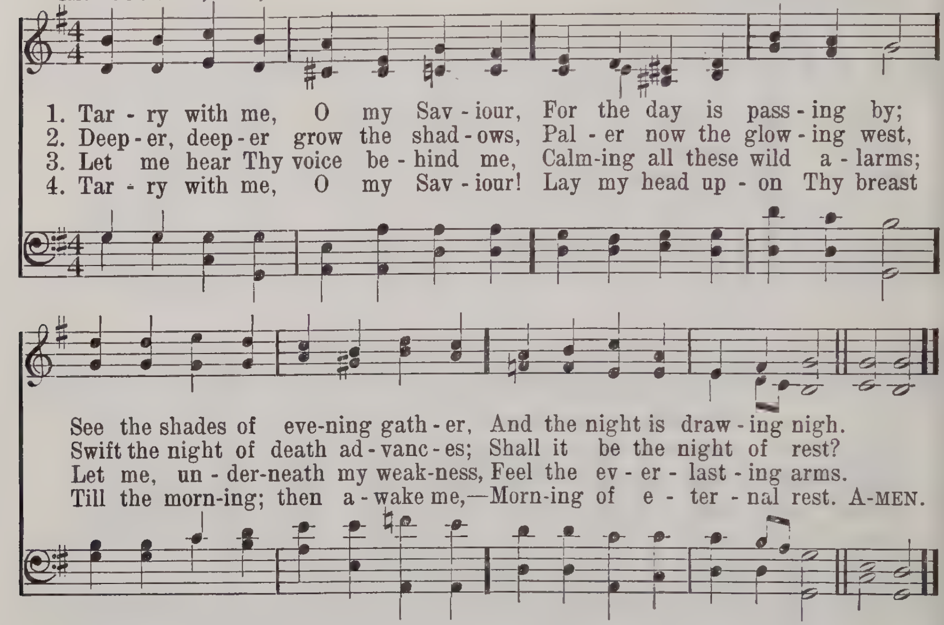

1. The rest - less day now clos - eth, Each flow'r and
2. Now all the heav'n - ly splen - dor Breaks forth in
3. While all in peace re - pos - eth, And star - ry
4. When life's brief day is o - ver, And twi - light
tree re - pos - eth, Shade creeps o'er wild and wood: Let
star - light ten - der From myr - iad worlds un - known; And
night dis - clos - eth The glo - ry of the Lord, My
shad - ows cov - er The last end of my way, Dear
us, as night is fall - ing, On God our Mak - er
man, the mar - vel see - ing, For - gets his self - ish
prayers and yearn - ings wan - der To realms of glo - ry
Lord and bless - ed Sav - iour, For - give my heart's be-
call - ing, Give thanks to Him, the Giv - er good.
be - ing, For joy of beau - ty not his own.
yon - der, Where saints of God have their re - ward.
hav - ior, And grant me Thou a bright - er day. A - MEN.

]

71. Tarry with Me, O My Saviour

Caroline L. Smith, 1853, a.

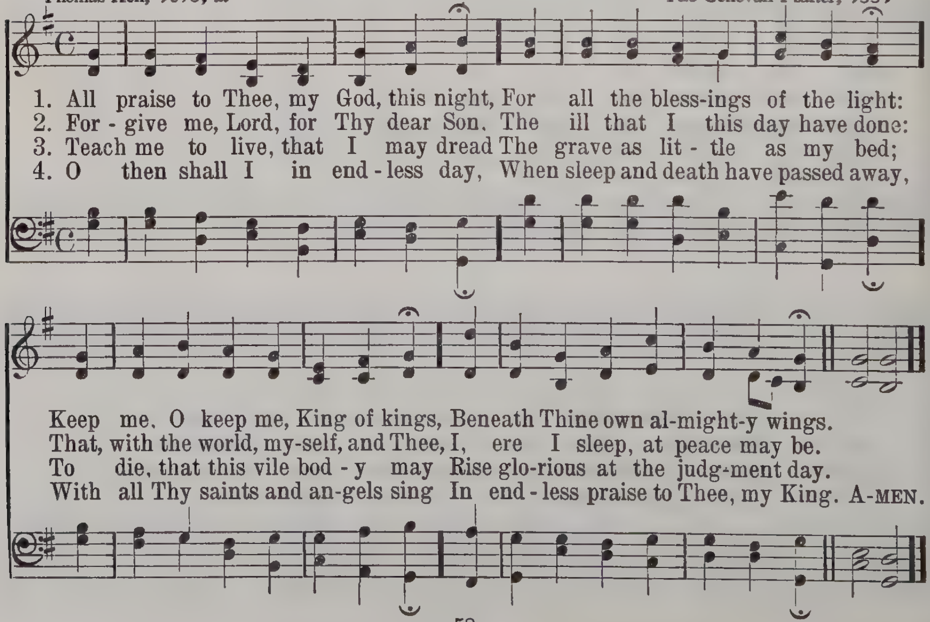
Composer Unknown


1. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - iour, For the day is pass - ing by;
2. Deep - er, deep - er grow the shad - ows, Pal - er now the glow - ing west,
3. Let me hear Thy voice be - hind me, Calm-ing all these wild a - larms;
4. Tar - ry with me, O my Sav - iour! Lay my head up - on Thy breast
See the shades of eve-ning gath - er, And the night is draw - ing nigh.
Swift the night of death ad - vanc - es; Shall it be the night of rest?
Let me, un - der-neath my weak-ness, Feel the ev - er - last - ing arms.
Till the morn-ing; then a - wake me,—Morn-ing of e - ter - nal rest. A-MEN.

72. All Praise to Thee, My God, This Night

Thomas Ken, 1695, a.

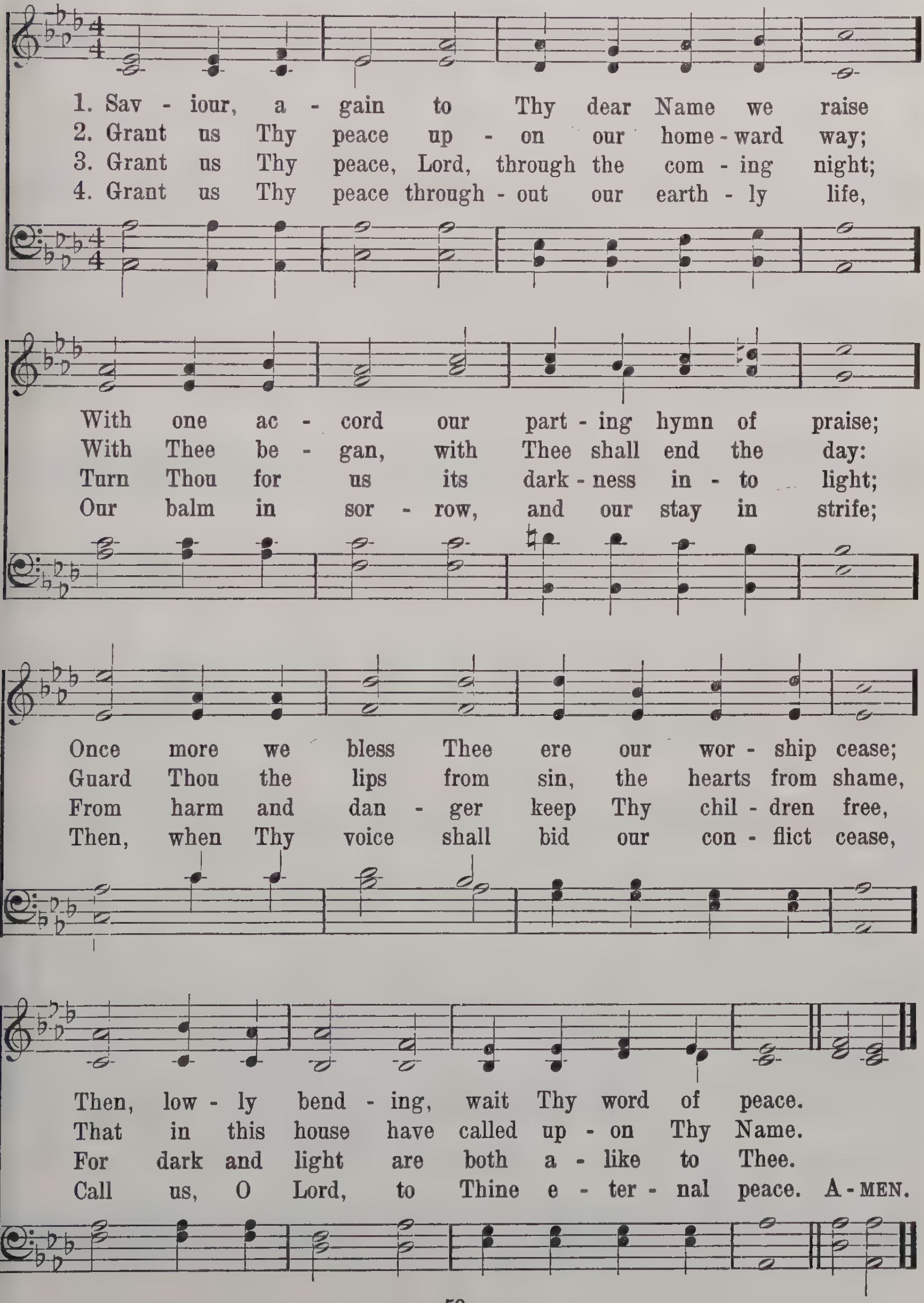
Louis Bourgeois
The Genevan Psalter, 1551


1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light:
2. For - give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done:
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as lit - tle as my bed;
4. O then shall I in end - less day, When sleep and death have passed away,
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thine own al-might-y wings.
That, with the world, my-self, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
To die, that this vile bod - y may Rise glo-rious at the judg-ment day.
With all Thy saints and an-gels sing In end - less praise to Thee, my King. A-MEN.

73. Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name We Raise

John Ellerton, Text of 1868

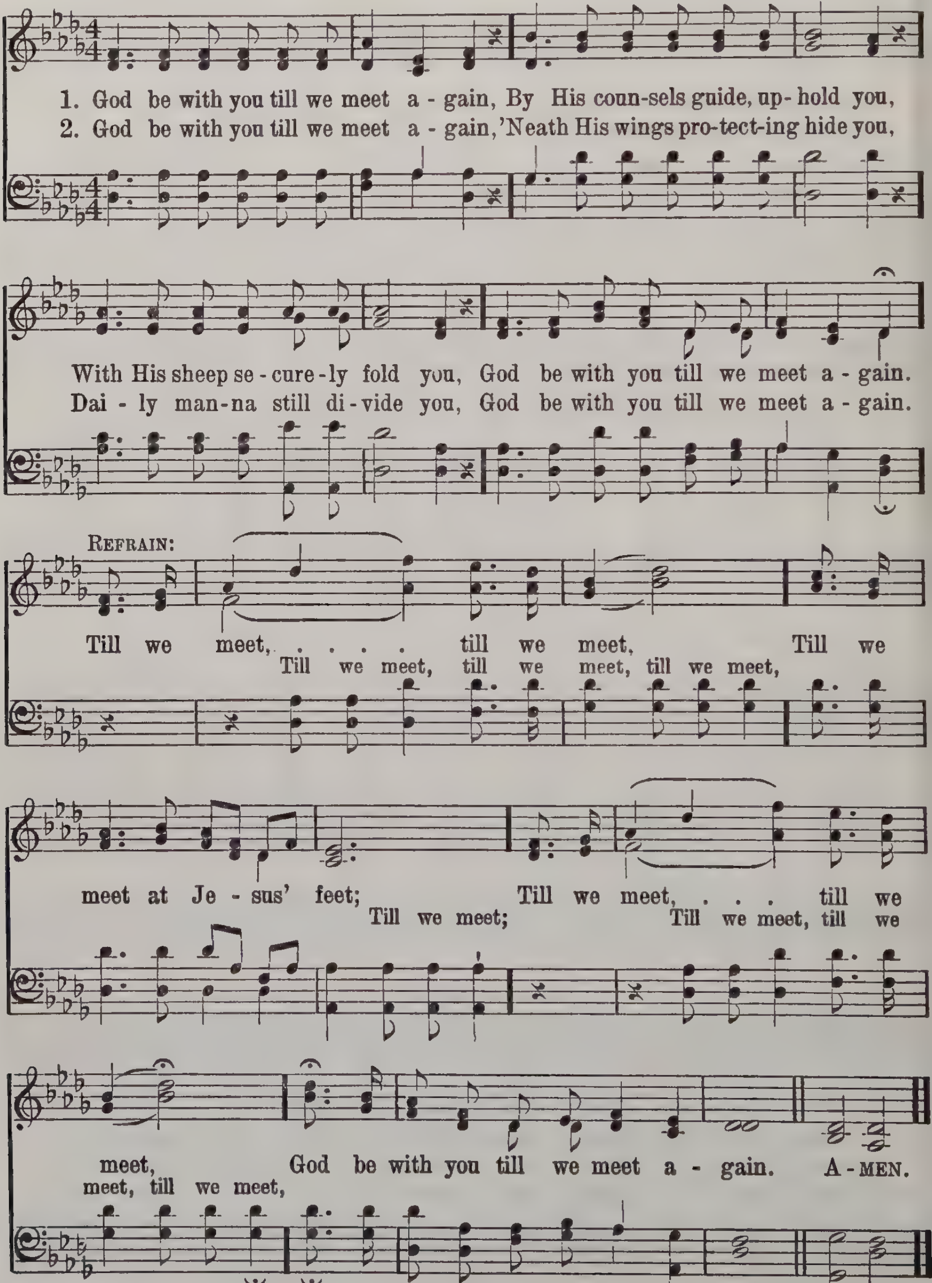
Edward John Hopkins, 1869


1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home - ward way;
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the com - ing night;
4. Grant us Thy peace through - out our earth - ly life,
With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise;
With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end the day:
Turn Thou for us its dark - ness in - to light;
Our balm in sor - row, and our stay in strife;
Once more we bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
From harm and dan - ger keep Thy chil - dren free,
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con - flict cease,
Then, low - ly bend - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
That in this house have called up - on Thy Name.
For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A - MEN.

74. God Be with You till We Meet Again

Jeremiah Eames Rankin, 1882

William Gould Tomer, 1882


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, up- hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings pro-tect-ing hide you,
With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
REFRAIN:
Till we meet, ... till we meet, Till we
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,
meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet, . . . till we
Till we meet; Till we meet, till we
meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain. A - MEN.
meet, till we meet,

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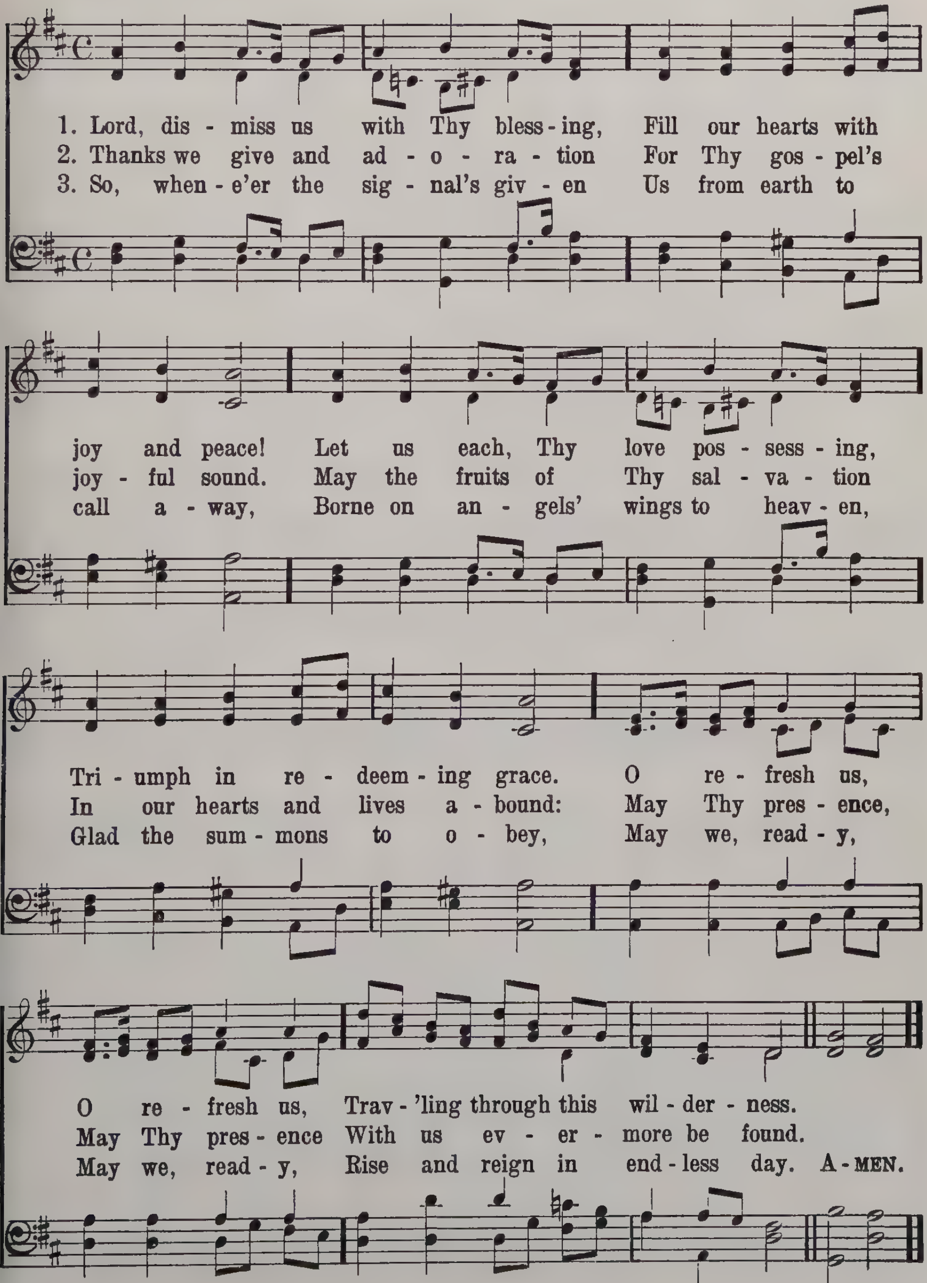
75. Lord, Dismiss Us with Thy Blessing

John Fawcett, 1773, a.

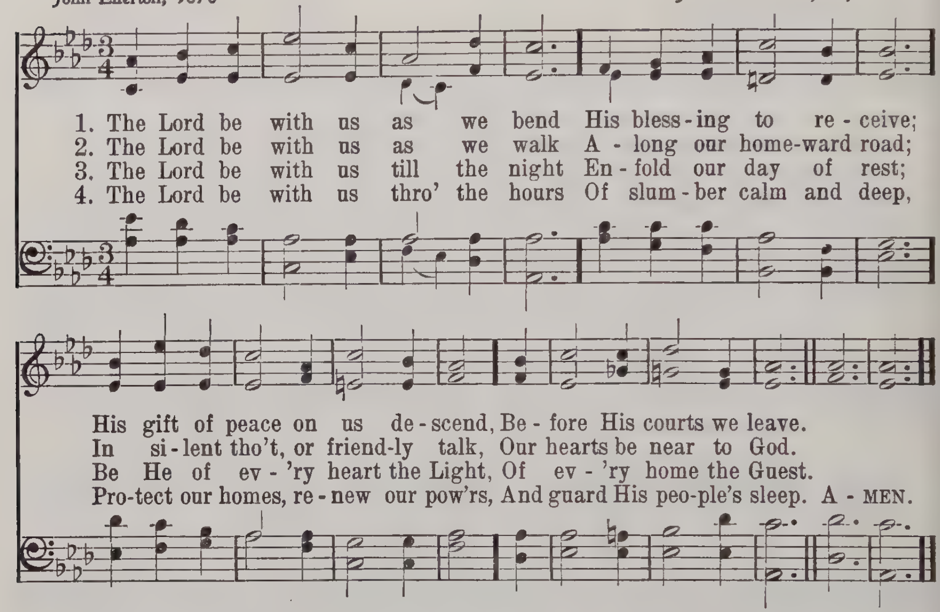
Old Latin Hymn, "O Sanctissima"
Marcantoine Portogallo


1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with
2. Thanks we give and ad - o - ra - tion For Thy gos - pel's
3. So, when - e'er the sig - nal's giv - en Us from earth to
joy and peace! Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing,
joy - ful sound. May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion
call a - way, Borne on an - gels' wings to heav - en,
Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace. O re - fresh us,
In our hearts and lives a - bound: May Thy pres - ence,
Glad the sum - mons to o - bey, May we, read - y,
O re - fresh us, Trav - 'ling through this wil - der - ness.
May Thy pres - ence With us ev - er - more be found.
May we, read - y, Rise and reign in end - less day. A - MEN.

76. The Lord Be with Us as We Bend

John Ellerton, 1870

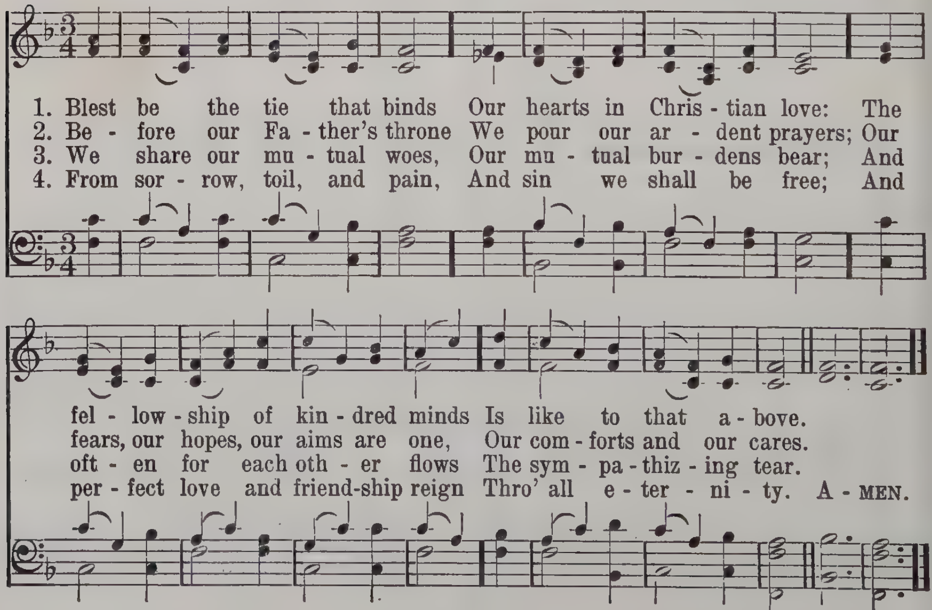
John Bacchus Dykes, 1875


1. The Lord be with us as we bend His bless-ing to re-ceive;
2. The Lord be with us as we walk A-long our home-ward road;
3. The Lord be with us till the night En-fold our day of rest;
4. The Lord be with us thro' the hours Of slum-ber calm and deep,
His gift of peace on us de-scend, Be-fore His courts we leave.
In si-lent tho't, or friend-ly talk, Our hearts be near to God.
Be He of ev-'ry heart the Light, Of ev-'ry home the Guest.
Pro-tect our homes, re-new our pow'rs, And guard His peo-ple's sleep. A-MEN.

77. Blest Be the Tie That Binds

John Fawcett, 1772

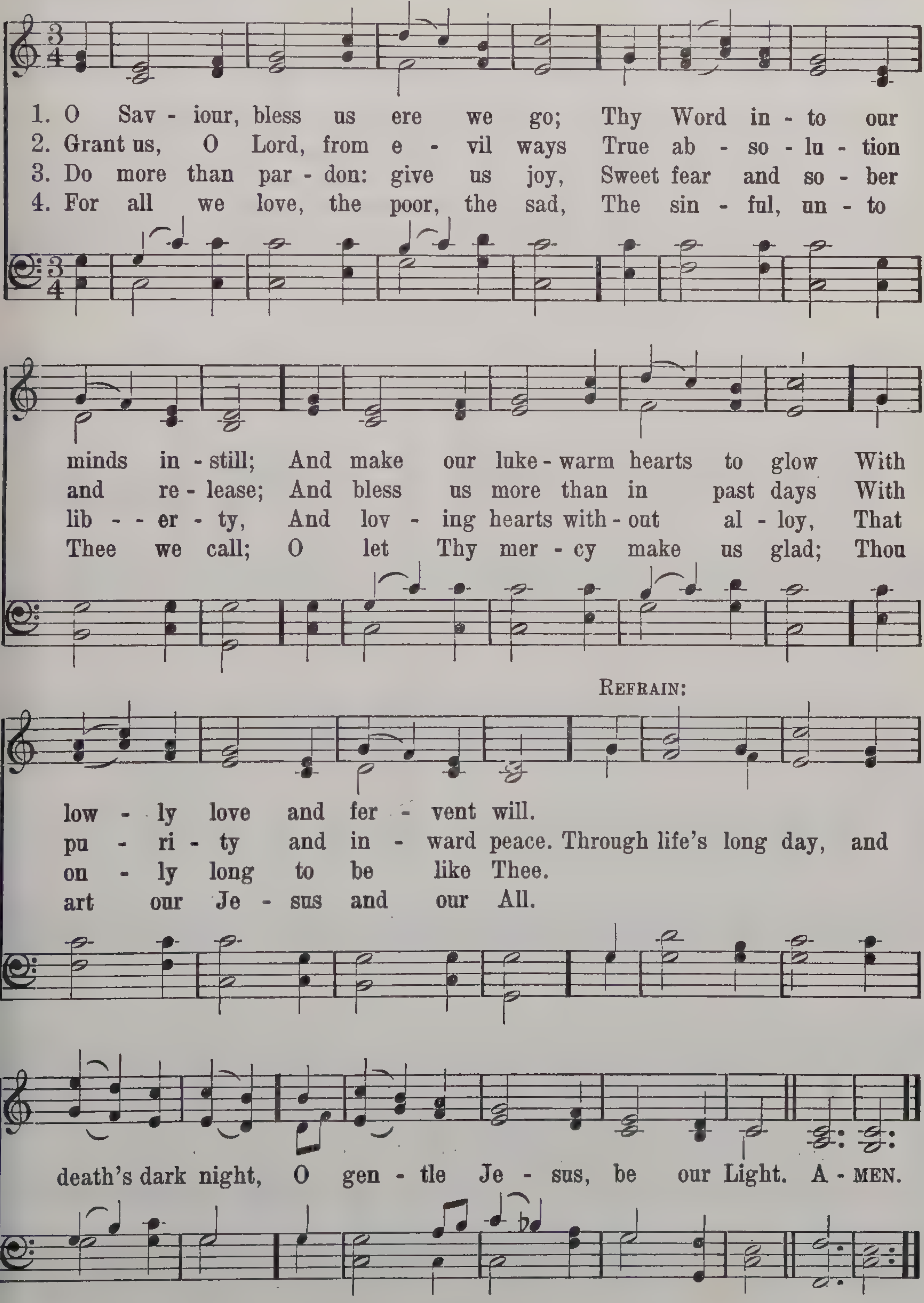
Arr. from Johann Georg Nägeli,
by Lowell Mason, 1845


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love: The
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar-dent prayers; Our
3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear; And
4. From sor-row, toil, and pain, And sin we shall be free; And
fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
per-fect love and friend-ship reign Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty. A-MEN.

78. O Saviour, Bless Us Ere We Go

Frederick William Faber, 1849

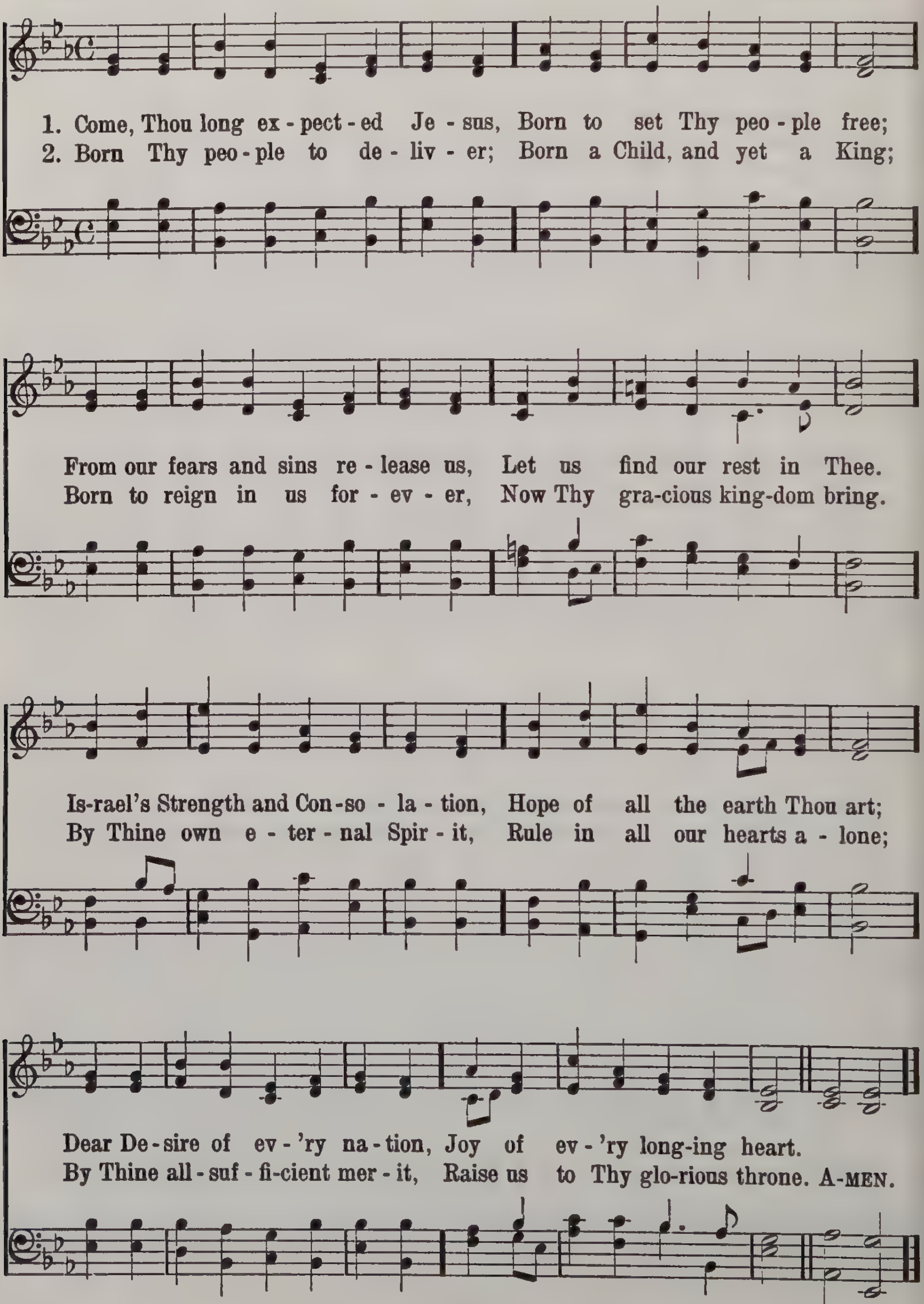
Dimitri Bortniansky, (1752–1828)


1. O Sav - iour, bless us ere we go; Thy Word in - to our
2. Grant us, O Lord, from e - vil ways True ab - so - lu - tion
3. Do more than par - don: give us joy, Sweet fear and so - ber
4. For all we love, the poor, the sad, The sin - ful, un - to
minds in - still; And make our luke - warm hearts to glow With
and re - lease; And bless us more than in past days With
lib - - er - ty, And lov - ing hearts with - out al - loy, That
Thee we call; O let Thy mer - cy make us glad; Thou
low - ly love and fer - vent will.
pu - ri - ty and in - ward peace.
on - ly long to be like Thee.
art our Je - sus and our All.
Refrain:
Through life's long day, and
death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our Light. A - men.

79. Come, Thou Long Expected Jesus

Charles Wesley, 1744

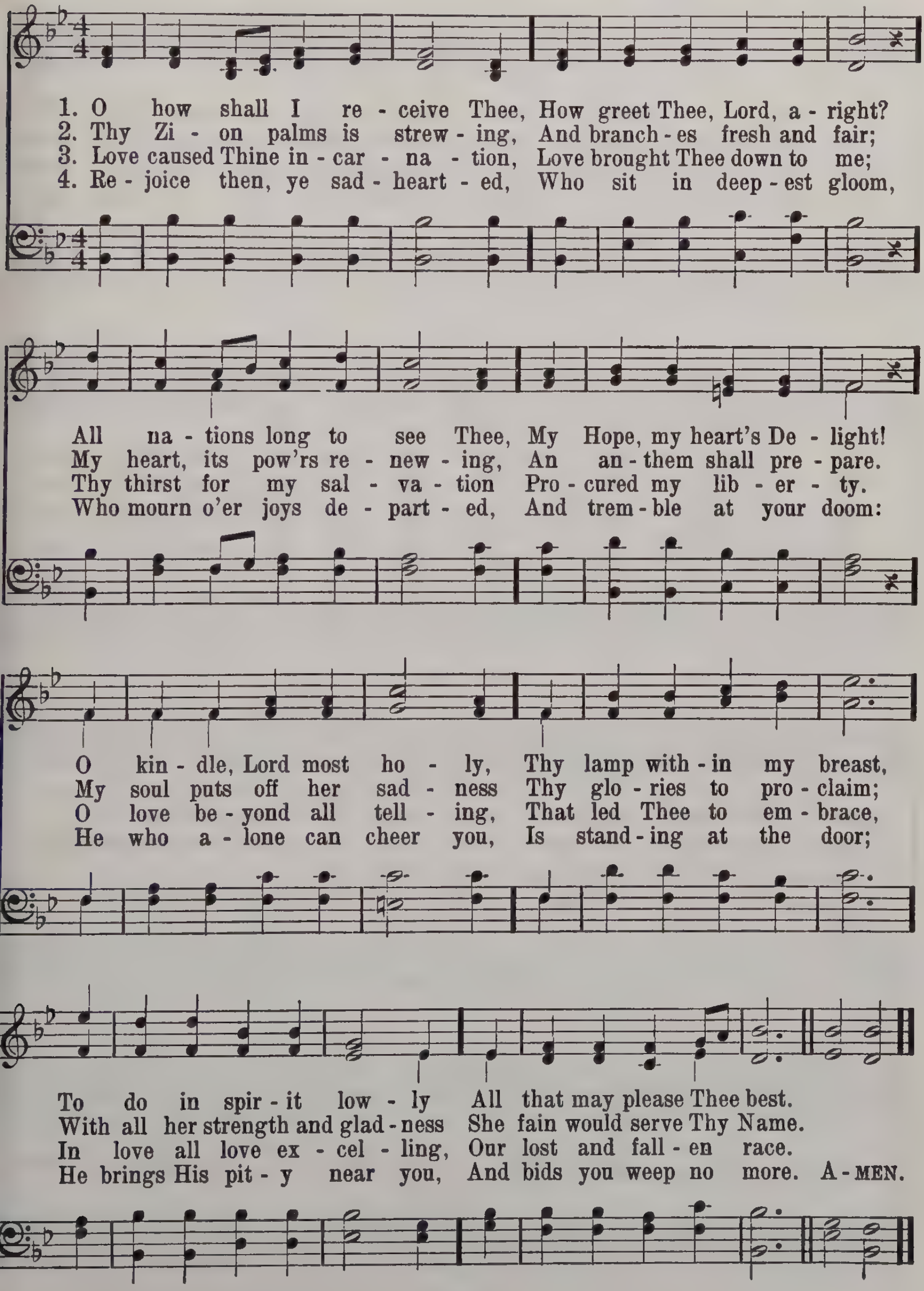
Origin uncertain


1. Come, Thou long ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free;
2. Born Thy peo - ple to de - liv - er; Born a Child, and yet a King;
From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee.
Born to reign in us for - ev - er, Now Thy gra-cious king-dom bring.
Is-rael's Strength and Con - so - la - tion, Hope of all the earth Thou art;
By Thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it, Rule in all our hearts a - lone;
Dear De - sire of ev - 'ry na - tion, Joy of ev - 'ry long-ing heart.
By Thine all - suf - fi-cient mer - it, Raise us to Thy glo-rious throne. A-MEN.

80. O How Shall I Receive Thee?

Paul Gerhardt, 1653
Tr. Catherine Winkworth

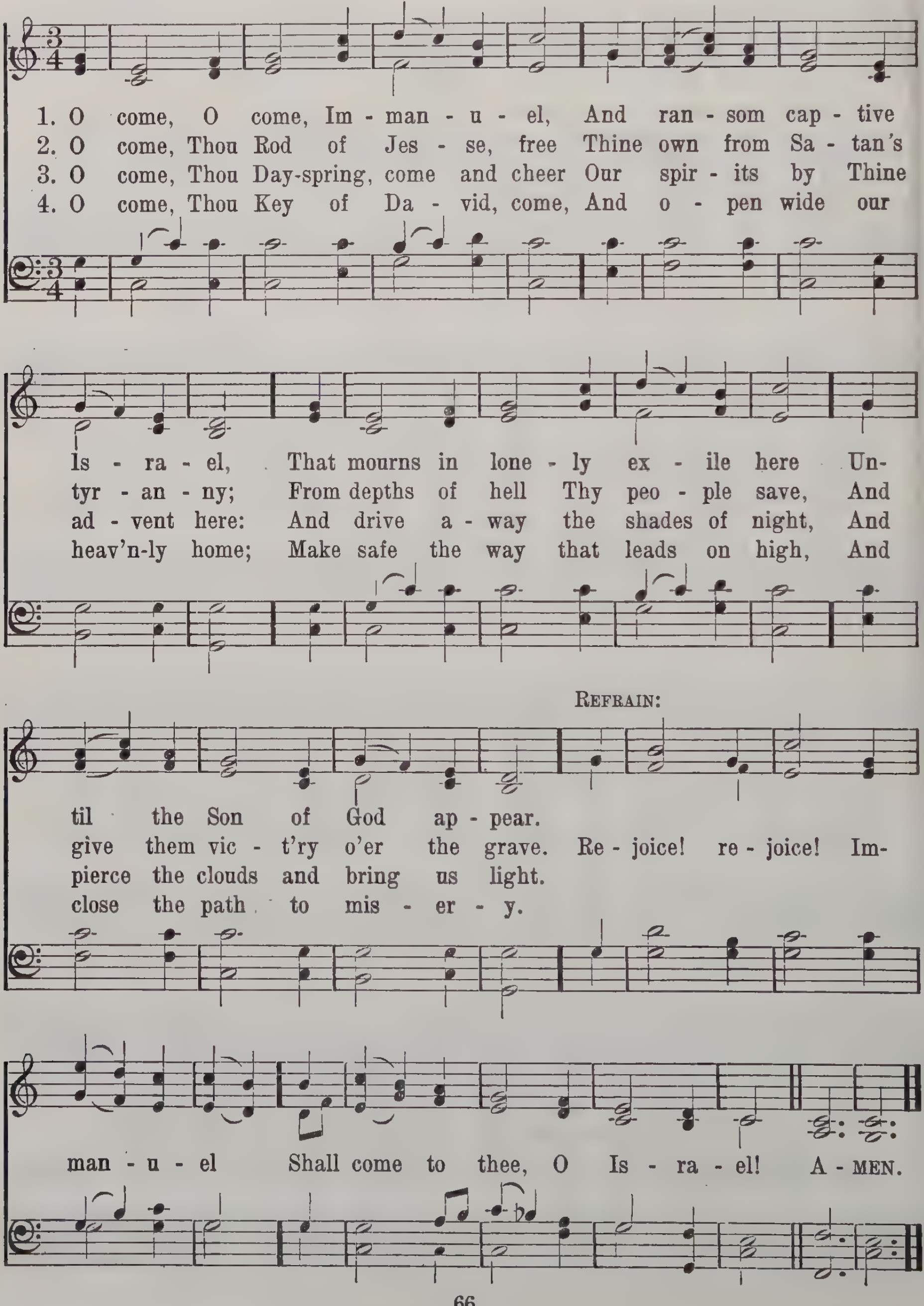
Johan Christian Fredrick Haeffner, 1808


1. O how shall I re - ceive Thee, How greet Thee, Lord, a - right?
2. Thy Zi - on palms is strew - ing, And branch - es fresh and fair;
3. Love caused Thine in - car - na - tion, Love brought Thee down to me;
4. Re - joice then, ye sad - heart - ed, Who sit in deep - est gloom,
All na - tions long to see Thee, My Hope, my heart's De - light!
My heart, its pow'rs re - new - ing, An an - them shall pre - pare.
Thy thirst for my sal - va - tion Pro - cured my lib - er - ty.
Who mourn o'er joys de - part - ed, And trem - ble at your doom:
O kin - dle, Lord most ho - ly, Thy lamp with - in my breast,
My soul puts off her sad - ness Thy glo - ries to pro - claim;
O love be - yond all tell - ing, That led Thee to em - brace,
He who a - lone can cheer you, Is stand - ing at the door;
To do in spir - it low - ly All that may please Thee best.
With all her strength and glad - ness She fain would serve Thy Name.
In love all love ex - cel - ling, Our lost and fall - en race.
He brings His pit - y near you, And bids you weep no more. A - MEN.

81. O Come, O Come, Immanuel

Latin Antiphons, XI Century
Tr. John Mason Neale, 1861

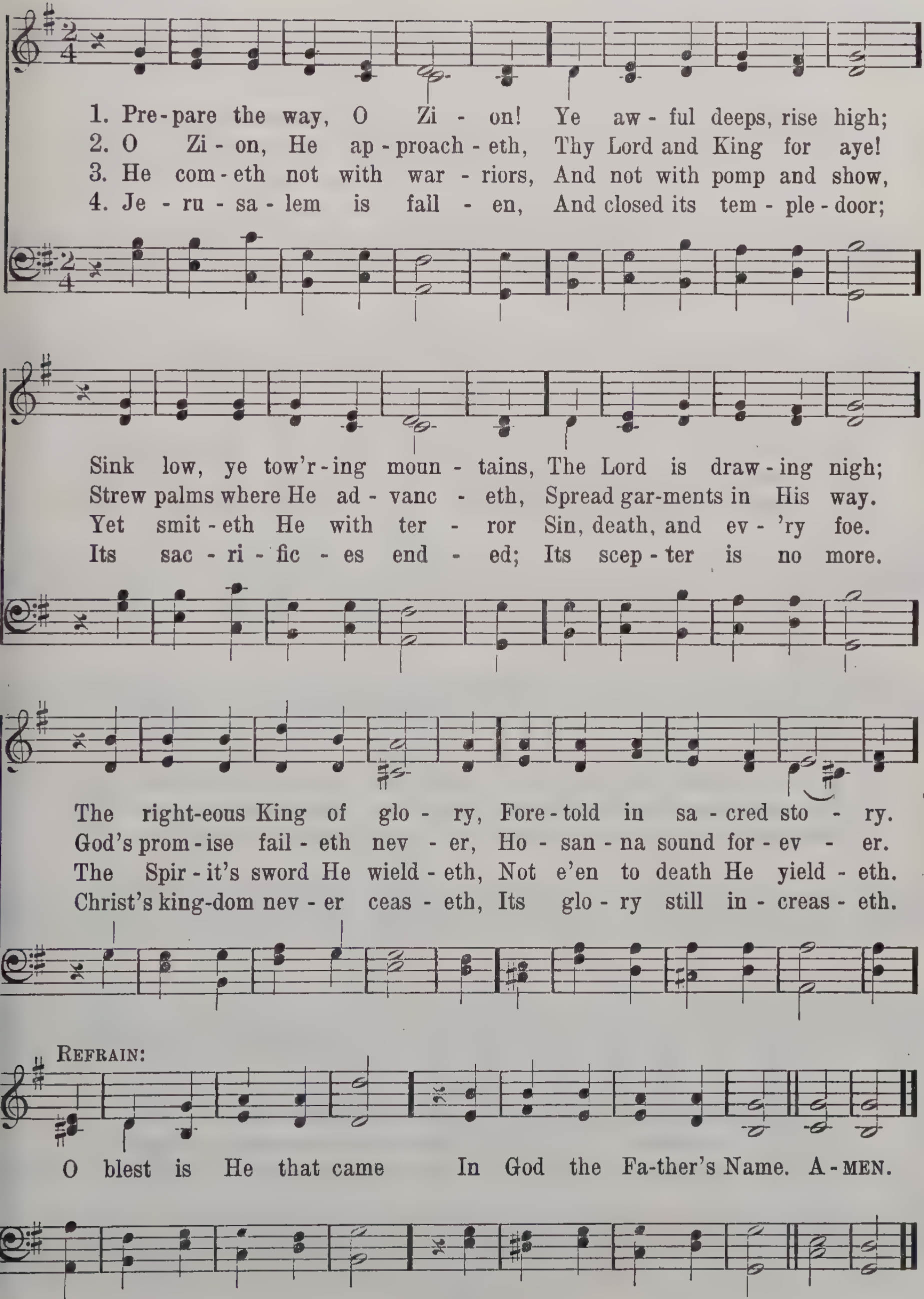
Dimitri Bortniansky, (1752–1828)


1. O come, O come, Im - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive
2. O come, Thou Rod of Jes - se, free Thine own from Sa - tan's
3. O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer Our spir - its by Thine
4. O come, Thou Key of Da - vid, come, And o - pen wide our
Is - ra - el, That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here Un-
tyr - an - ny; From depths of hell Thy peo - ple save, And
ad - vent here: And drive a - way the shades of night, And
heav'n-ly home; Make safe the way that leads on high, And
til the Son of God ap - pear.
give them vic - t'ry o'er the grave.
pierce the clouds and bring us light.
close the path to mis - er - y.
REFRAIN:
Re - joice! re - joice! Im-
man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el! A - MEN.

82. Prepare the Way, O Zion!

Franz Mikael Franzén, 1812
Tr. Augustus Nelson

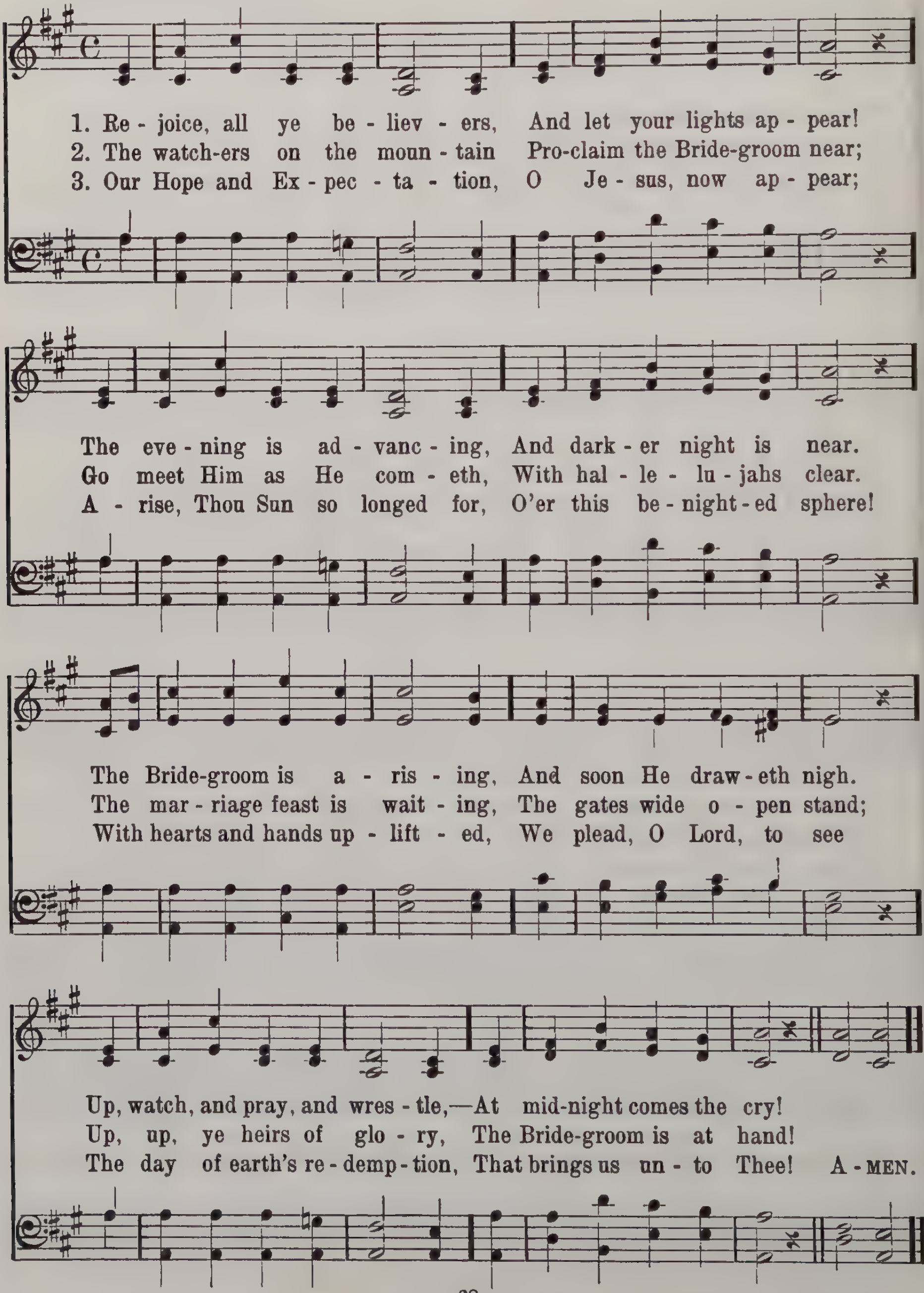
Old Swedish Melody, prior to 1560


1. Pre-pare the way, O Zi - on! Ye aw - ful deeps, rise high;
2. O Zi - on, He ap - proach - eth, Thy Lord and King for aye!
3. He com - eth not with war - riors, And not with pomp and show,
4. Je - ru - sa - lem is fall - en, And closed its tem - ple - door;
Sink low, ye tow'r - ing moun - tains, The Lord is draw - ing nigh;
Strew palms where He ad - vanc - eth, Spread gar-ments in His way.
Yet smit - eth He with ter - ror Sin, death, and ev - 'ry foe.
Its sac - ri - fic - es end - ed; Its scep - ter is no more.
The right-eous King of glo - ry, Fore - told in sa - cred sto - ry.
God's prom - ise fail - eth nev - er, Ho - san - na sound for - ev - er.
The Spir - it's sword He wield - eth, Not e'en to death He yield - eth.
Christ's king-dom nev - er ceas - eth, Its glo - ry still in - creas - eth.
REFRAIN:
O blest is He that came In God the Fa-ther's Name. A - MEN.

83. Rejoice, All Ye Believers

Laurentius Laurentii, 1700
Tr. Sarah Borthwick Findlater, 1854

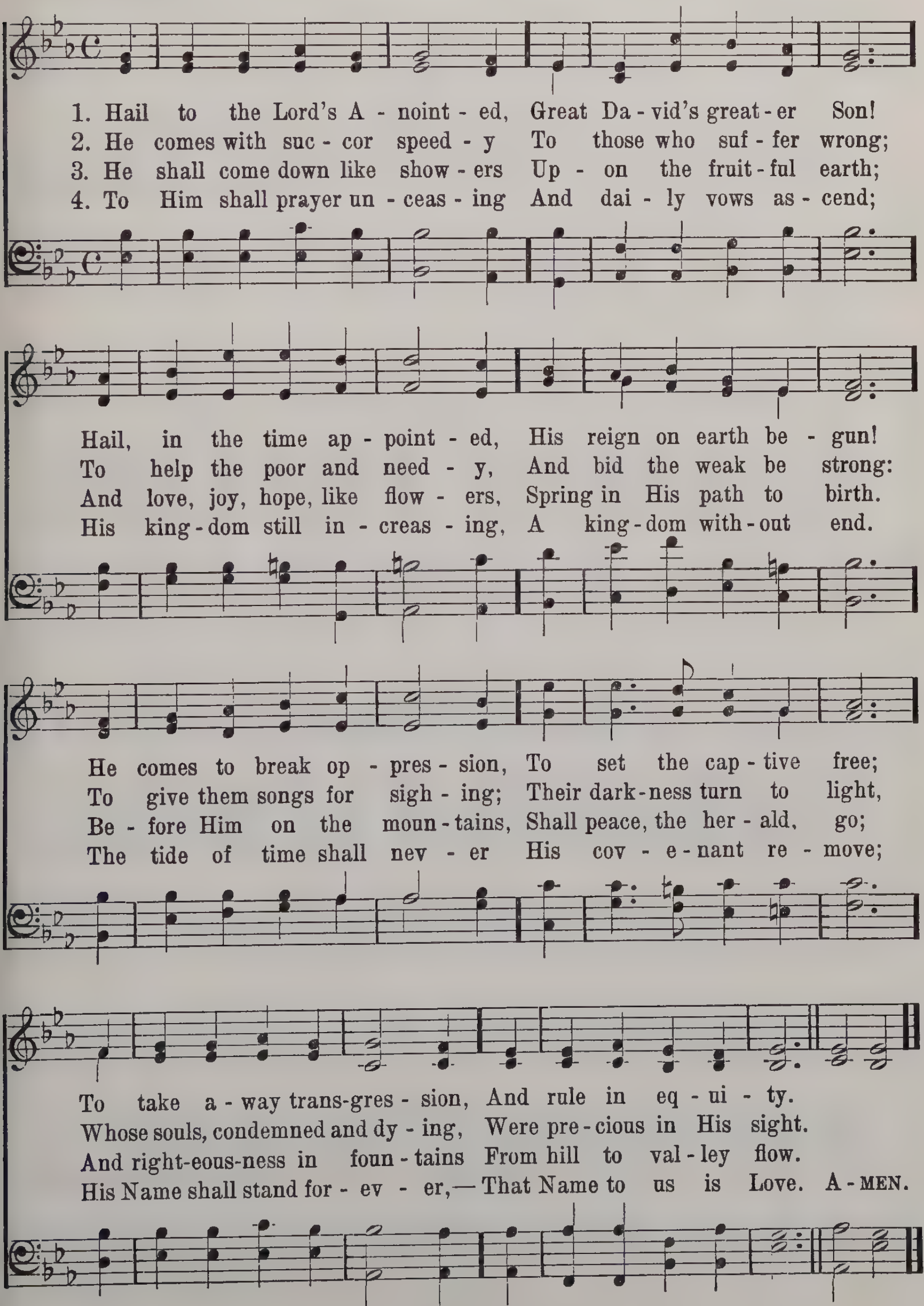
Swedish Folksong


1. Re - joice, all ye be - liev - ers, And let your lights ap - pear!
2. The watch-ers on the moun - tain Pro-claim the Bride-groom near;
3. Our Hope and Ex - pec - ta - tion, O Je - sus, now ap - pear;
The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near.
Go meet Him as He com - eth, With hal - le - lu - jahs clear.
A - rise, Thou Sun so longed for, O'er this be - night - ed sphere!
The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He draw - eth nigh.
The mar - riage feast is wait - ing, The gates wide o - pen stand;
With hearts and hands up - lift - ed, We plead, O Lord, to see
Up, watch, and pray, and wres - tle,—At mid-night comes the cry!
Up, up, ye heirs of glo - ry, The Bride-groom is at hand!
The day of earth's re - demp - tion, That brings us un - to Thee! A - MEN.

84. Hail to the Lord's Anointed!

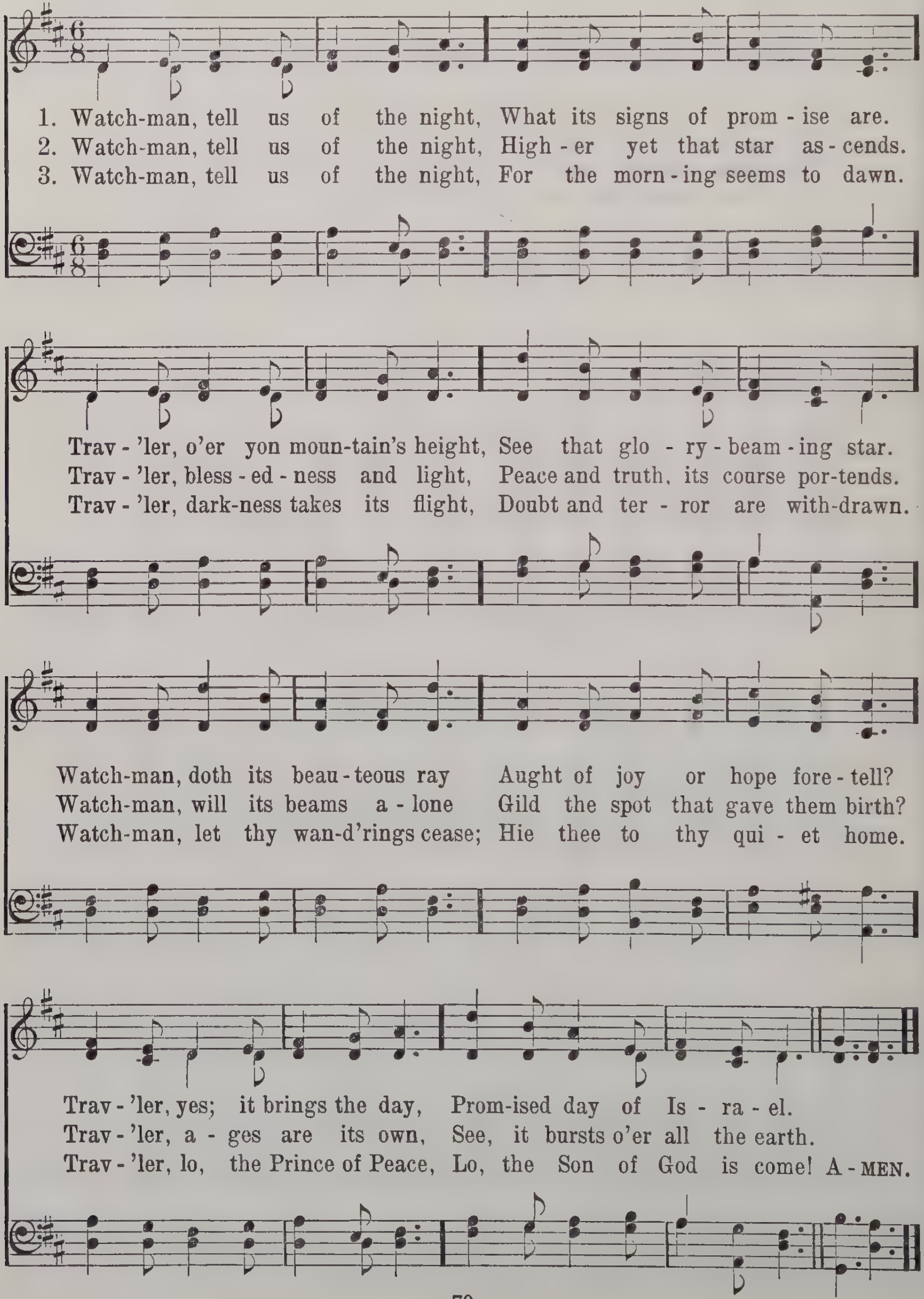
James Montgomery, 1821

Samuel Sebastian Wesley, 1864


1. Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!
2. He comes with suc - cor speed - y To those who suf - fer wrong;
3. He shall come down like show - ers Up - on the fruit - ful earth;
4. To Him shall prayer un - ceas - ing And dai - ly vows as - cend;
Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!
To help the poor and need - y, And bid the weak be strong:
And love, joy, hope, like flow - ers, Spring in His path to birth.
His king - dom still in - creas - ing, A king - dom with - out end.
He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free;
To give them songs for sigh - ing; Their dark - ness turn to light,
Be - fore Him on the moun - tains, Shall peace, the her - ald, go;
The tide of time shall nev - er His cov - e - nant re - move;
To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty.
Whose souls, condemned and dy - ing, Were pre - cious in His sight.
And right - eous - ness in foun - tains From hill to val - ley flow.
His Name shall stand for - ev - er, — That Name to us is Love. A - MEN.

85. Watchman, Tell Us of the Night

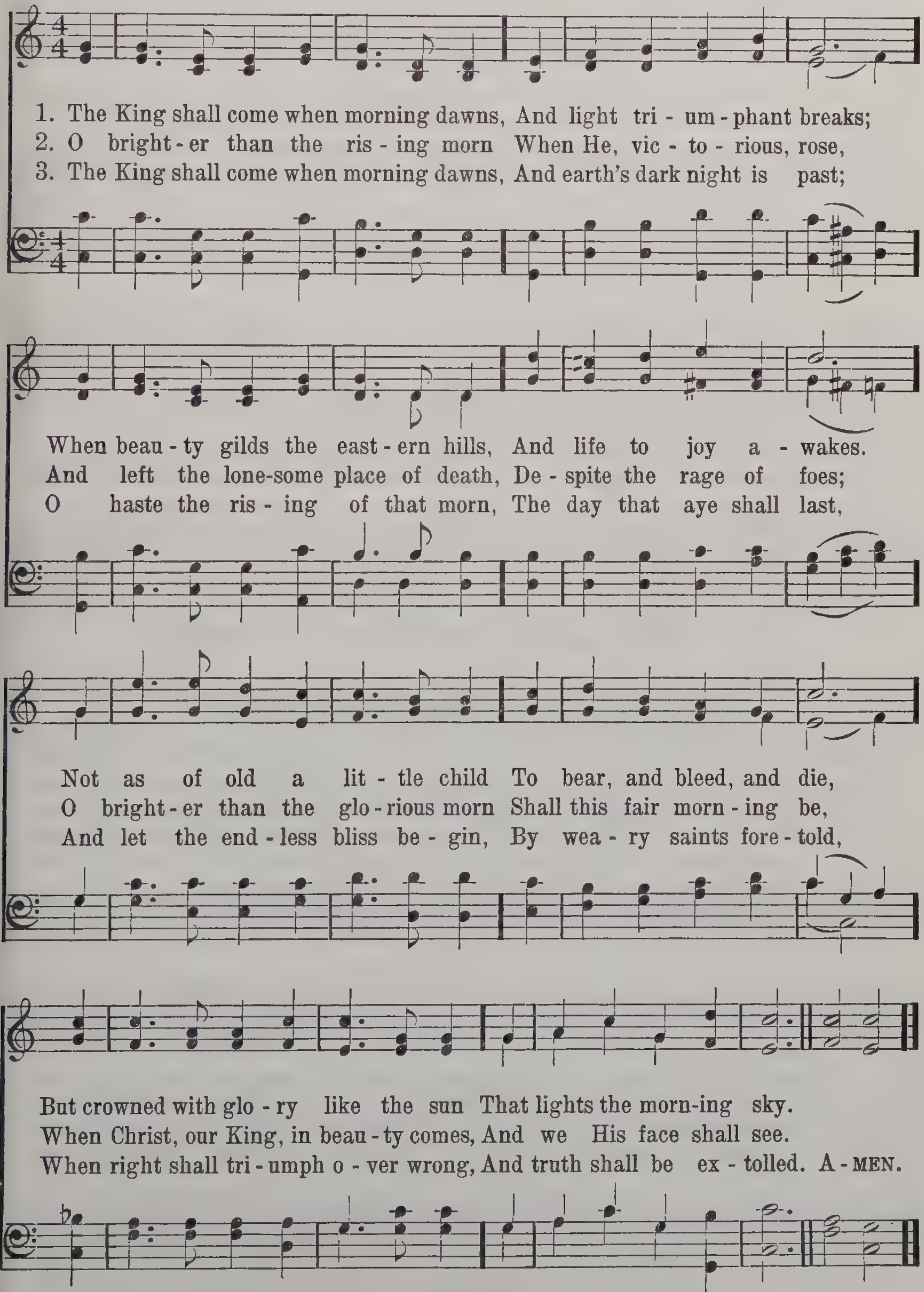
John Bowring, 1825 Lowell Mason, 1830


1. Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are.
2. Watch-man, tell us of the night, High - er yet that star as - cends.
3. Watch-man, tell us of the night, For the morn - ing seems to dawn.
Trav - 'ler, o'er yon moun-tain's height, See that glo - ry - beam - ing star.
Trav - 'ler, bless - ed - ness and light, Peace and truth, its course por-tends.
Trav - 'ler, dark-ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter - ror are with-drawn.
Watch-man, doth its beau - teous ray Aught of joy or hope fore - tell?
Watch-man, will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Watch-man, let thy wan-d'rings cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home.
Trav - 'ler, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el.
Trav - 'ler, a - ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
Trav - 'ler, lo, the Prince of Peace, Lo, the Son of God is come! A - MEN.

86. The King Shall Come When Morning Dawns

From the Greek
Tr. John Brownlie, 1907

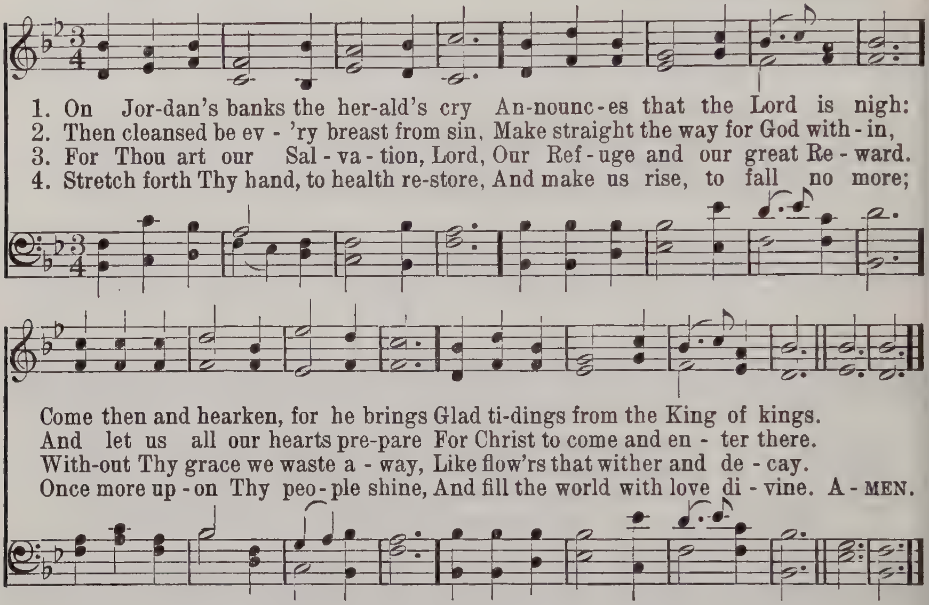
Samuel Augustus Ward, 1882


1. The King shall come when morning dawns, And light tri - um - phant breaks;
2. O bright - er than the ris - ing morn When He, vic - to - rious, rose,
3. The King shall come when morning dawns, And earth's dark night is past;
When beau - ty gilds the east - ern hills, And life to joy a - wakes.
And left the lone-some place of death, De - spite the rage of foes;
O haste the ris - ing of that morn, The day that aye shall last,
Not as of old a lit - tle child To bear, and bleed, and die,
O bright - er than the glo - rious morn Shall this fair morn - ing be,
And let the end - less bliss be - gin, By wea - ry saints fore - told,
But crowned with glo - ry like the sun That lights the morn-ing sky.
When Christ, our King, in beau - ty comes, And we His face shall see.
When right shall tri - umph o - ver wrong, And truth shall be ex - tolled. A - MEN.

87. On Jordan's Banks the Herald's Cry

John Chandler, 1837

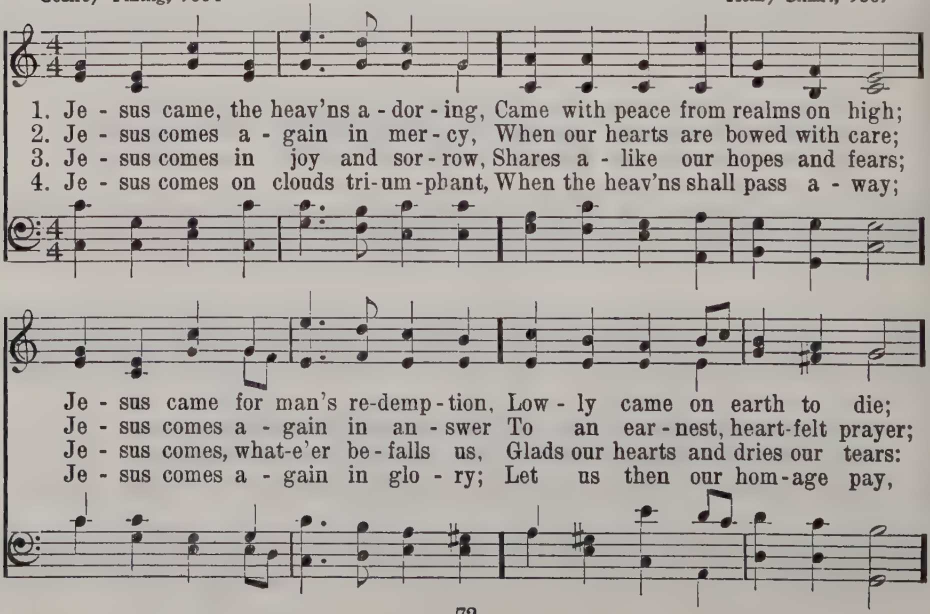
German Melody
Arranged by Samuel Dyer, 1828


1. On Jor-dan's banks the her-ald's cry An-nounc-es that the Lord is nigh:
2. Then cleansed be ev - 'ry breast from sin, Make straight the way for God with - in,
3. For Thou art our Sal - va - tion, Lord, Our Ref - uge and our great Re - ward.
4. Stretch forth Thy hand, to health re-store, And make us rise, to fall no more;
Come then and hearken, for he brings Glad ti-dings from the King of kings.
And let us all our hearts pre-pare For Christ to come and en - ter there.
With-out Thy grace we waste a - way, Like flow'rs that wither and de - cay.
Once more up - on Thy peo-ple shine, And fill the world with love di - vine. A - MEN.

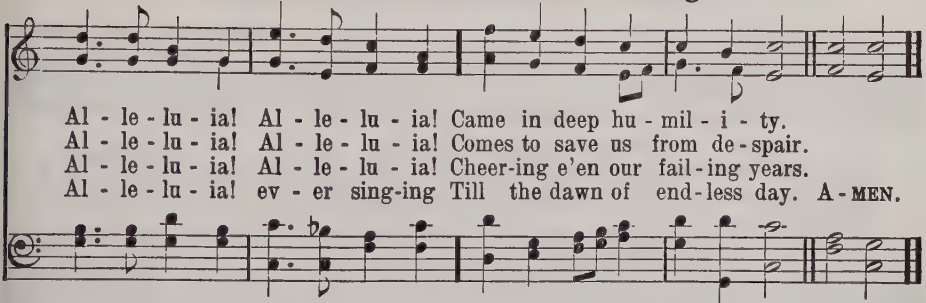
88. Jesus Came, the Heavens Adoring

Godfrey Thring, 1864

Henry Smart, 1867


1. Je - sus came, the heav'ns a - dor - ing, Came with peace from realms on high;
2. Je - sus comes a - gain in mer - cy, When our hearts are bowed with care;
3. Je - sus comes in joy and sor - row, Shares a - like our hopes and fears;
4. Je - sus comes on clouds tri-um-phant, When the heav'ns shall pass a - way;
Je - sus came for man's re-demp - tion, Low - ly came on earth to die;
Je - sus comes a - gain in an - swer To an ear - nest, heart-felt prayer;
Je - sus comes, what-e'er be - falls us, Glads our hearts and dries our tears:
Je - sus comes a - gain in glo - ry; Let us then our hom-age pay,

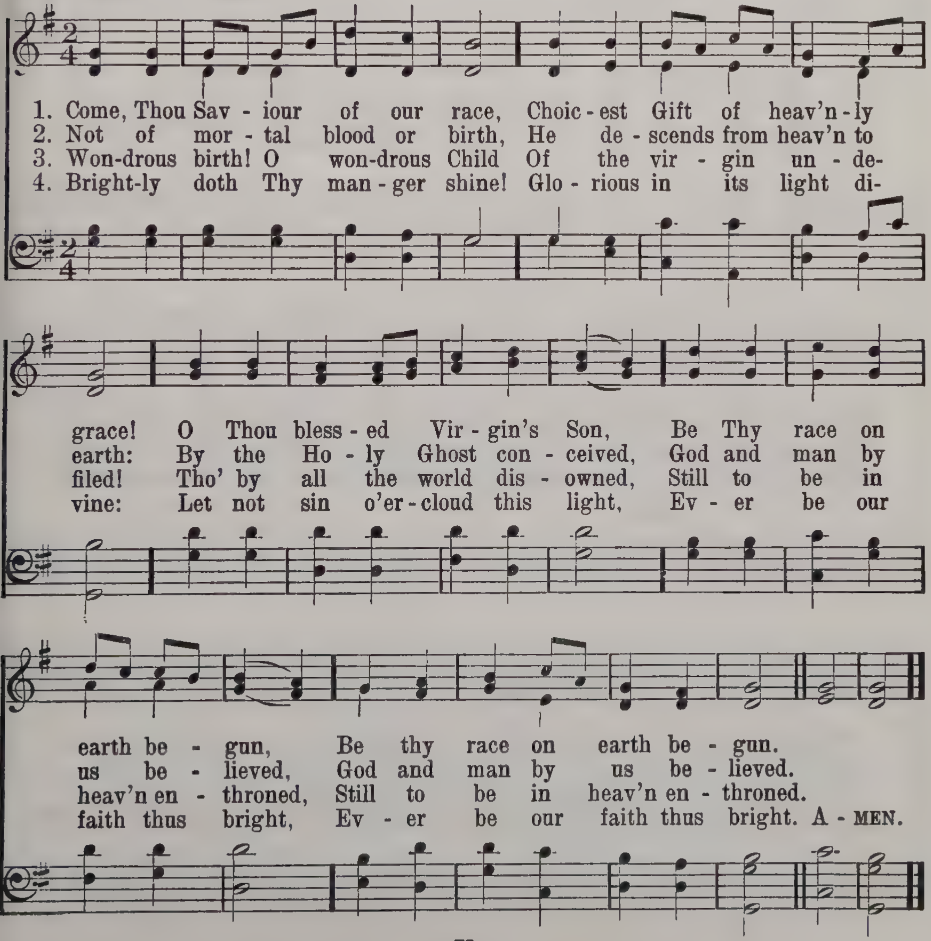
Jesus Came, the Heavens Adoring


Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Comes to save us from de - spair.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Cheer-ing e'en our fail - ing years.
Al - le - lu - ia! ev - er sing-ing Till the dawn of end - less day. A - MEN.

89. Come, Thou Saviour of Our Race

Ambrose (340-397)
Martin Luther, 1524
Tr. William R. Reynolds

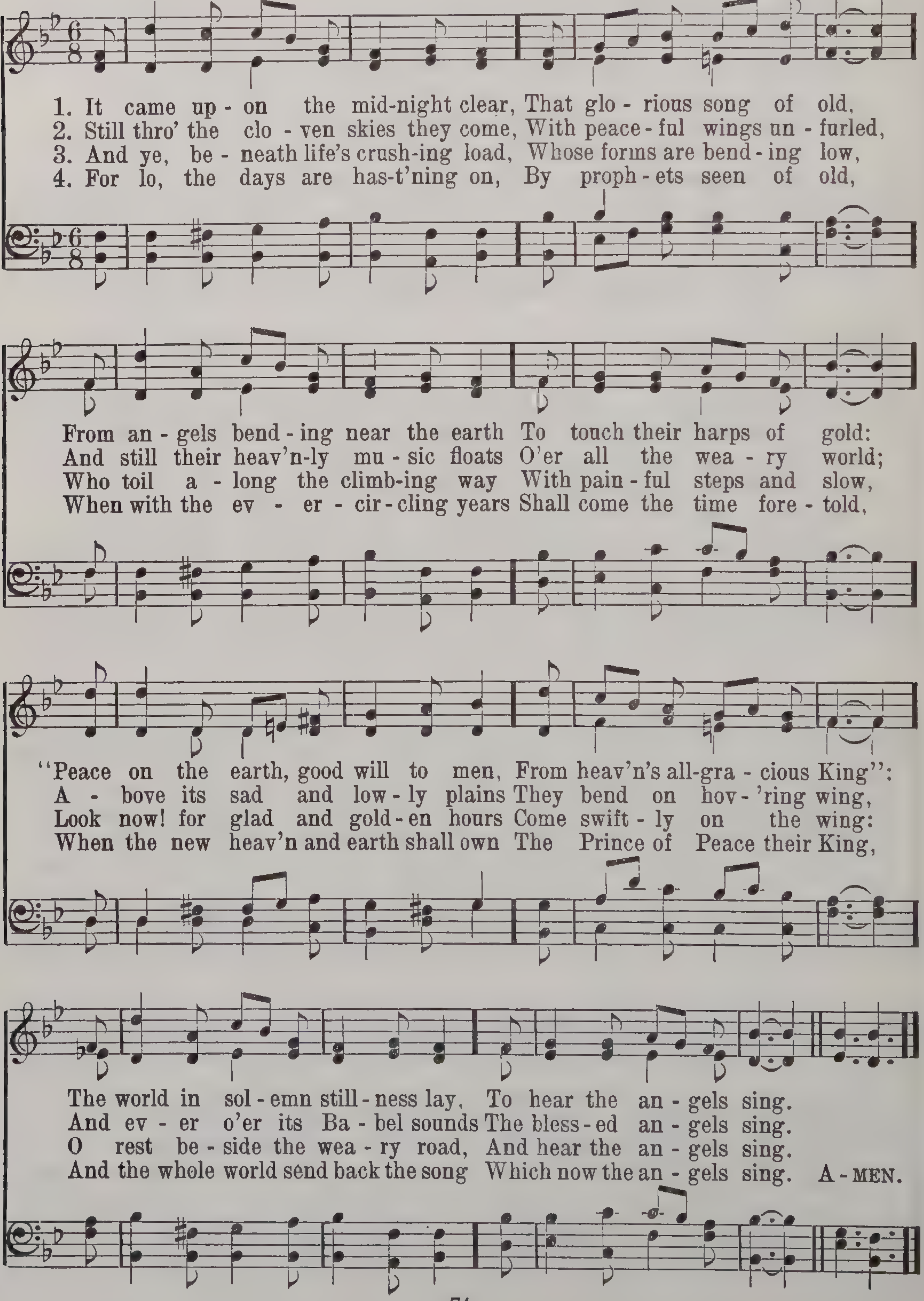
Henri Abraham Caesar Malan, 1827


1. Come, Thou Sav - iour of our race, Choic - est Gift of heav'n - ly grace! O Thou bless - ed Vir - gin's Son, Be Thy race on earth be - gun, Be thy race on earth be - gun.
2. Not of mor - tal blood or birth, He de - scends from heav'n to earth: By the Ho - ly Ghost con - ceived, God and man by us be - lieved, God and man by us be - lieved.
3. Won-drous birth! O won-drous Child Of the vir - gin un - de - filed! Tho' by all the world dis - owned, Still to be in heav'n en - throned, Still to be in heav'n en - throned.
4. Bright-ly doth Thy man - ger shine! Glo - rious in its light di - vine: Let not sin o'er - cloud this light, Ev - er be our faith thus bright, Ev - er be our faith thus bright. A - MEN.

90. It Came upon the Midnight Clear

Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1850

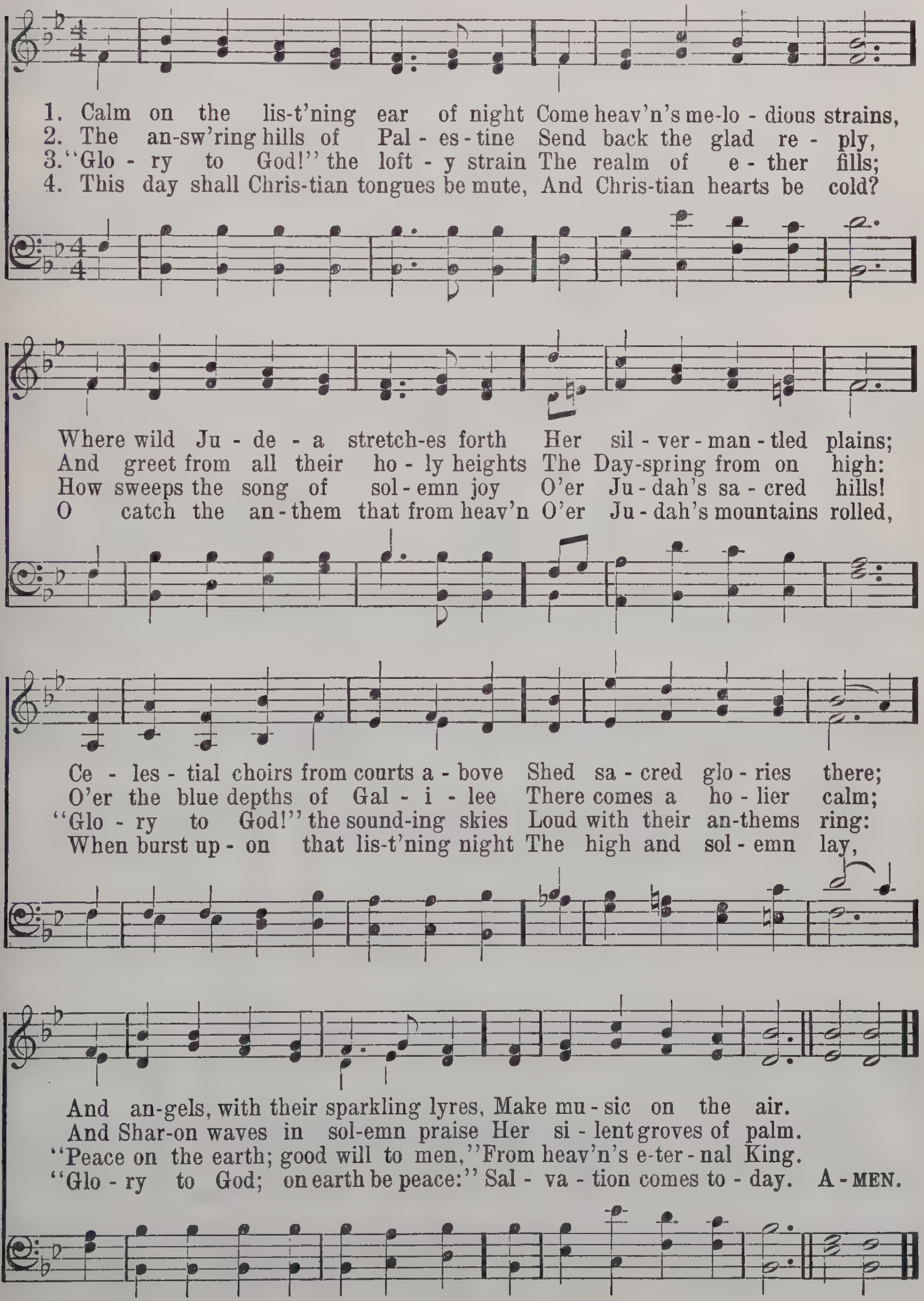
Richard Storrs Willis, 1850


1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace - ful wings un - furled,
3. And ye, be - neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend - ing low,
4. For lo, the days are has-t'ning on, By proph - ets seen of old,
From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav'n-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
Who toil a - long the climb-ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Shall come the time fore - told,
"Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heav'n's all-gra - cious King":
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing,
Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly on the wing:
When the new heav'n and earth shall own The Prince of Peace their King,
The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
O rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing. A - MEN.

91. Calm on the Listening Ear of Night

Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1834

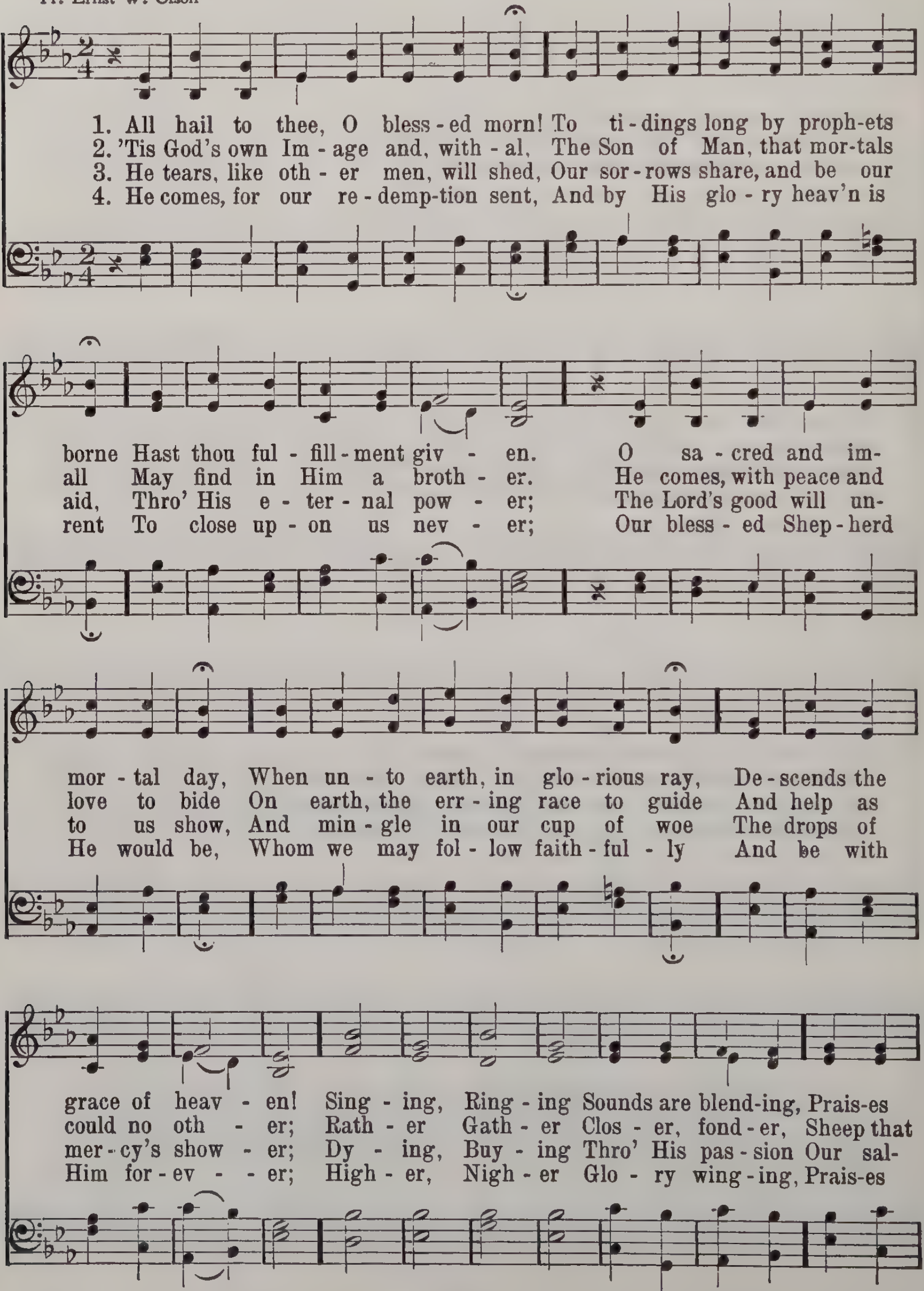
Gottfried Wilhelm Fink, 1842


1. Calm on the lis-t'ning ear of night Come heav'n's me-lo - dious strains,
2. The an-sw'ring hills of Pal - es - tine Send back the glad re - ply,
3. "Glo - ry to God!" the loft - y strain The realm of e - ther fills;
4. This day shall Chris-tian tongues be mute, And Chris-tian hearts be cold?
Where wild Ju - de - a stretch-es forth Her sil - ver - man - tled plains;
And greet from all their ho - ly heights The Day-spring from on high:
How sweeps the song of sol - emn joy O'er Ju - dah's sa - cred hills!
O catch the an - them that from heav'n O'er Ju - dah's mountains rolled,
Ce - les - tial choirs from courts a - bove Shed sa - cred glo - ries there;
O'er the blue depths of Gal - i - lee There comes a ho - lier calm;
"Glo - ry to God!" the sound-ing skies Loud with their an-thems ring:
When burst up - on that lis-t'ning night The high and sol - emn lay,
And an-gels, with their sparkling lyres, Make mu - sic on the air.
And Shar-on waves in sol-emn praise Her si - lent groves of palm.
"Peace on the earth; good will to men," From heav'n's e-ter - nal King.
"Glo - ry to God; on earth be peace:" Sal - va - tion comes to - day. A - MEN.

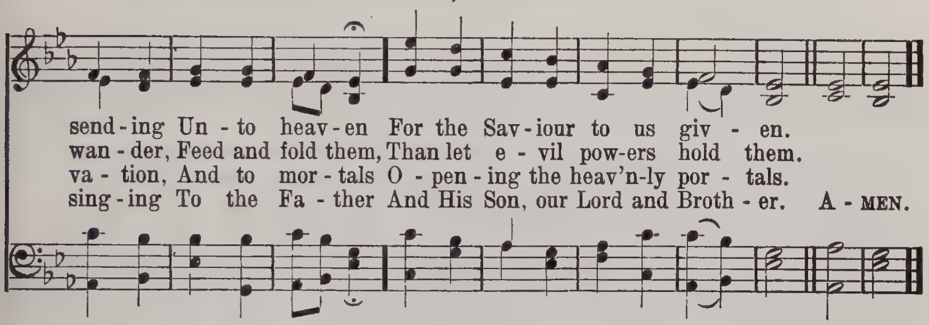
92. All Hail to Thee, O Blessed Morn!

Johan Olof Wallin, 1814
Based on German Hymn of 1621
Tr. Ernst W. Olson

Philipp Nicolai, 1599


1. All hail to thee, O bless-ed morn! To tidings long by prophets
2. 'Tis God's own Image and, withal, The Son of Man, that mortals
3. He tears, like other men, will shed, Our sorrows share, and be our
4. He comes, for our redemption sent, And by His glory heav'n is
borne Hast thou fulfillment given. O sacred and im-
all May find in Him a brother. He comes, with peace and
aid, Thro' His eternal power; The Lord's good will un-
rent To close upon us never; Our blessed Shepherd
mortal day, When unto earth, in glorious ray, Descends the
love to bide On earth, the erring race to guide And help as
to us show, And mingle in our cup of woe The drops of
He would be, Whom we may follow faithfully And be with
grace of heaven! Singing, Ringing Sounds are blending, Praises
could no other; Rather Gather Closer, fonder, Sheep that
mercy's shower; Dying, Buying Thro' His passion Our sal-
Him forever; Higher, Nigher Glory winging, Praises

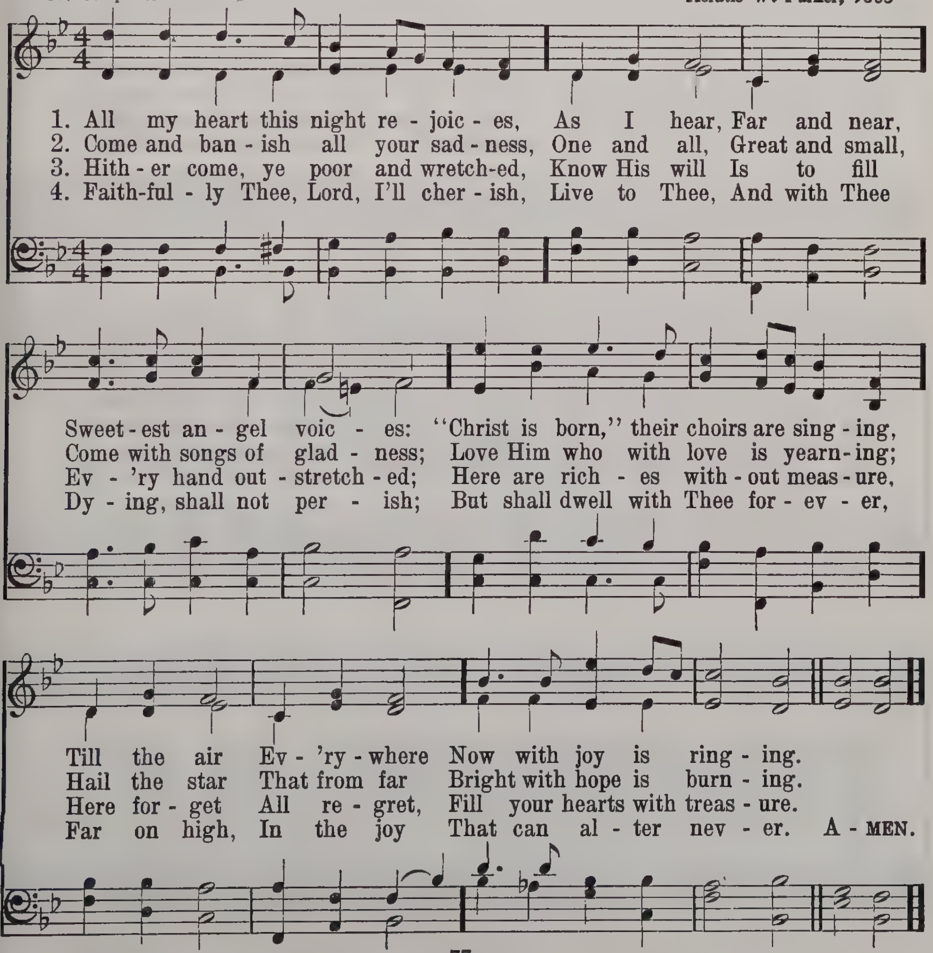
All Hail to Thee, O Blessed Morn!


send-ing Un-to heav-en For the Sav-iour to us giv-en.
wan-der, Feed and fold them, Than let e-vil pow-ers hold them.
va-tion, And to mor-tals O-pen-ing the heav'n-ly por-tals.
sing-ing To the Fa-ther And His Son, our Lord and Broth-er. A-MEN.

93. All My Heart This Night Rejoices

Paul Gerhardt, 1656
Tr. Composite

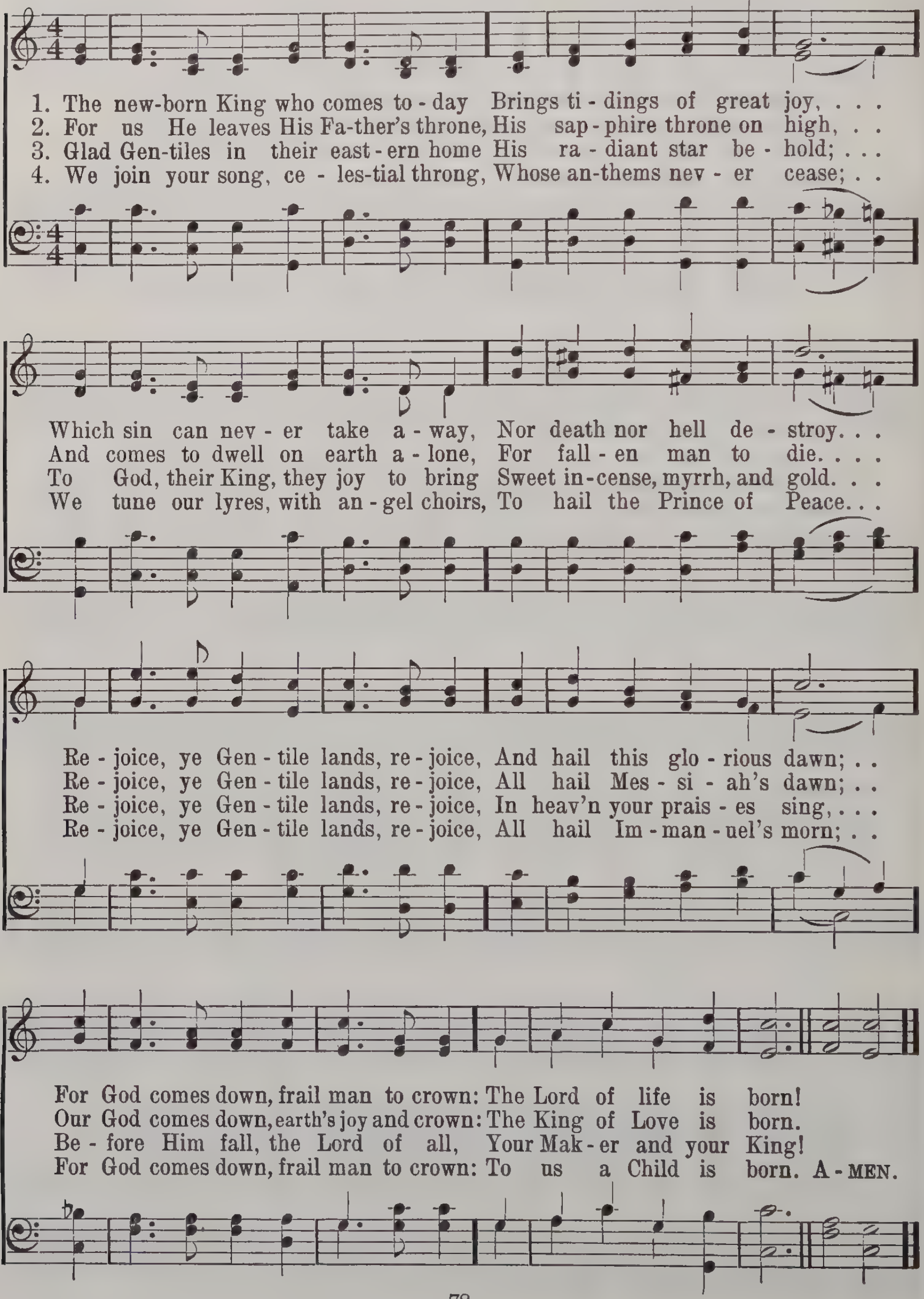
Horatio W. Parker, 1865


1. All my heart this night re-joic-es, As I hear, Far and near, Sweet-est an-gel voic-es: "Christ is born," their choirs are sing-ing, Till the air Ev-'ry-where Now with joy is ring-ing.
2. Come and ban-ish all your sad-ness, One and all, Great and small, Come with songs of glad-ness; Love Him who with love is yearn-ing; Hail the star That from far Bright with hope is burn-ing.
3. Hith-er come, ye poor and wretch-ed, Know His will Is to fill Ev-'ry hand out-stretch-ed; Here are rich-es with-out meas-ure, Here for-get All re-gret, Fill your hearts with treas-ure.
4. Faith-ful-ly Thee, Lord, I'll cher-ish, Live to Thee, And with Thee Dy-ing, shall not per-ish; But shall dwell with Thee for-ev-er, Far on high, In the joy That can al-ter nev-er. A-MEN.

94. The Newborn King Who Comes To-day

Author Unknown

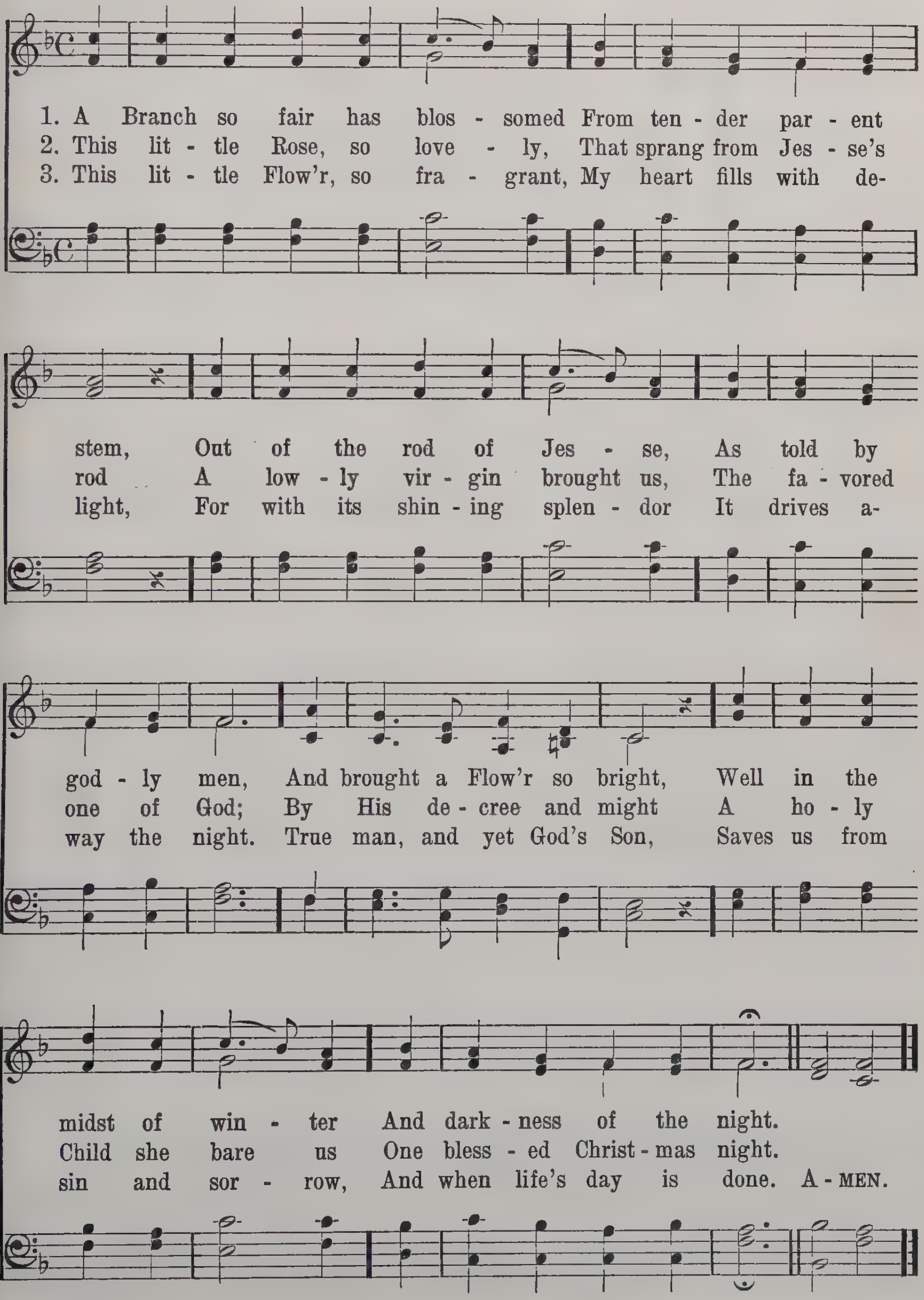
Samuel Augustus Ward, 1882


1. The new-born King who comes to-day Brings ti-dings of great joy, . . .
2. For us He leaves His Fa-ther's throne, His sap-phire throne on high, . .
3. Glad Gen-tiles in their east-ern home His ra-diant star be-hold; . . .
4. We join your song, ce-les-tial throng, Whose an-thems nev-er cease; . .
Which sin can nev-er take a-way, Nor death nor hell de-stroy. . .
And comes to dwell on earth a-lone, For fall-en man to die. . . .
To God, their King, they joy to bring Sweet in-cense, myrrh, and gold. . .
We tune our lyres, with an-gel choirs, To hail the Prince of Peace. . .
Re-joice, ye Gen-tile lands, re-joice, And hail this glo-rious dawn; . .
Re-joice, ye Gen-tile lands, re-joice, All hail Mes-si-ah's dawn; . .
Re-joice, ye Gen-tile lands, re-joice, In heav'n your prais-es sing, . . .
Re-joice, ye Gen-tile lands, re-joice, All hail Im-man-uel's morn; . .
For God comes down, frail man to crown: The Lord of life is born!
Our God comes down, earth's joy and crown: The King of Love is born.
Be-fore Him fall, the Lord of all, Your Mak-er and your King!
For God comes down, frail man to crown: To us a Child is born. A-MEN.

95. A Branch So Fair Has Blossomed

From the Fifteenth Century

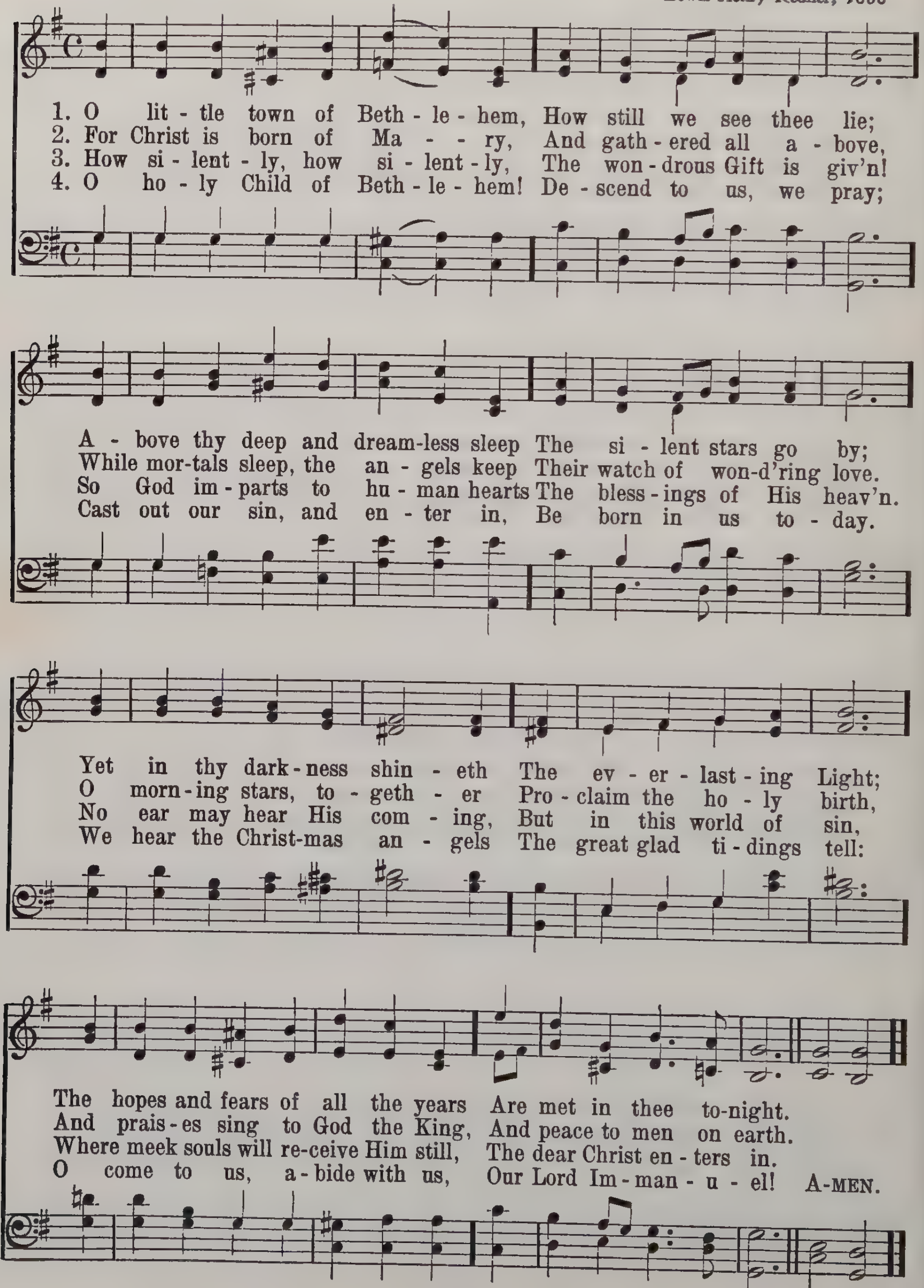
Arranged from Michael Praetorius


1. A Branch so fair has blos - somed From ten - der par - ent
2. This lit - tle Rose, so love - ly, That sprang from Jes - se's
3. This lit - tle Flow'r, so fra - grant, My heart fills with de-
stem, Out of the rod of Jes - se, As told by
rod A low - ly vir - gin brought us, The fa - vored
light, For with its shin - ing splen - dor It drives a-
god - ly men, And brought a Flow'r so bright, Well in the
one of God; By His de - cree and might A ho - ly
way the night. True man, and yet God's Son, Saves us from
midst of win - ter And dark - ness of the night.
Child she bare us One bless - ed Christ - mas night.
sin and sor - row, And when life's day is done. A - MEN.

96. O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks, 1868

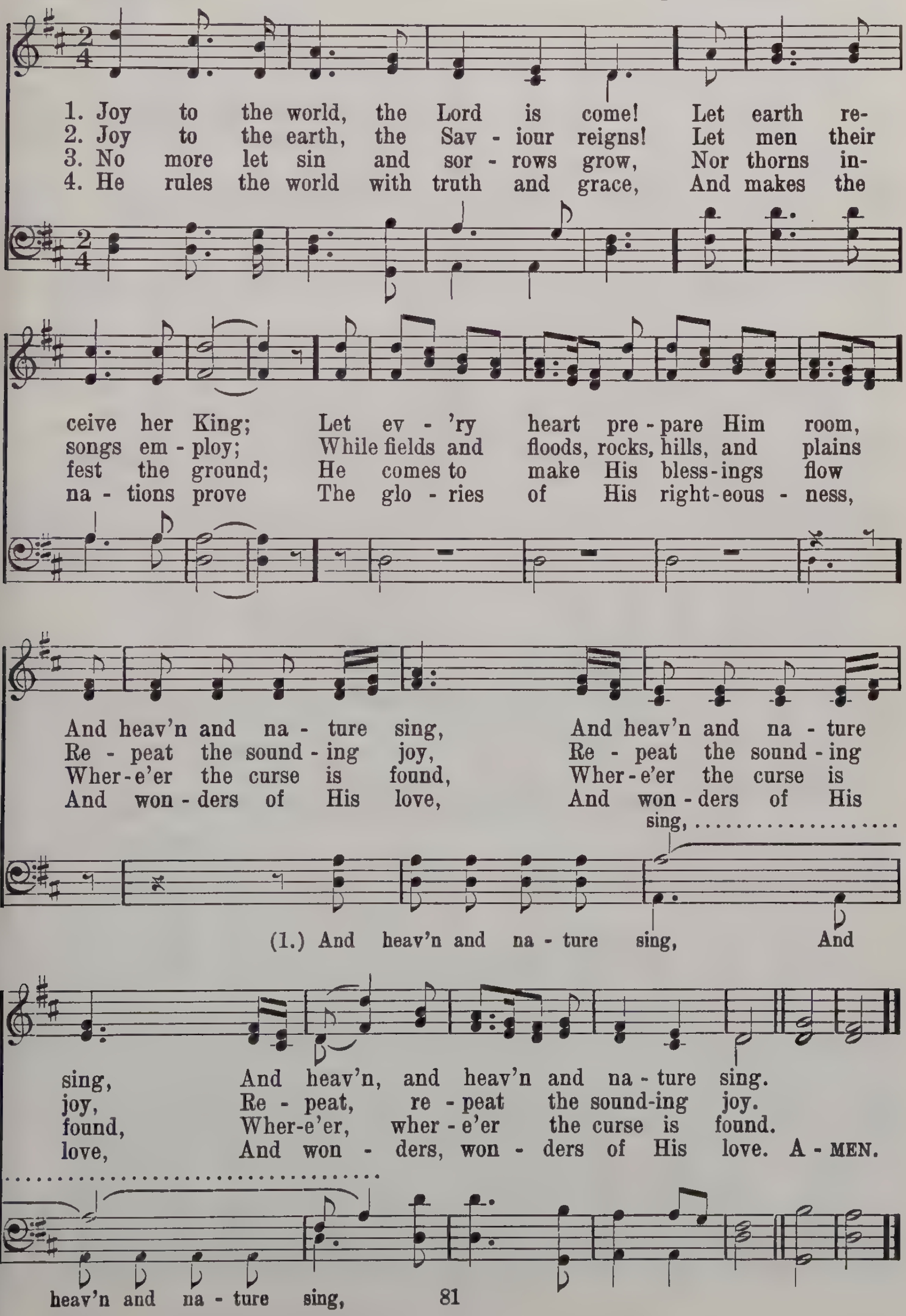
Lewis Henry Redner, 1868


1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie;
2. For Christ is born of Ma - - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove,
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous Gift is giv'n!
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we pray;
A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
While mor-tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won-d'ring love.
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heav'n.
Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.
Yet in thy dark - ness shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth,
No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin,
We hear the Christ-mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell:
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.
And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
Where meek souls will re-ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Im - man - u - el! A-MEN.

97. Joy to the World, the Lord Is Come!

Isaac Watts, 1719

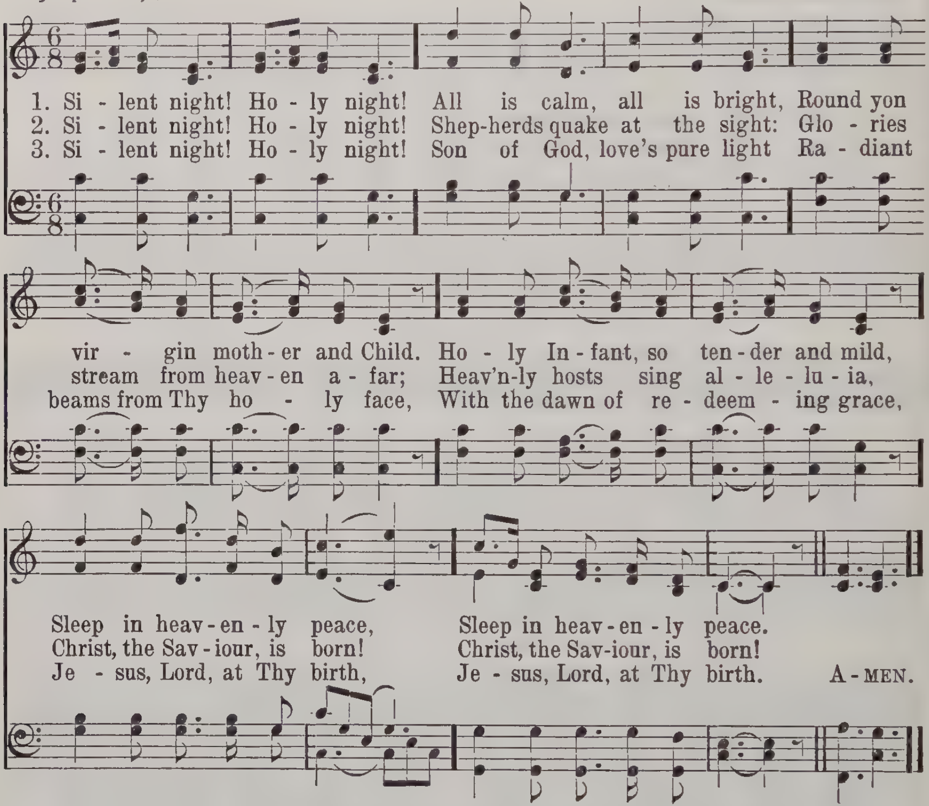
George Frederick Händel, 1742


1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-
2. Joy to the earth, the Sav - iour reigns! Let men their
3. No more let sin and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in-
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the
ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,
songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow
na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness,
And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture
Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
Wher - e'er the curse is found, Wher - e'er the curse is
And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His
sing, ...
(1.) And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.
joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
found, Wher - e'er, wher - e'er the curse is found.
love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love. A - MEN.
heav'n and na - ture sing,

98. Silent Night! Holy Night!

Joseph Mohr, 1818

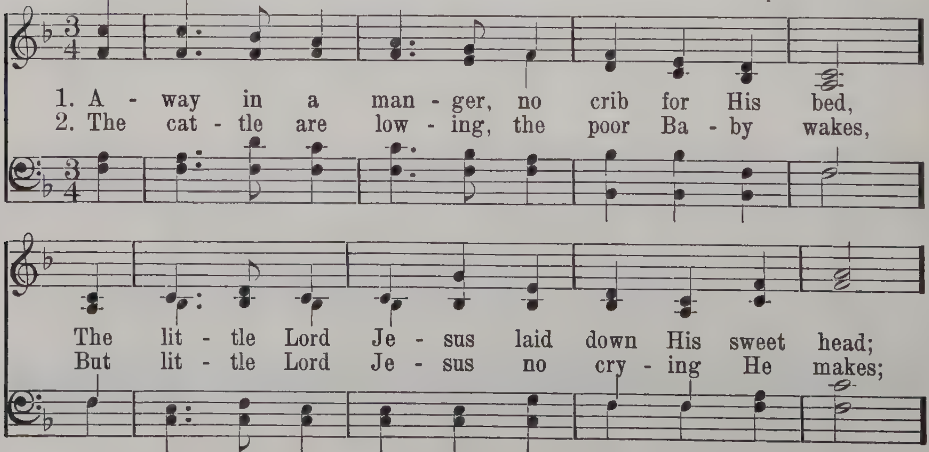
Franz Gruber, 1818


1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright, Round yon
2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shep-herds quake at the sight: Glo - ries
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Ra - diant
vir - gin moth - er and Child. Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild,
stream from heav - en a - far; Heav'n-ly hosts sing al - le - lu - ia,
beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,
Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ, the Sav - iour, is born! Christ, the Sav-iour, is born!
Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.
A - MEN.

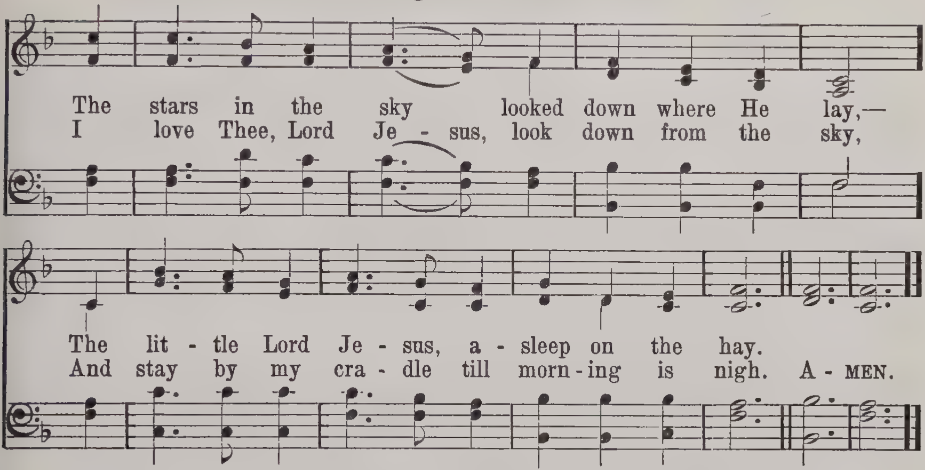
99. Away in a Manger, No Crib for His Bed

Attributed to Martin Luther

Composer Unknown


1. A - way in a man - ger, no crib for His bed,
2. The cat - tle are low - ing, the poor Ba - by wakes,
The lit - tle Lord Je - sus laid down His sweet head;
But lit - tle Lord Je - sus no cry - ing He makes;

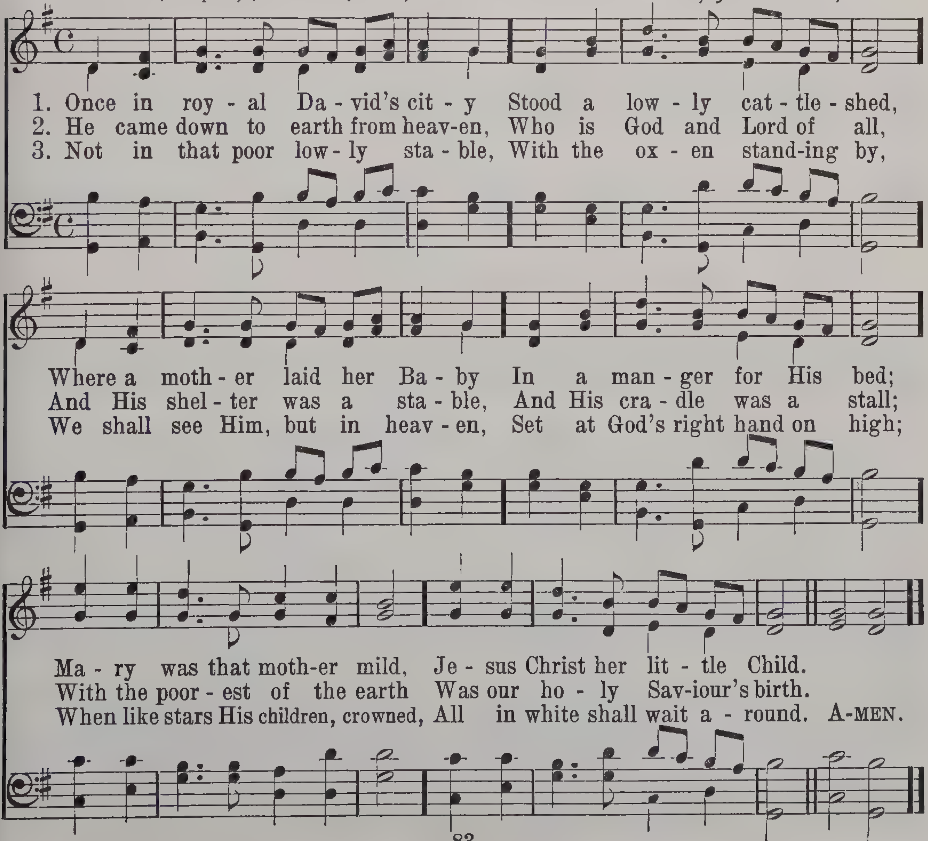
Away in a Manger, No Crib for His Bed


The stars in the sky looked down where He lay,—
I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, look down from the sky,
The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, a - sleep on the hay.
And stay by my cra - dle till morn - ing is nigh. A - MEN.

100. Once in Royal David's City

Cecil Frances (Humphreys) Alexander, 1848, a.

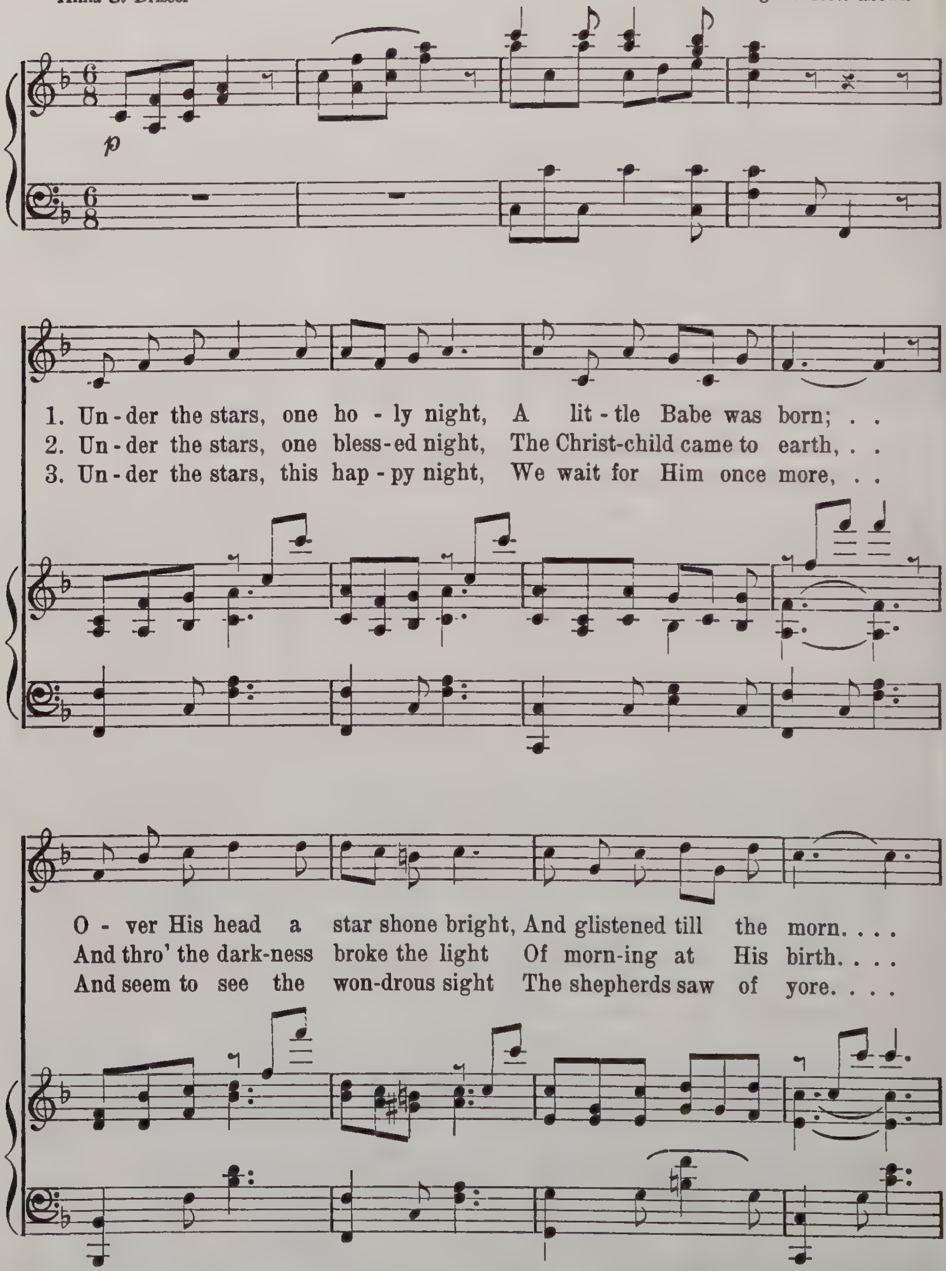
Henry John Gauntlett, 1849


1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle - shed,
2. He came down to earth from heav-en, Who is God and Lord of all,
3. Not in that poor low - ly sta - ble, With the ox - en stand-ing by,
Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His bed;
And His shel - ter was a sta - ble, And His cra - dle was a stall;
We shall see Him, but in heav - en, Set at God's right hand on high;
Ma - ry was that moth-er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.
With the poor - est of the earth Was our ho - ly Sav-iour's birth.
When like stars His children, crowned, All in white shall wait a - round. A-MEN.

101. Under the Stars, One Holy Night

Anna S. Driscol

Margaret Coote Brown


p
1. Un-der the stars, one ho-ly night, A lit-tle Babe was born; . .
2. Un-der the stars, one bless-ed night, The Christ-child came to earth, . .
3. Un-der the stars, this hap-py night, We wait for Him once more, . .
O-ver His head a star shone bright, And glistened till the morn. . . .
And thro' the dark-ness broke the light Of morn-ing at His birth. . . .
And seem to see the won-drous sight The shepherds saw of yore. . . .

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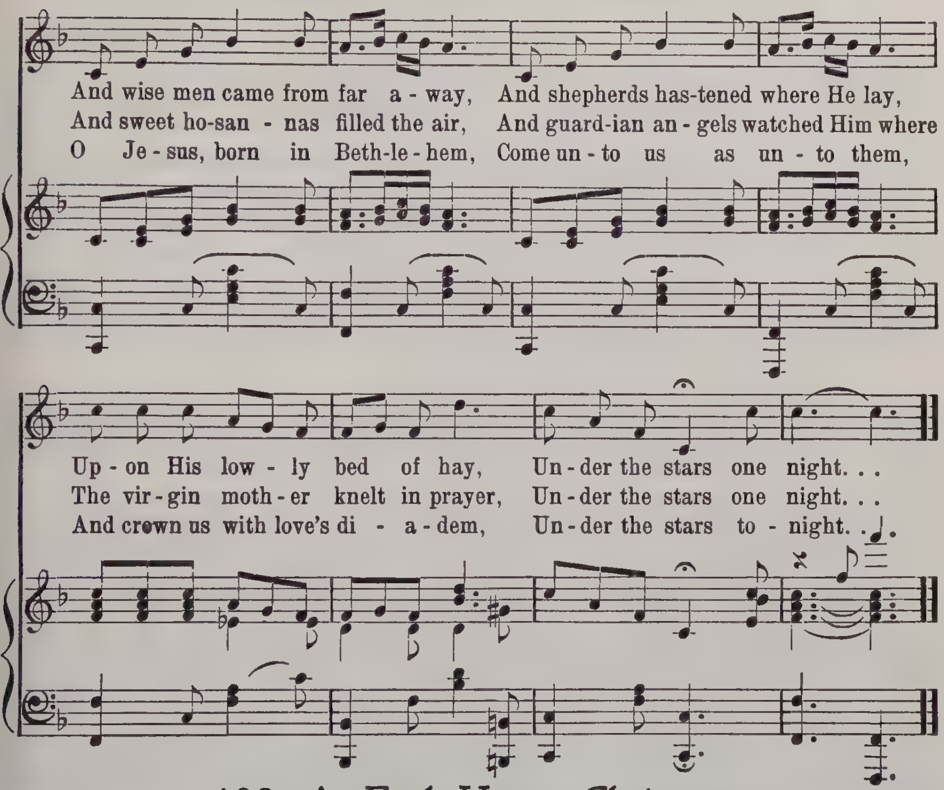
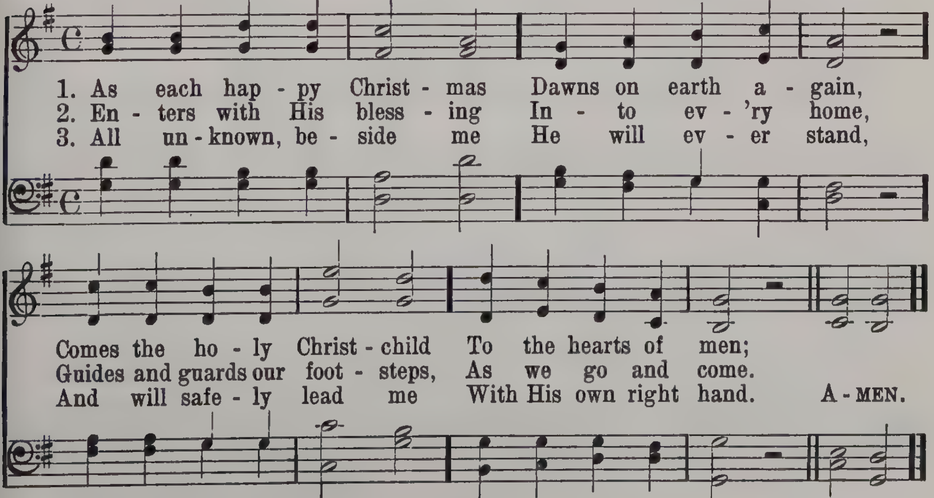
Under the Stars, One Holy Night


And wise men came from far a - way, And shepherds has-tened where He lay,
And sweet ho-san - nas filled the air, And guard-ian an - gels watched Him where
O Je - sus, born in Beth-le - hem, Come un - to us as un - to them,
Up - on His low - ly bed of hay, Un - der the stars one night. . .
The vir - gin moth - er knelt in prayer, Un - der the stars one night. . .
And crown us with love's di - a - dem, Un - der the stars to - night.

102. As Each Happy Christmas

Johann Wilhelm Hey, 1837
Tr. Harriet Reynolds Spaeth

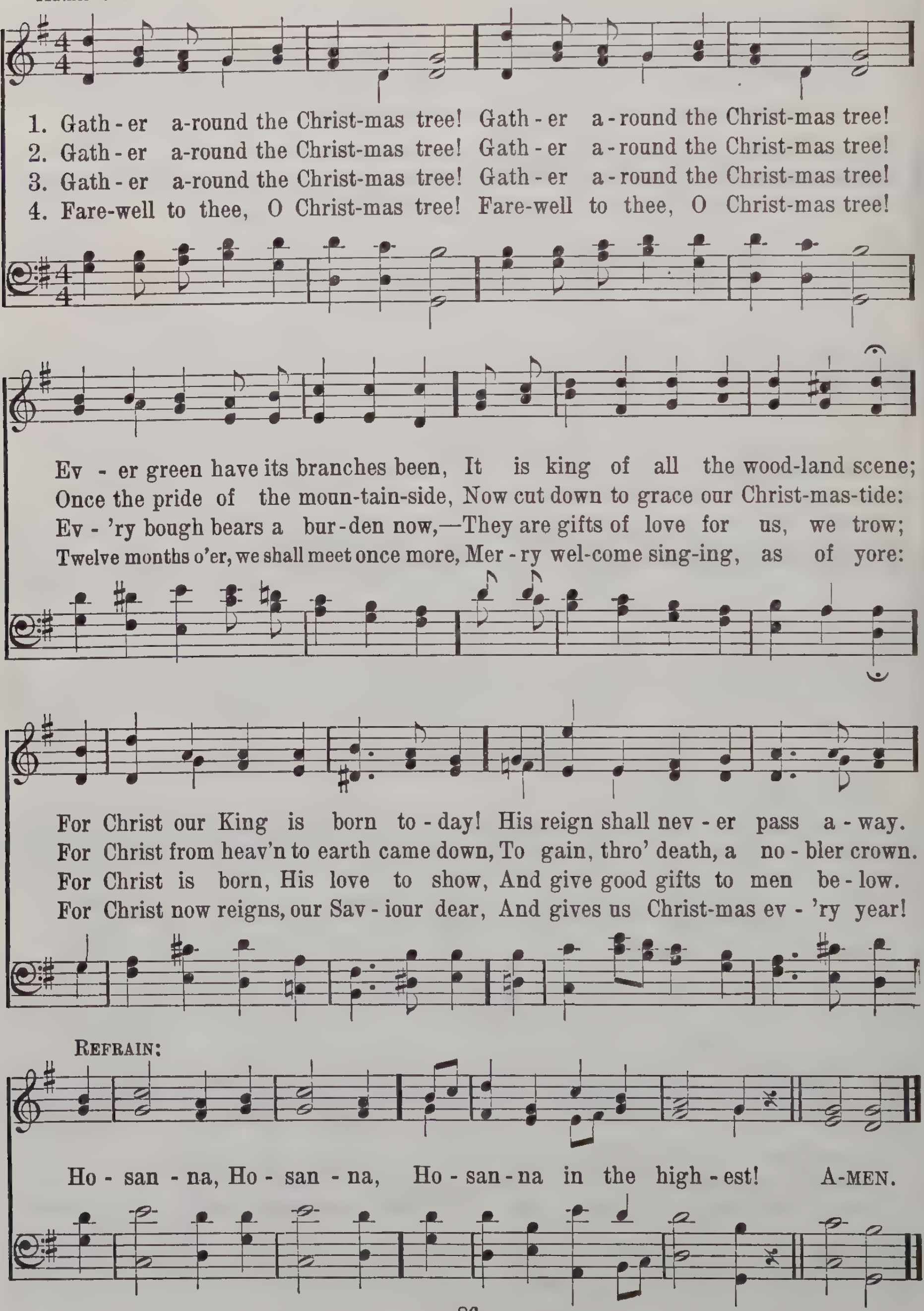
Johann Christian Heinrich Rink, (1770–1846)


1. As each hap - py Christ - mas Dawns on earth a - gain,
2. En - ters with His bless - ing In - to ev - 'ry home,
3. All un - known, be - side me He will ev - er stand,
Comes the ho - ly Christ - child To the hearts of men;
Guides and guards our foot - steps, As we go and come.
And will safe - ly lead me With His own right hand. A - MEN.

103. Gather around the Christmas Tree

Author Unknown

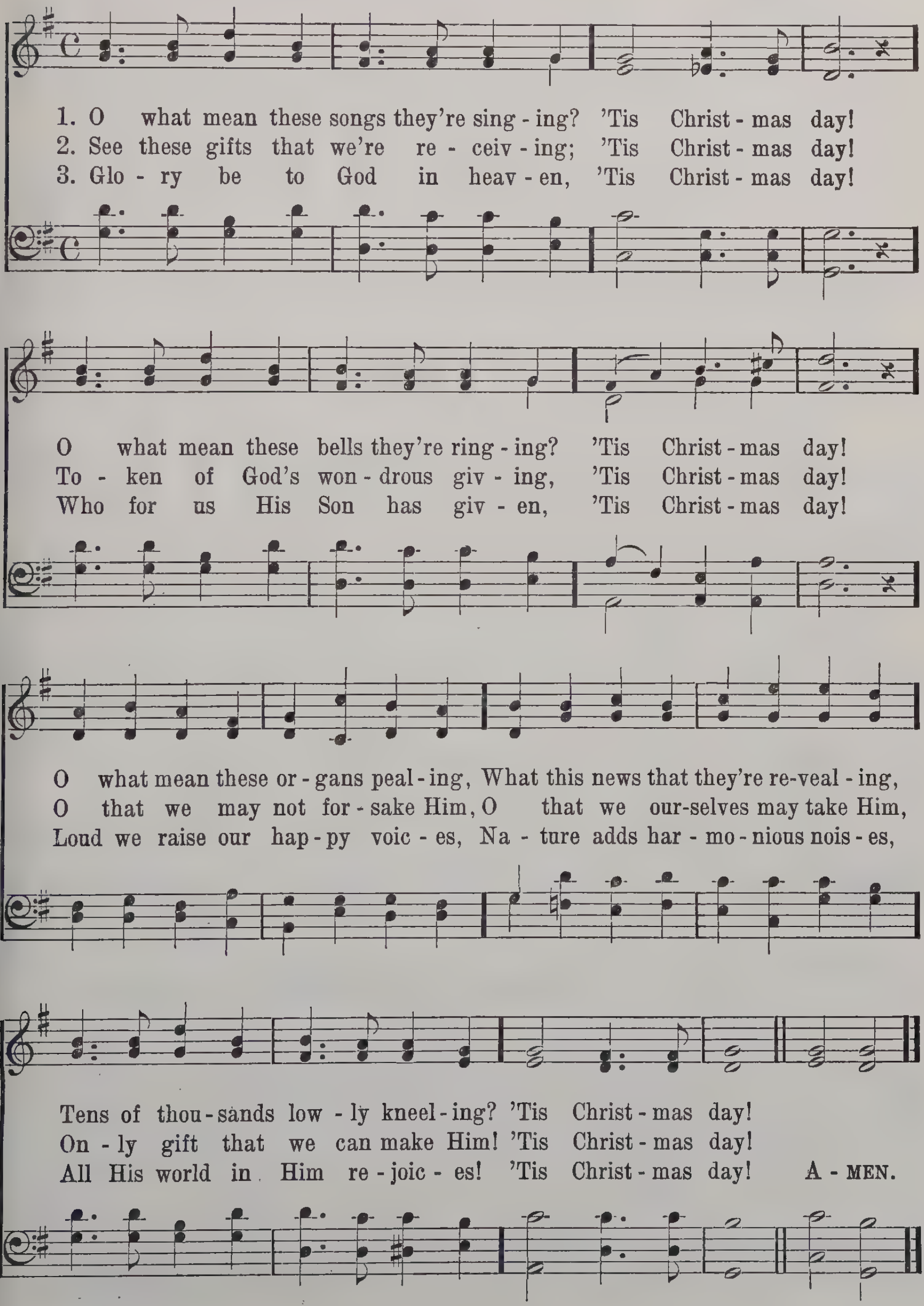
John Henry Hopkins, Jr.


1. Gath - er a-round the Christ-mas tree! Gath - er a - round the Christ-mas tree!
2. Gath - er a-round the Christ-mas tree! Gath - er a - round the Christ-mas tree!
3. Gath - er a-round the Christ-mas tree! Gath - er a - round the Christ-mas tree!
4. Fare-well to thee, O Christ-mas tree! Fare-well to thee, O Christ-mas tree!
Ev - er green have its branches been, It is king of all the wood-land scene;
Once the pride of the moun-tain-side, Now cut down to grace our Christ-mas-tide:
Ev - 'ry bough bears a bur-den now,—They are gifts of love for us, we trow;
Twelve months o'er, we shall meet once more, Mer - ry wel-come sing-ing, as of yore:
For Christ our King is born to - day! His reign shall nev - er pass a - way.
For Christ from heav'n to earth came down, To gain, thro' death, a no - bler crown.
For Christ is born, His love to show, And give good gifts to men be - low.
For Christ now reigns, our Sav - iour dear, And gives us Christ-mas ev - 'ry year!
REFRAIN:
Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est! A-MEN.

104. O What Mean These Songs They're Singing

S. Archer Gibson

Jeremiah Franklin Ohl, 1926



1. O what mean these songs they're singing? 'Tis Christmas day!
2. See these gifts that we're receiving; 'Tis Christmas day!
3. Glory be to God in heaven, 'Tis Christmas day!

O what mean these bells they're ringing? 'Tis Christmas day!
Token of God's wondrous giving, 'Tis Christmas day!
Who for us His Son has given, 'Tis Christmas day!

O what mean these organs pealing, What this news that they're revealing,
O that we may not forsake Him, O that we ourselves may take Him,
Loud we raise our happy voices, Nature adds harmonious noises,

Tens of thousands lowly kneeling? 'Tis Christmas day!
Only gift that we can make Him! 'Tis Christmas day!
All His world in Him rejoices! 'Tis Christmas day! A-MEN.

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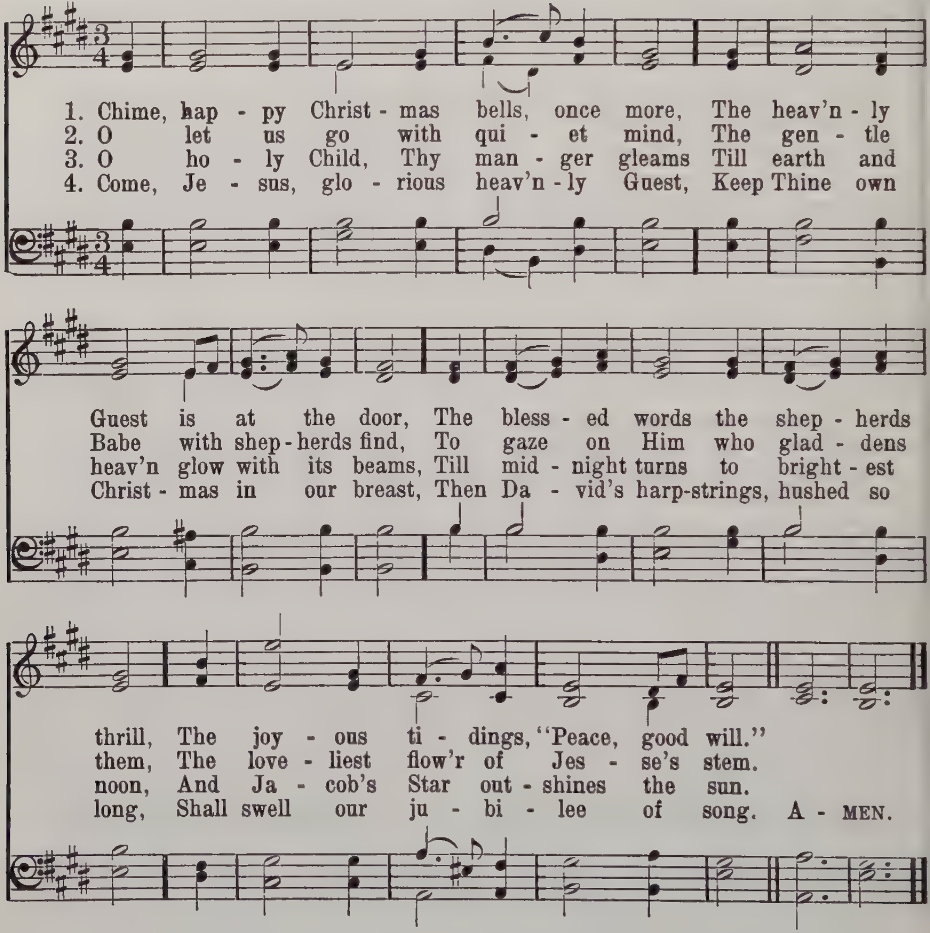
105. Chime, Happy Christmas Bells, Once More

Nicolai Frederik Severin Grundtvig, (1783–1872)
Tr. Charles P. Krauth, a.

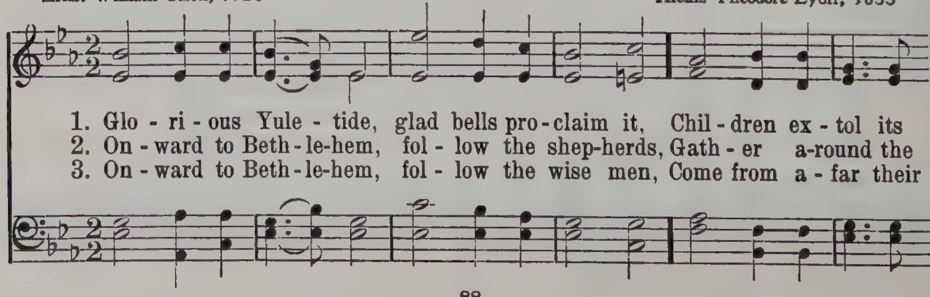
C. Balle, 1860


1. Chime, hap - py Christ - mas bells, once more, The heav'n - ly
2. O let us go with qui - et mind, The gen - tle
3. O ho - ly Child, Thy man - ger gleams Till earth and
4. Come, Je - sus, glo - rious heav'n - ly Guest, Keep Thine own
Guest is at the door, The bless - ed words the shep - herds
Babe with shep - herds find, To gaze on Him who glad - dens
heav'n glow with its beams, Till mid - night turns to bright - est
Christ - mas in our breast, Then Da - vid's harp-strings, hushed so
thrill, The joy - ous ti - dings, "Peace, good will."
them, The love - liest flow'r of Jes - se's stem.
noon, And Ja - cob's Star out - shines the sun.
long, Shall swell our ju - bi - lee of song. A - MEN.

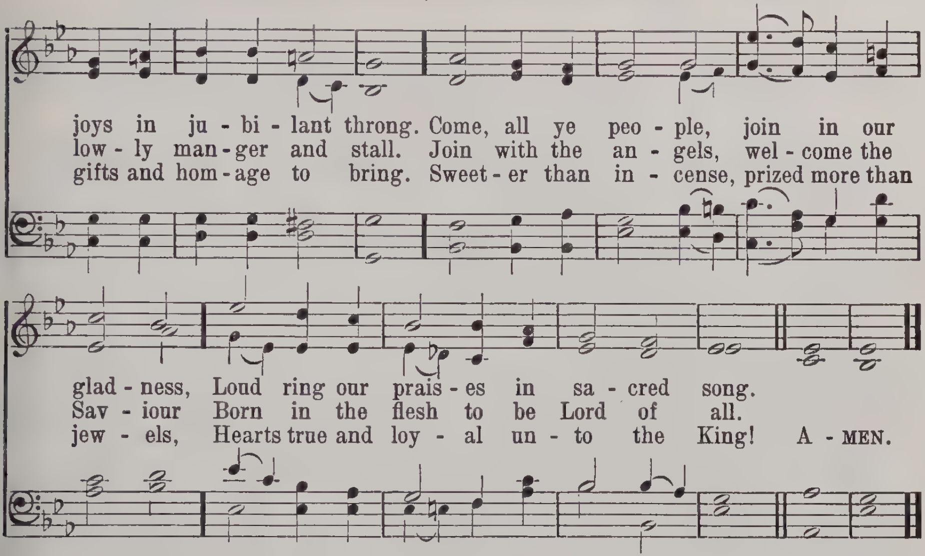
106. Glorious Yuletide, Glad Bells Proclaim It

Ernst William Olson, 1920

Alexis Theodore Lyoff, 1833


1. Glo - ri - ous Yule - tide, glad bells pro - claim it, Chil - dren ex - tol its
2. On - ward to Beth - le-hem, fol - low the shep-herds, Gath - er a-round the
3. On - ward to Beth - le-hem, fol - low the wise men, Come from a - far their

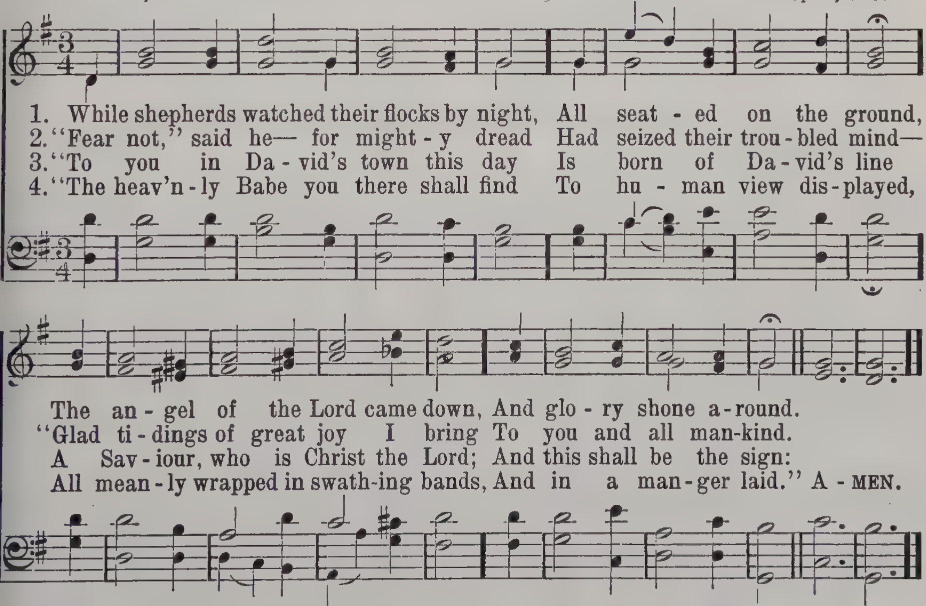
Glorious Yuletide, Glad Bells Proclaim It


joys in ju - bi - lant throng. Come, all ye peo - ple, join in our
low - ly man - ger and stall. Join with the an - gels, wel - come the
gifts and hom - age to bring. Sweet - er than in - cense, prized more than
glad - ness, Loud ring our prais - es in sa - cred song.
Sav - iour Born in the flesh to be Lord of all.
jew - els, Hearts true and loy - al un - to the King! A - MEN.

107. While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night

Nahum Tate, 1702

Louis Spohr, 1835


1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,
2. "Fear not," said he— for might - y dread Had seized their trou - bled mind—
3. "To you in Da - vid's town this day Is born of Da - vid's line
4. "The heav'n - ly Babe you there shall find To hu - man view dis - played,
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.
"Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind.
A Sav - iour, who is Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign:
All mean - ly wrapped in swath-ing bands, And in a man - ger laid." A - MEN.

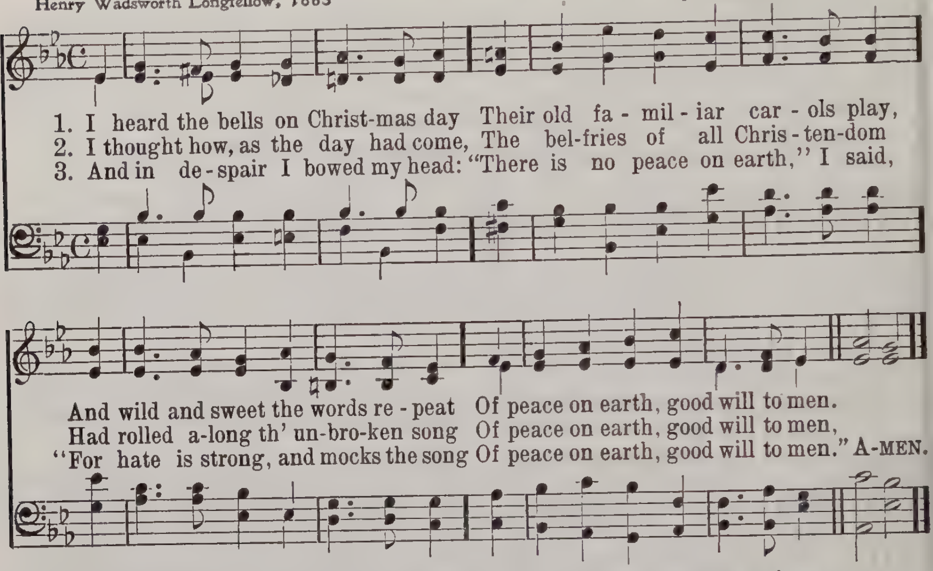
5 Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

108. I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1863

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872


1. I heard the bells on Christ-mas day Their old fa - mil - iar car - ols play,
2. I thought how, as the day had come, The bel-fries of all Chris - ten-dom
3. And in de - spair I bowed my head: "There is no peace on earth," I said,
And wild and sweet the words re - peat Of peace on earth, good will to men.
Had rolled a-long th' un-bro-ken song Of peace on earth, good will to men,
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song Of peace on earth, good will to men." A-MEN.

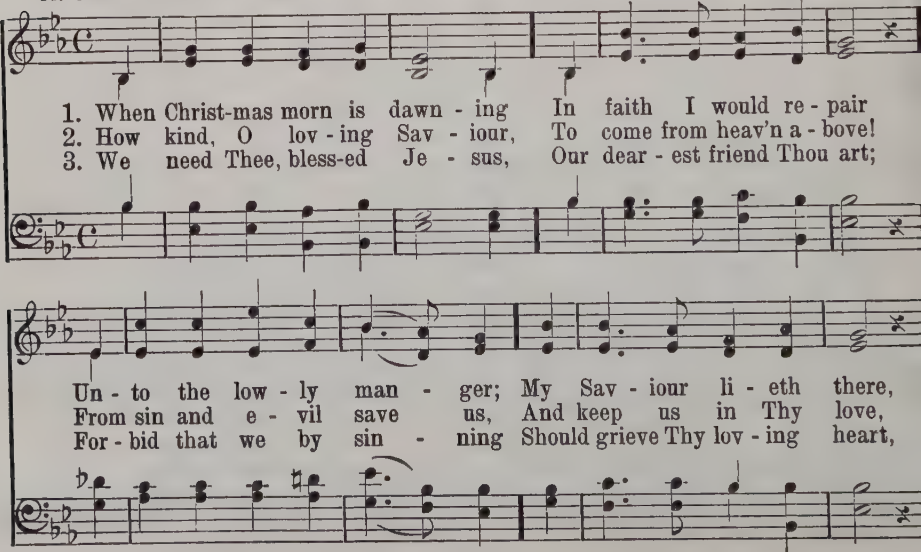
4 Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men:"

5 Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

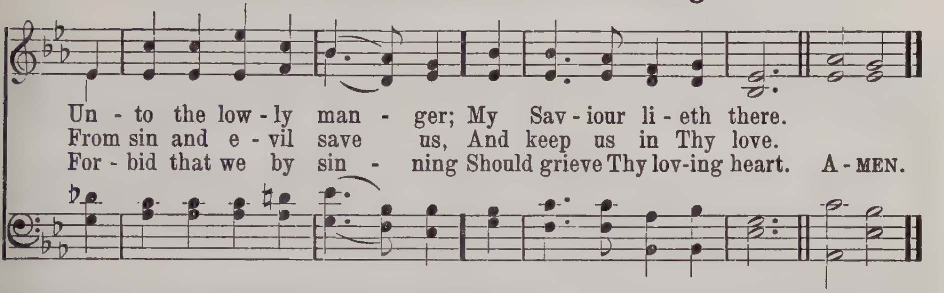
109. When Christmas Morn Is Dawning

From Hemlandssånger
Tr. Claude W. Foss

German Folksong


1. When Christ-mas morn is dawn - ing In faith I would re - pair
2. How kind, O lov - ing Sav - iour, To come from heav'n a - bove!
3. We need Thee, bless-ed Je - sus, Our dear - est friend Thou art;
Un - to the low - ly man - ger; My Sav - iour li - eth there,
From sin and e - vil save us, And keep us in Thy love,
For - bid that we by sin - ning Should grieve Thy lov - ing heart,

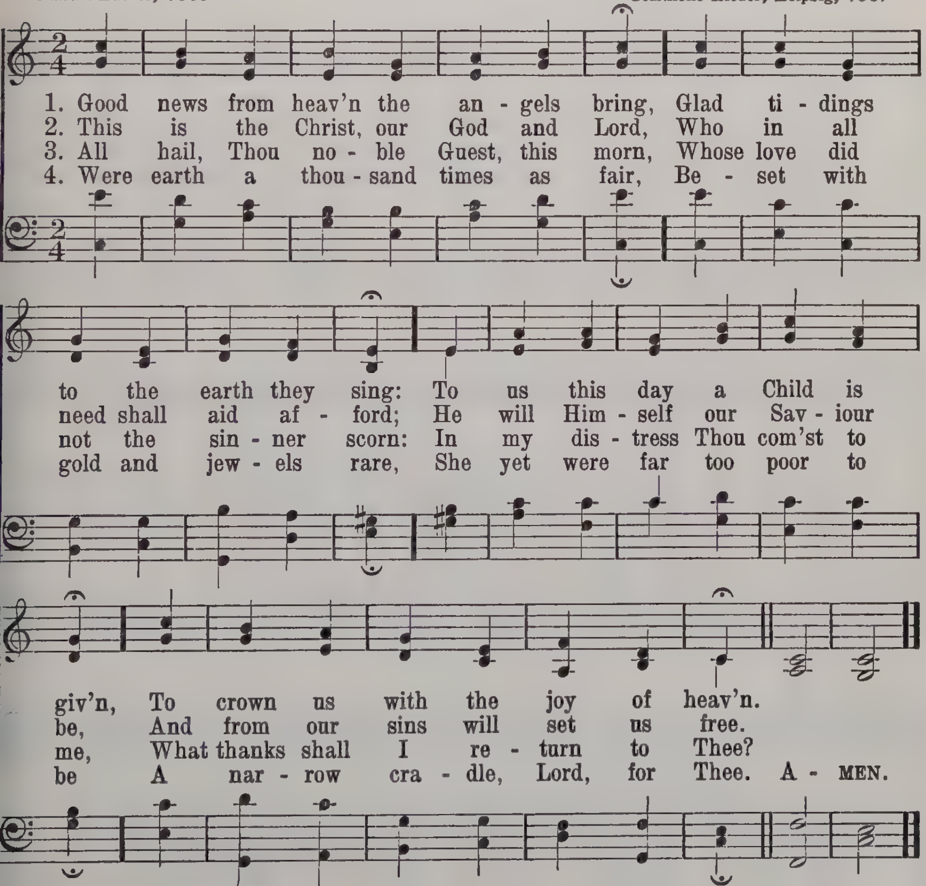
When Christmas Morn Is Dawning


Un - to the low - ly man - ger; My Sav - iour li - eth there.
From sin and e - vil save us, And keep us in Thy love.
For - bid that we by sin - ning Should grieve Thy lov-ing heart. A - MEN.

110. Good News from Heaven the Angels Bring

Martin Luther, 1535

Valentin Schumann's
Geistliche Lieder, Leipzig, 1539


1. Good news from heav'n the an - gels bring, Glad ti - dings
2. This is the Christ, our God and Lord, Who in all
3. All hail, Thou no - ble Guest, this morn, Whose love did
4. Were earth a thou - sand times as fair, Be - set with
to the earth they sing: To us this day a Child is
need shall aid af - ford; He will Him - self our Sav - iour
not the sin - ner scorn: In my dis - tress Thou com'st to
gold and jew - els rare, She yet were far too poor to
giv'n, To crown us with the joy of heav'n.
be, And from our sins will set us free.
me, What thanks shall I re - turn to Thee?
be A nar - row cra - dle, Lord, for Thee. A - MEN.

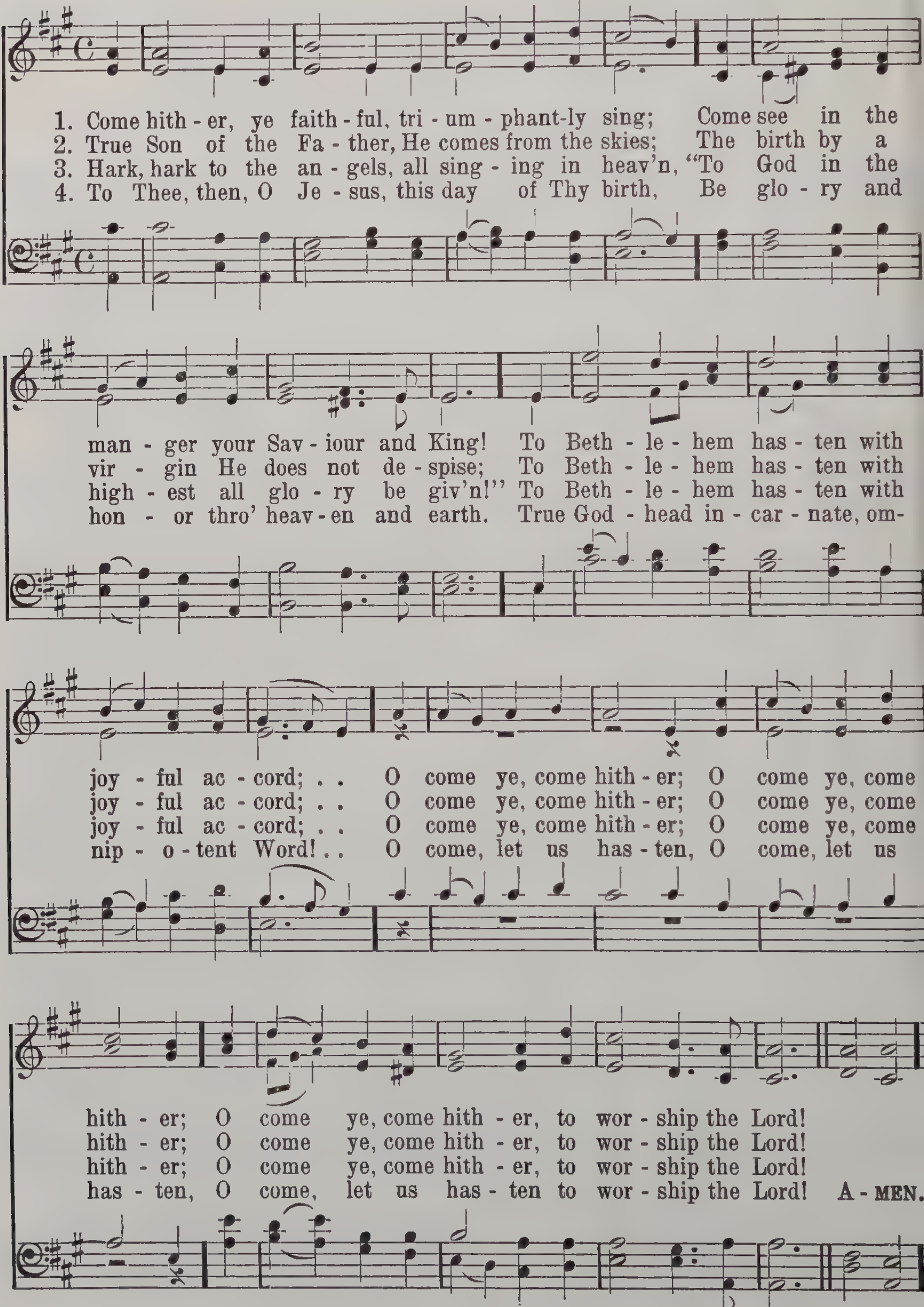
5 Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

6 Praise God upon His heavenly throne,
Who gave to us His only Son;
For this His hosts, on joyful wing,
A blest New Year of mercy sing.

111. Come Hither, Ye Faithful, Triumphantly Sing!

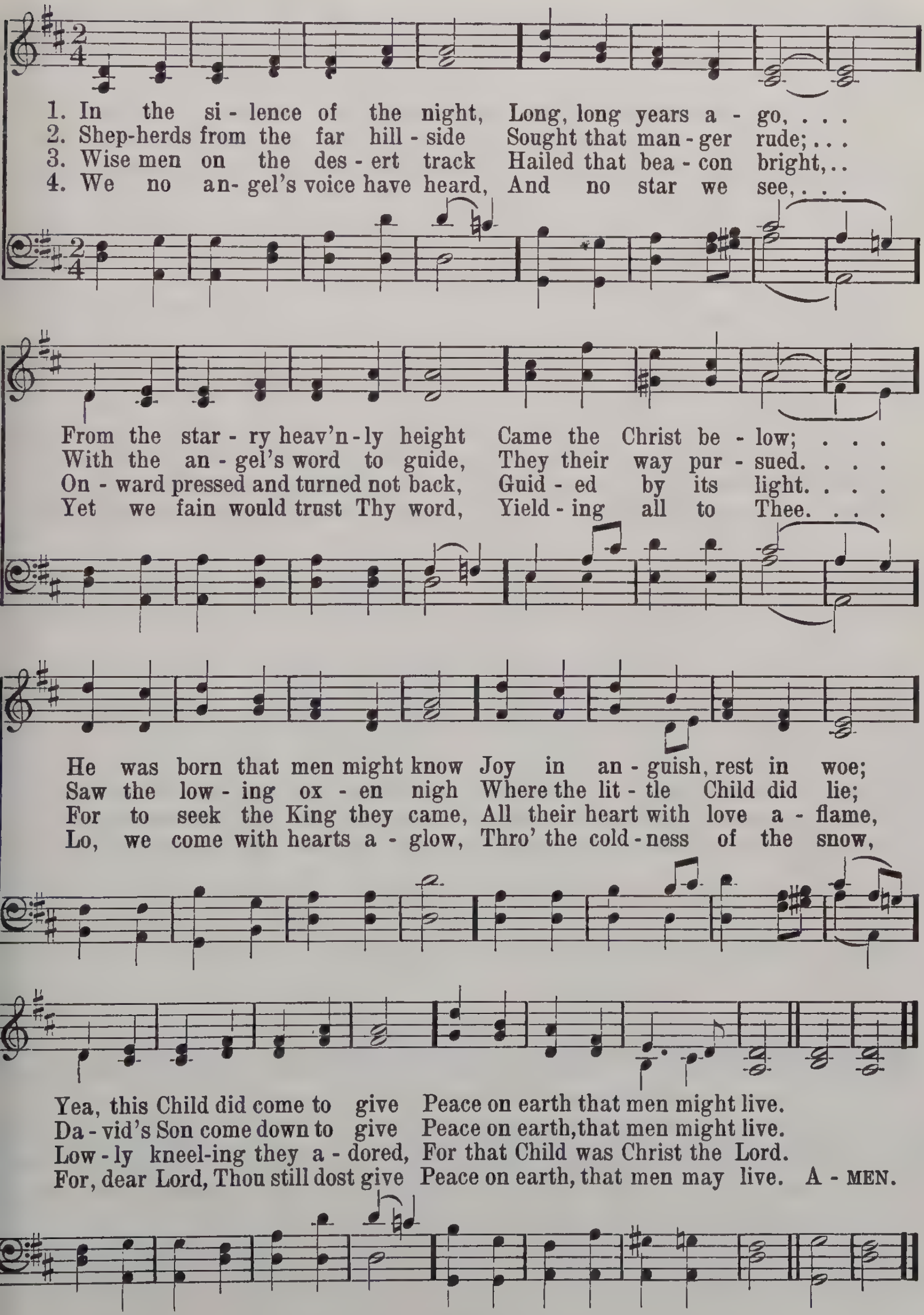
From the Latin of the XVII century

John F. Wade's Cantus Diversi, 1751


1. Come hith - er, ye faith - ful, tri - um - phant-ly sing; Come see in the
2. True Son of the Fa - ther, He comes from the skies; The birth by a
3. Hark, hark to the an - gels, all sing - ing in heav'n, "To God in the
4. To Thee, then, O Je - sus, this day of Thy birth, Be glo - ry and
man - ger your Sav - iour and King! To Beth - le - hem has - ten with
vir - gin He does not de - spise; To Beth - le - hem has - ten with
high - est all glo - ry be giv'n!" To Beth - le - hem has - ten with
hon - or thro' heav - en and earth. True God - head in - car - nate, om-
joy - ful ac - cord; . . O come ye, come hith - er; O come ye, come
joy - ful ac - cord; . . O come ye, come hith - er; O come ye, come
joy - ful ac - cord; . . O come ye, come hith - er; O come ye, come
nip - o - tent Word! . . O come, let us has - ten, O come, let us
hith - er; O come ye, come hith - er, to wor - ship the Lord!
hith - er; O come ye, come hith - er, to wor - ship the Lord!
hith - er; O come ye, come hith - er, to wor - ship the Lord!
has - ten, O come, let us has - ten to wor - ship the Lord! A - MEN.

112. In the Silence of the Night

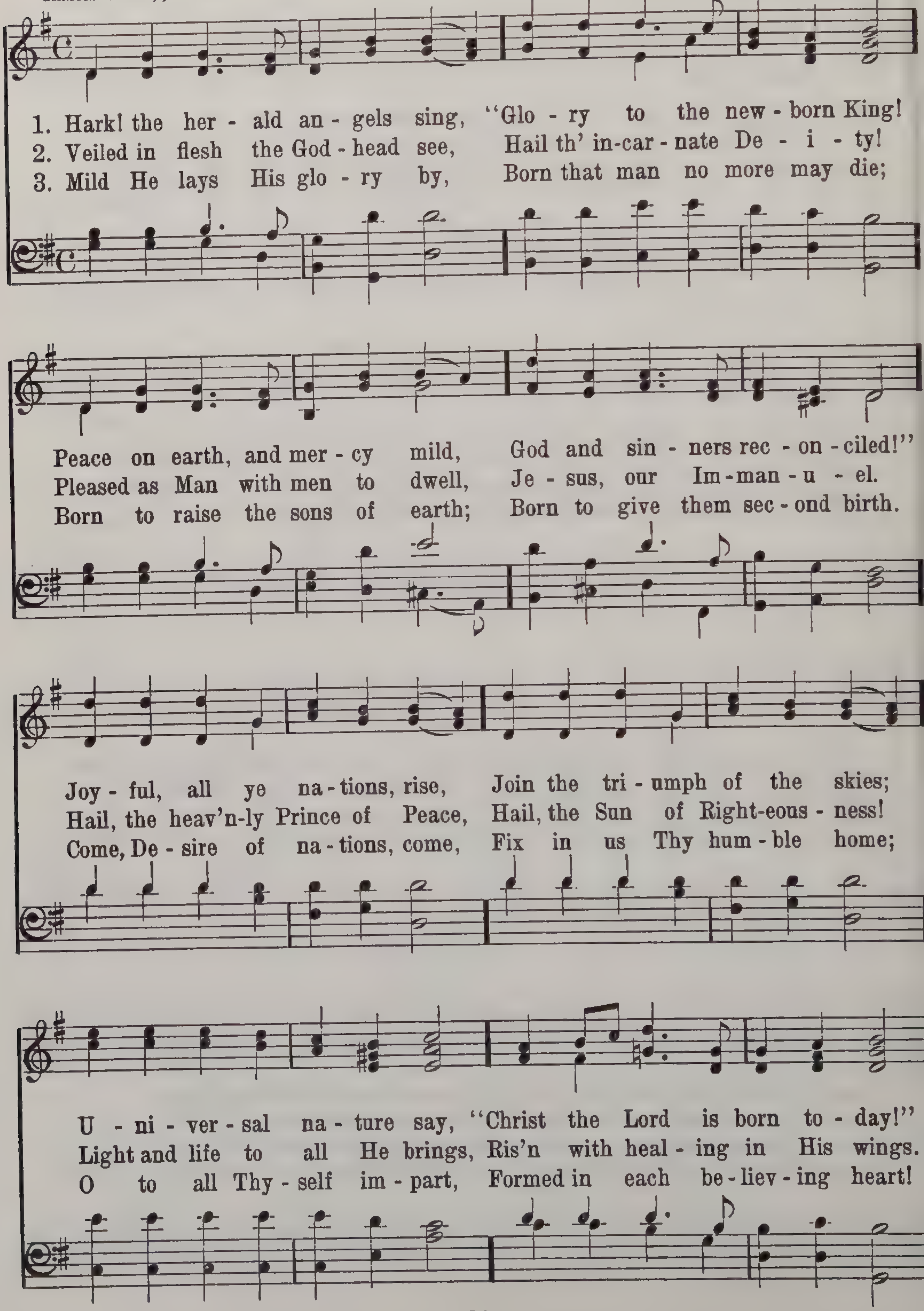
A. Mary R. Dobson
A. Mary R. Dobson


1. In the si - lence of the night, Long, long years a - go, . . .
2. Shep-herds from the far hill - side Sought that man - ger rude; . . .
3. Wise men on the des - ert track Hailed that bea - con bright, . .
4. We no an - gel's voice have heard, And no star we see, . . .
From the star - ry heav'n - ly height Came the Christ be - low; . . .
With the an - gel's word to guide, They their way pur - sued. . . .
On - ward pressed and turned not back, Guid - ed by its light. . . .
Yet we fain would trust Thy word, Yield - ing all to Thee. . . .
He was born that men might know Joy in an - guish, rest in woe;
Saw the low - ing ox - en nigh Where the lit - tle Child did lie;
For to seek the King they came, All their heart with love a - flame,
Lo, we come with hearts a - glow, Thro' the cold - ness of the snow,
Yea, this Child did come to give Peace on earth that men might live.
Da - vid's Son come down to give Peace on earth, that men might live.
Low - ly kneel-ing they a - dored, For that Child was Christ the Lord.
For, dear Lord, Thou still dost give Peace on earth, that men may live. A - MEN.

113. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

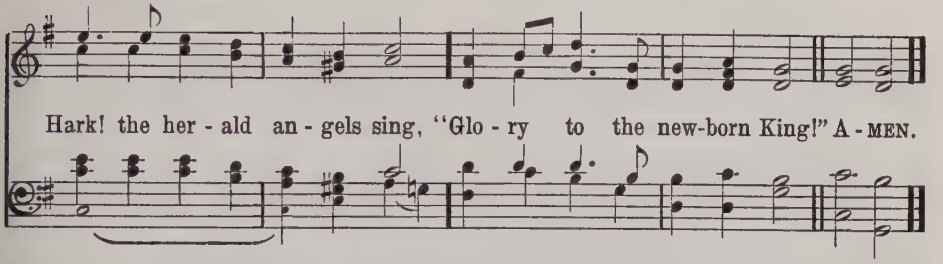
Charles Wesley, 1739

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1840


1. Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King!
2. Veiled in flesh the God-head see, Hail th' incarnate Deity!
3. Mild He lays His glory by, Born that man no more may die;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!"
Pleased as Man with men to dwell, Jesus, our Immanuel.
Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them second birth.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise, Join the triumph of the skies;
Hail, the heav'nly Prince of Peace, Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Come, Desire of nations, come, Fix in us Thy humble home;
Universal nature say, "Christ the Lord is born today!"
Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with healing in His wings.
O to all Thyself impart, Formed in each believing heart!

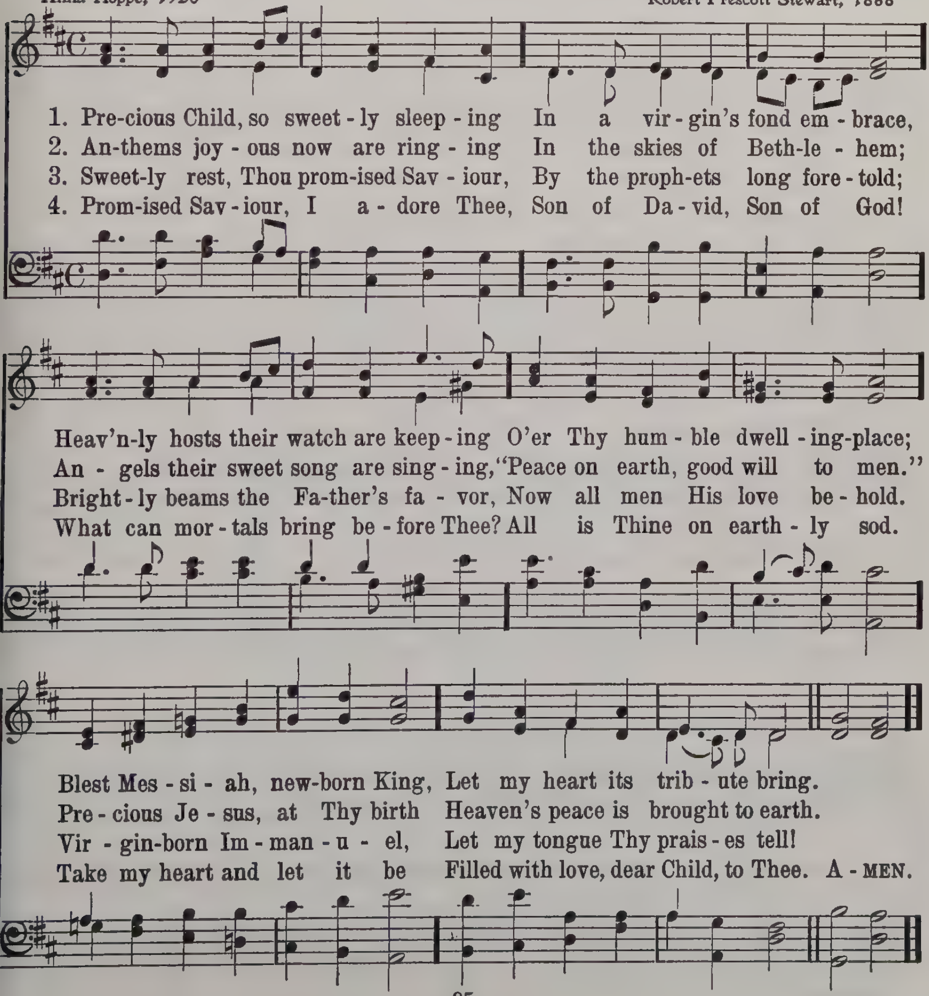
Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

REFRAIN:


Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King!" A - MEN.

114. Precious Child, So Sweetly Sleeping

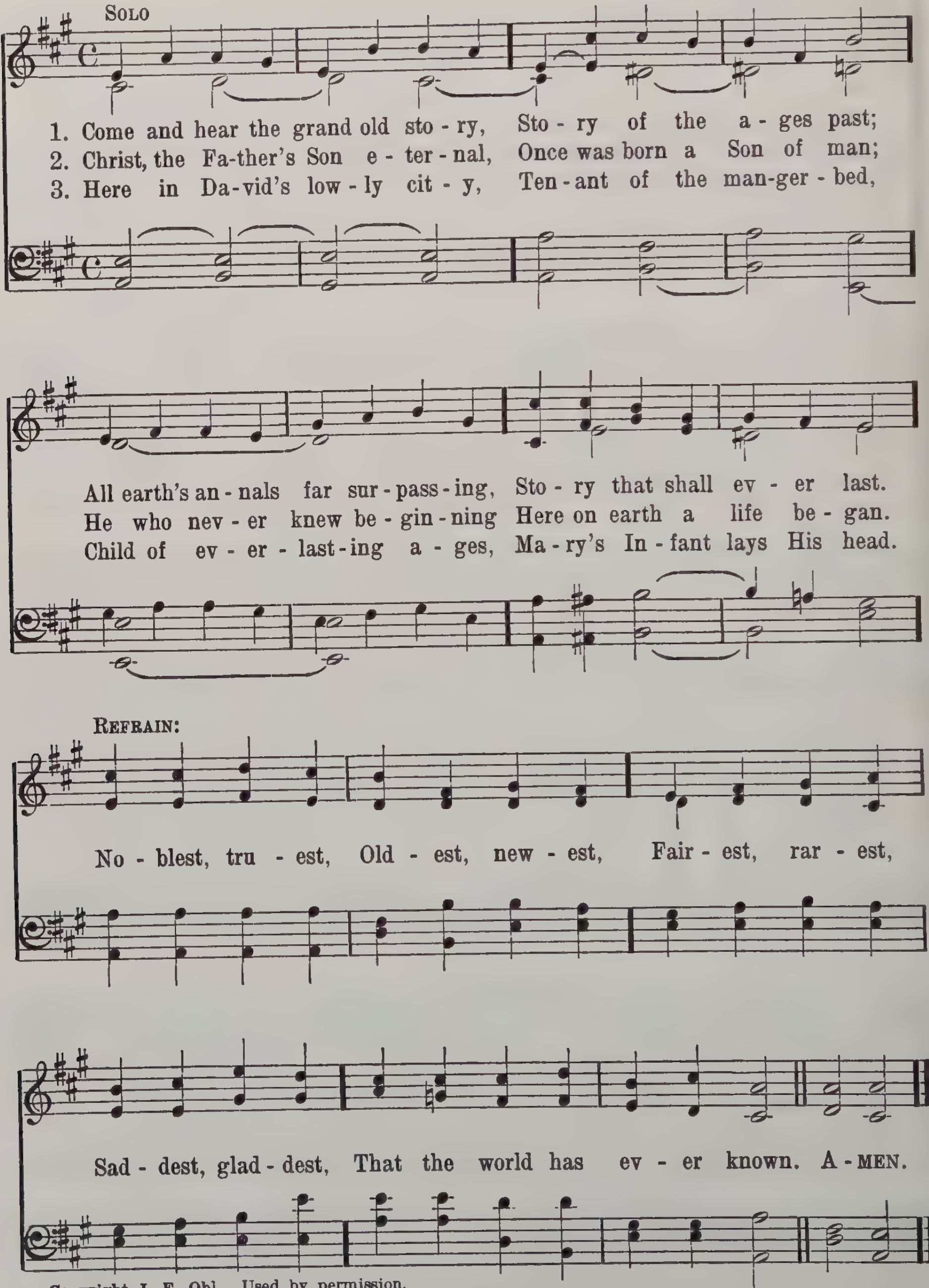
Anna Hoppe, 1920 Robert Prescott Stewart, 1868


1. Pre-cious Child, so sweet - ly sleep - ing In a vir - gin's fond em - brace,
2. An-thems joy - ous now are ring - ing In the skies of Beth-le - hem;
3. Sweet-ly rest, Thou prom-ised Sav - iour, By the proph-ets long fore - told;
4. Prom-ised Sav - iour, I a - dore Thee, Son of Da - vid, Son of God!
Heav'n-ly hosts their watch are keep - ing O'er Thy hum - ble dwell - ing-place;
An - gels their sweet song are sing - ing, "Peace on earth, good will to men."
Bright - ly beams the Fa-ther's fa - vor, Now all men His love be - hold.
What can mor - tals bring be - fore Thee? All is Thine on earth - ly sod.
Blest Mes - si - ah, new-born King, Let my heart its trib - ute bring.
Pre - cious Je - sus, at Thy birth Heaven's peace is brought to earth.
Vir - gin-born Im - man - u - el, Let my tongue Thy prais - es tell!
Take my heart and let it be Filled with love, dear Child, to Thee. A - MEN.

115. Come and Hear the Grand Old Story

Horatius Bonar, 1861

Jeremiah Franklin Ohl, 1886


SOLO
1. Come and hear the grand old sto - ry, Sto - ry of the a - ges past;
2. Christ, the Fa-ther's Son e - ter - nal, Once was born a Son of man;
3. Here in Da-vid's low - ly cit - y, Ten - ant of the man-ger - bed,
All earth's an - nals far sur - pass - ing, Sto - ry that shall ev - er last.
He who nev - er knew be - gin - ning Here on earth a life be - gan.
Child of ev - er - last - ing a - ges, Ma - ry's In - fant lays His head.
REFRAIN:
No - blest, tru - est, Old - est, new - est, Fair - est, rar - est,
Sad - dest, glad - dest, That the world has ev - er known. A - MEN.

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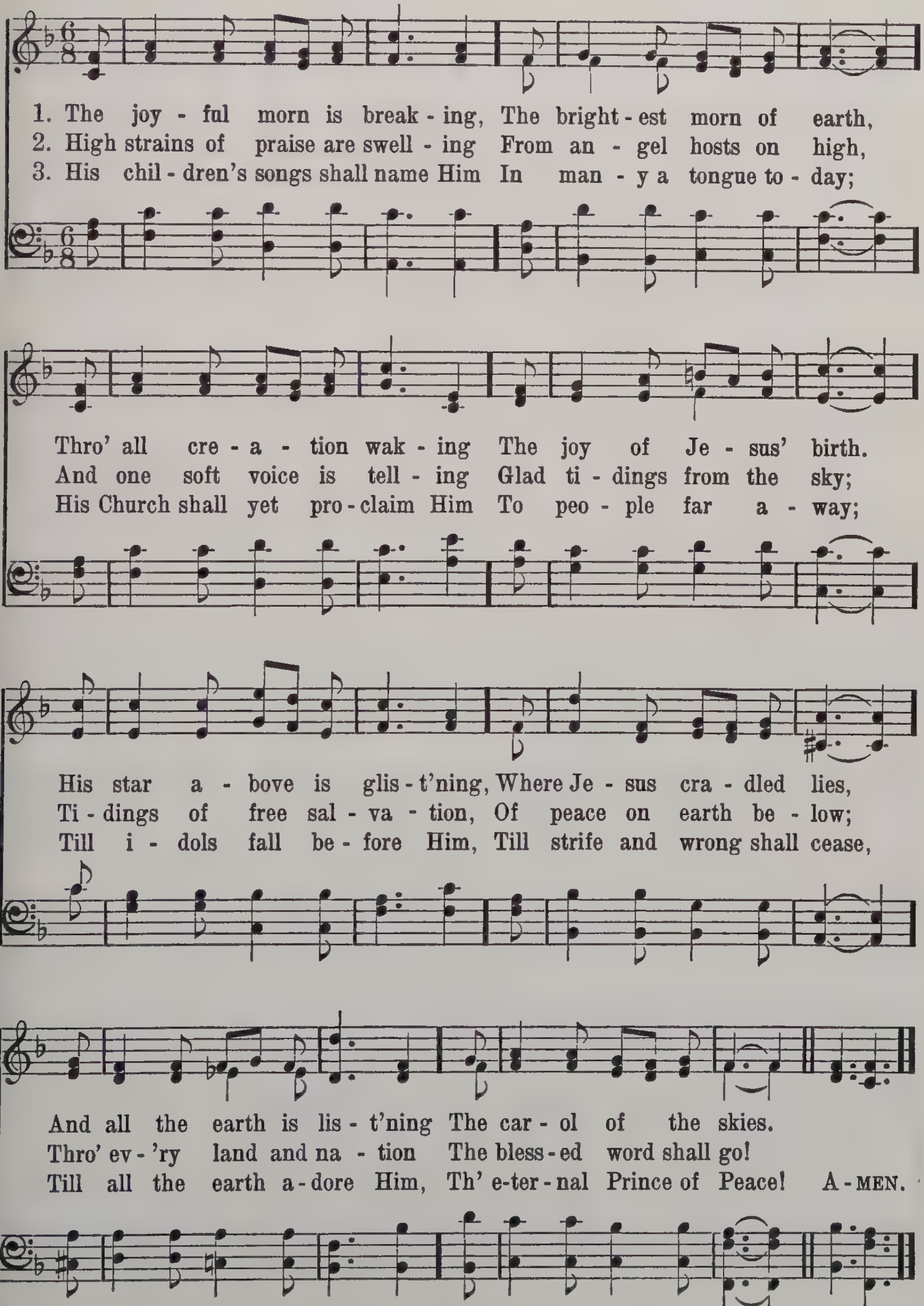
116. The Joyful Morn Is Breaking

Benjamin Gough, 1873

Edward J. Hopkins, (1818-1901)


1. The joy - ful morn is break - ing, The bright - est morn of earth,
2. High strains of praise are swell - ing From an - gel hosts on high,
3. His chil - dren's songs shall name Him In man - y a tongue to - day;
Thro' all cre - a - tion wak - ing The joy of Je - sus' birth.
And one soft voice is tell - ing Glad ti - dings from the sky;
His Church shall yet pro - claim Him To peo - ple far a - way;
His star a - bove is glis - t'ning, Where Je - sus cra - dled lies,
Ti - dings of free sal - va - tion, Of peace on earth be - low;
Till i - dols fall be - fore Him, Till strife and wrong shall cease,
And all the earth is lis - t'ning The car - ol of the skies.
Thro' ev - 'ry land and na - tion The bless - ed word shall go!
Till all the earth a - dore Him, Th' e - ter - nal Prince of Peace! A - MEN.

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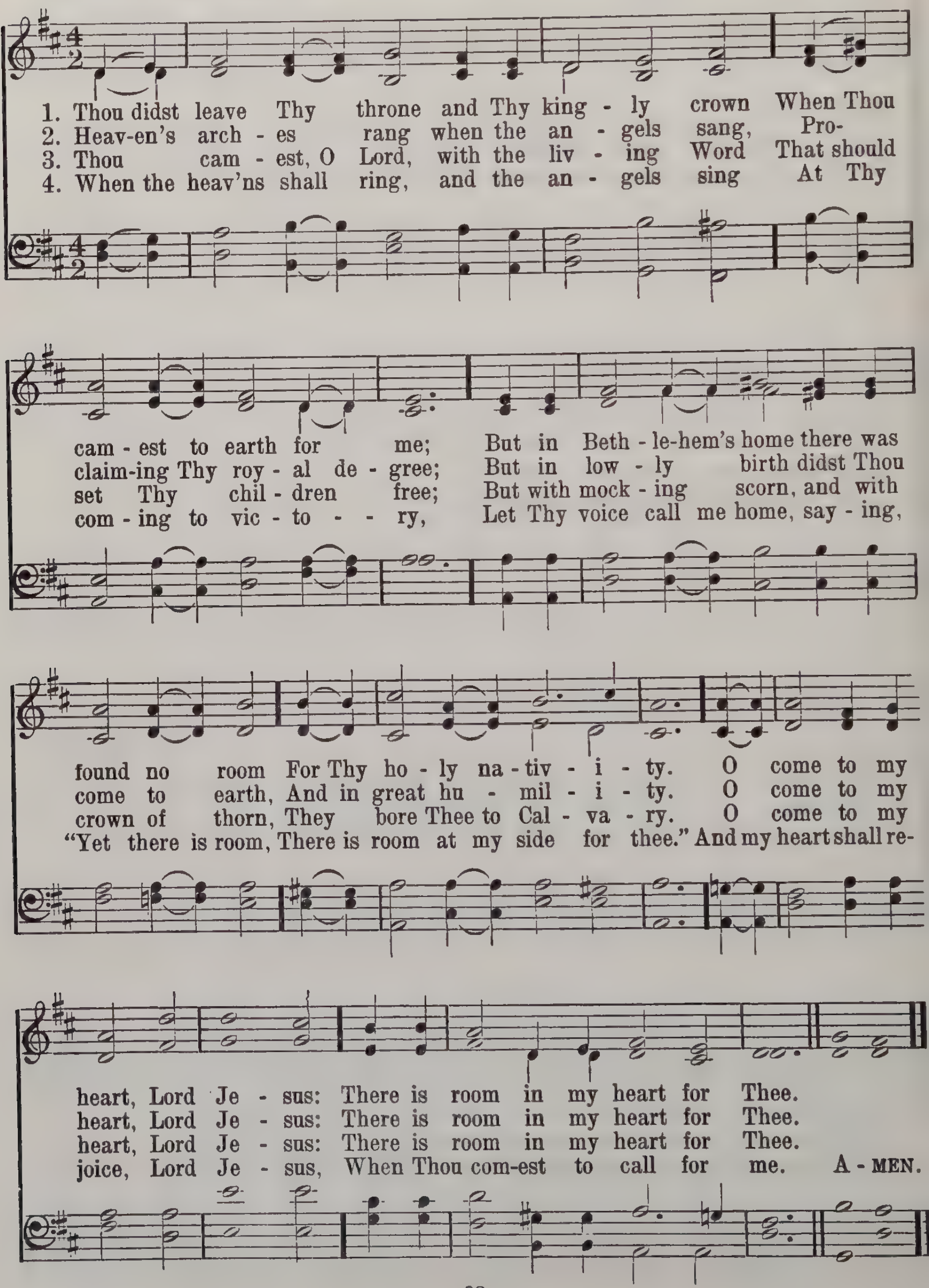
117. Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne

Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott, 1864

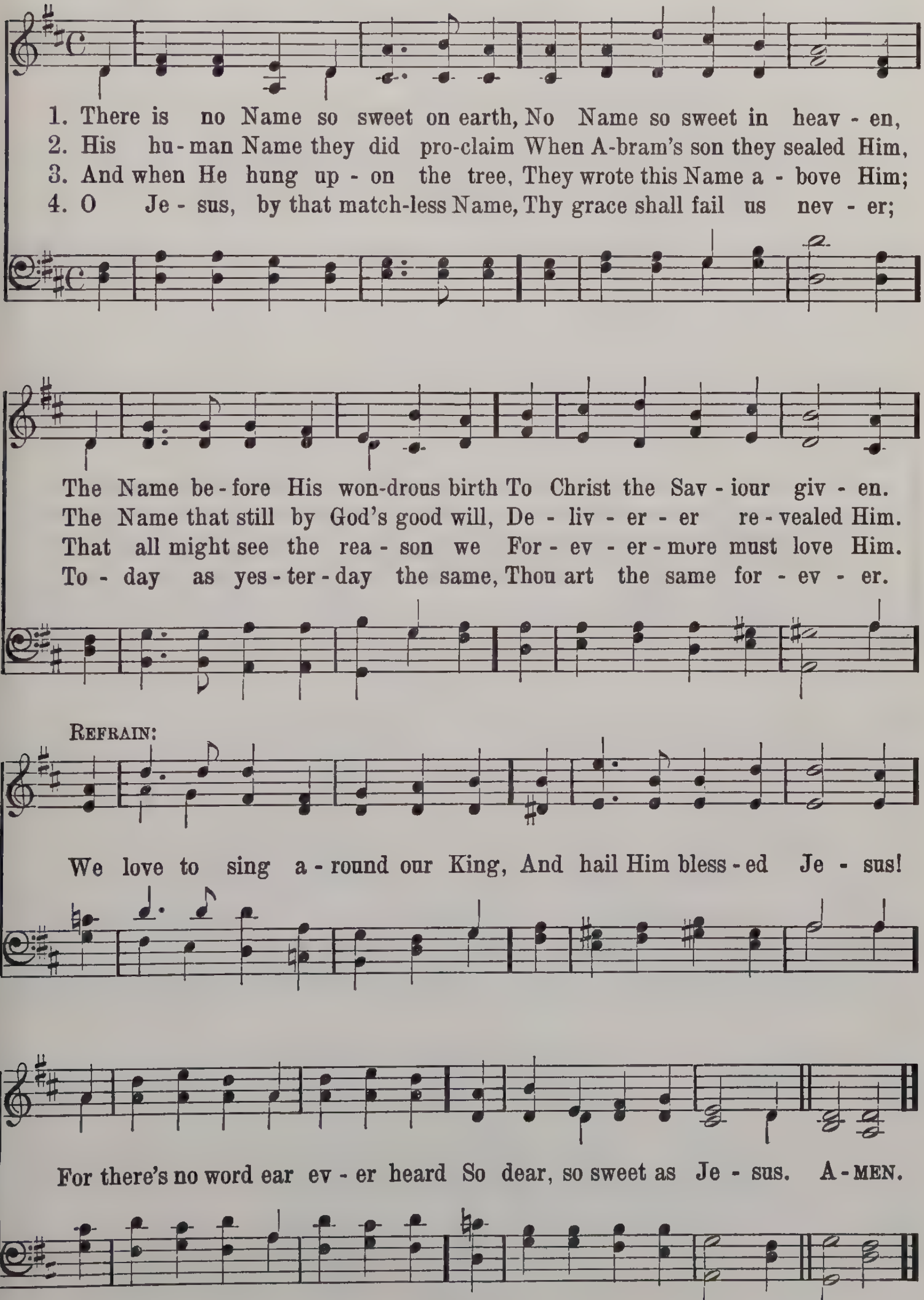
Timothy Richard Matthews, 1876


1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown When Thou
2. Heav-en's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Pro-
3. Thou cam - est, O Lord, with the liv - ing Word That should
4. When the heav'ns shall ring, and the an - gels sing At Thy
cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - le-hem's home there was
claim-ing Thy roy - al de - gree; But in low - ly birth didst Thou
set Thy chil - dren free; But with mock - ing scorn, and with
com - ing to vic - to - - ry, Let Thy voice call me home, say - ing,
found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty. O come to my
come to earth, And in great hu - mil - i - ty. O come to my
crown of thorn, They bore Thee to Cal - va - ry. O come to my
"Yet there is room, There is room at my side for thee." And my heart shall re-
heart, Lord Je - sus: There is room in my heart for Thee.
heart, Lord Je - sus: There is room in my heart for Thee.
heart, Lord Je - sus: There is room in my heart for Thee.
joice, Lord Je - sus, When Thou com-est to call for me. A - MEN.

118. There Is No Name So Sweet on Earth

G. W. Bethune, 1858

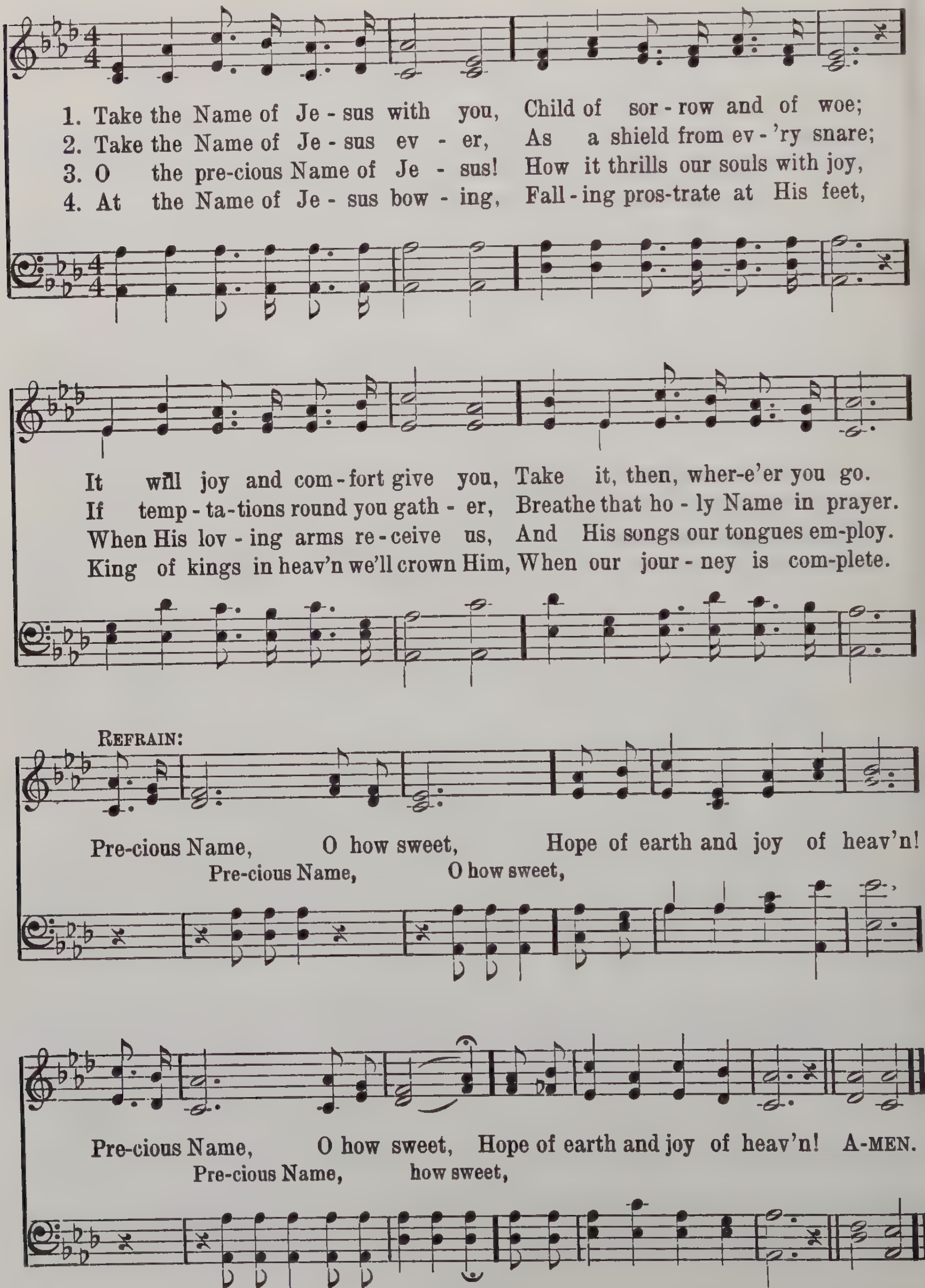
Joseph Barnby, (1838-1896)


1. There is no Name so sweet on earth, No Name so sweet in heav - en,
2. His hu - man Name they did pro-claim When A-bram's son they sealed Him,
3. And when He hung up - on the tree, They wrote this Name a - bove Him;
4. O Je - sus, by that match-less Name, Thy grace shall fail us nev - er;
The Name be - fore His won-drous birth To Christ the Sav - iour giv - en.
The Name that still by God's good will, De - liv - er - er re - vealed Him.
That all might see the rea - son we For - ev - er - more must love Him.
To - day as yes - ter - day the same, Thou art the same for - ev - er.
REFRAIN:
We love to sing a - round our King, And hail Him bless - ed Je - sus!
For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet as Je - sus. A - MEN.

119. Take the Name of Jesus with You

Lydia Baxter, 1871

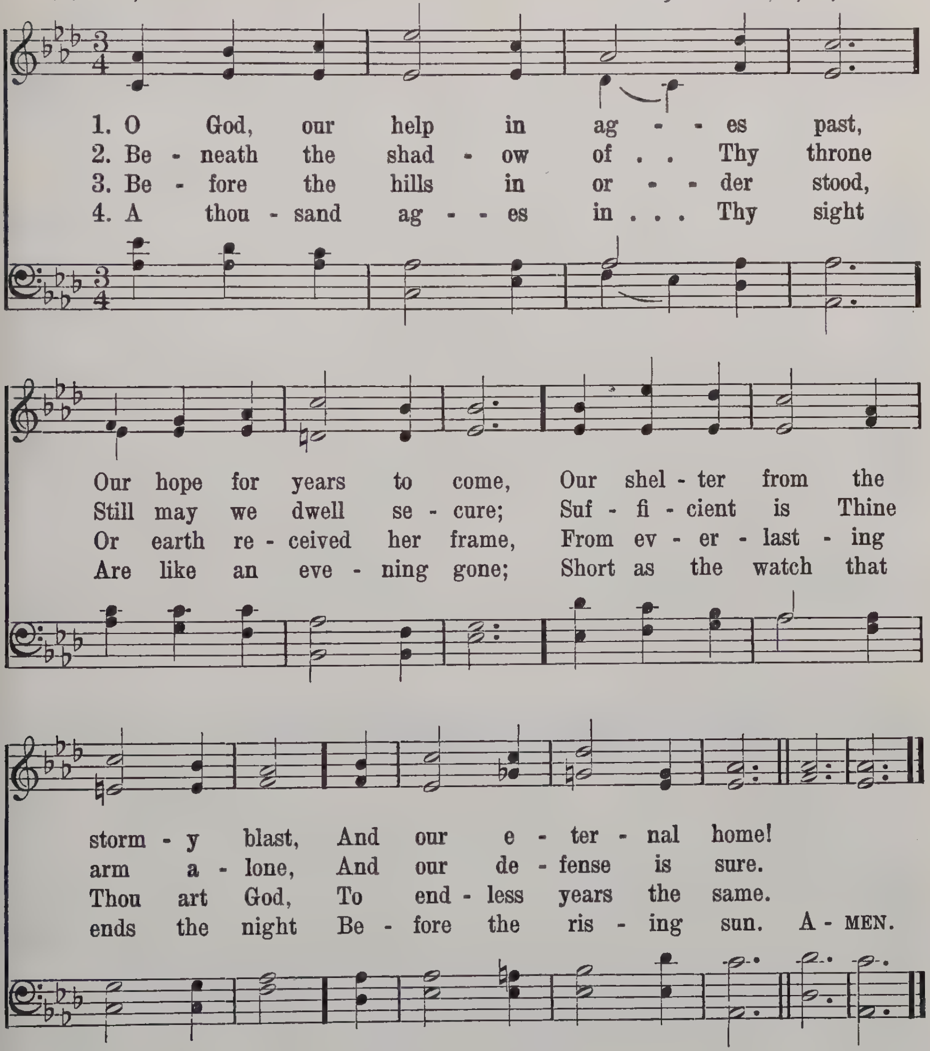
William Howard Doane, 1871


1. Take the Name of Je-sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the Name of Je-sus ev-er, As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the pre-cious Name of Je-sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the Name of Je-sus bow-ing, Fall-ing pros-trate at His feet,
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it, then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions round you gath-er, Breathe that ho-ly Name in prayer.
When His lov-ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy.
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.
REFRAIN:
Pre-cious Name, O how sweet, Hope of earth and joy of heav'n!
Pre-cious Name, O how sweet,
Pre-cious Name, O how sweet, Hope of earth and joy of heav'n! A-MEN.
Pre-cious Name, how sweet,

120. O God, Our Help in Ages Past

Isaac Watts, 1719

John Bacchus Dykes, 1875


1. O God, our help in ag - - es past,
2. Be - neath the shad - ow of . . Thy throne
3. Be - fore the hills in or - - der stood,
4. A thou - sand ag - - es in . . . Thy sight
Our hope for years to come, Our shel - ter from the
Still may we dwell se - cure; Suf - fi - cient is Thine
Or earth re - ceived her frame, From ev - er - last - ing
Are like an eve - ning gone; Short as the watch that
storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun. A - MEN.

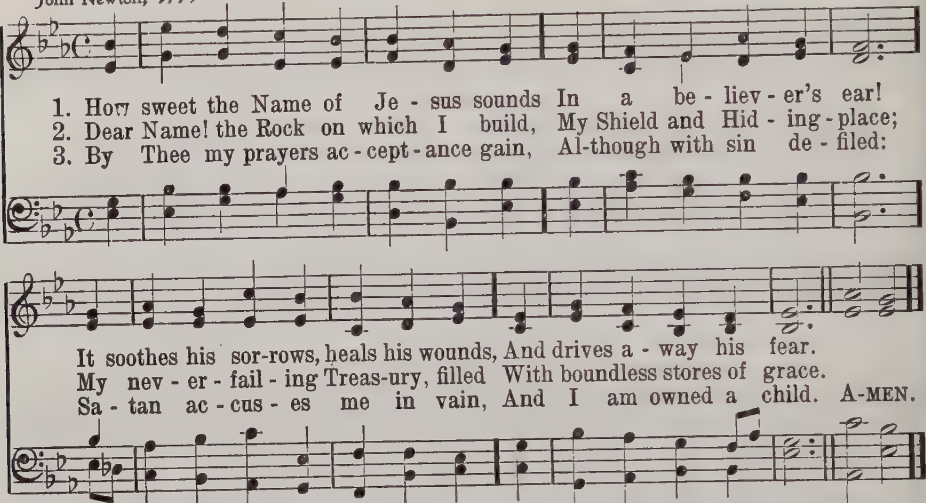
5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home!

121. How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

John Newton, 1779

Alexander Robert Reinagle, 1826


1. How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. Dear Name! the Rock on which I build, My Shield and Hid - ing - place;
3. By Thee my prayers ac - cept - ance gain, Al-though with sin de - filed:
It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
My nev - er - fail - ing Treas-ury, filled With boundless stores of grace.
Sa - tan ac - cus - es me in vain, And I am owned a child. A-MEN.

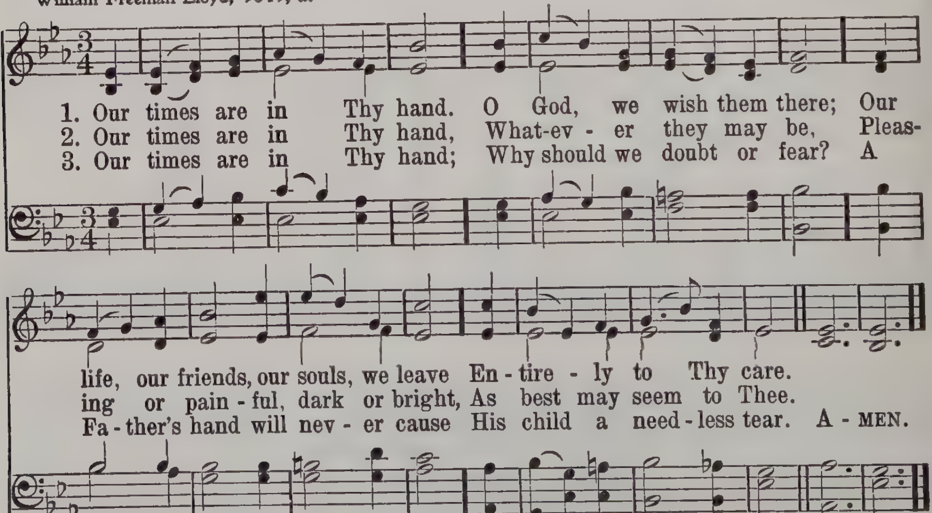
4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

122. Our Times Are in Thy Hand

William Freeman Lloyd, 1841, a.

E. K. Glezen


1. Our times are in Thy hand. O God, we wish them there; Our
2. Our times are in Thy hand, What-ev - er they may be, Pleas-
3. Our times are in Thy hand; Why should we doubt or fear? A
life, our friends, our souls, we leave En - tire - ly to Thy care.
ing or pain - ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee.
Fa - ther's hand will nev - er cause His child a need - less tear. A - MEN.

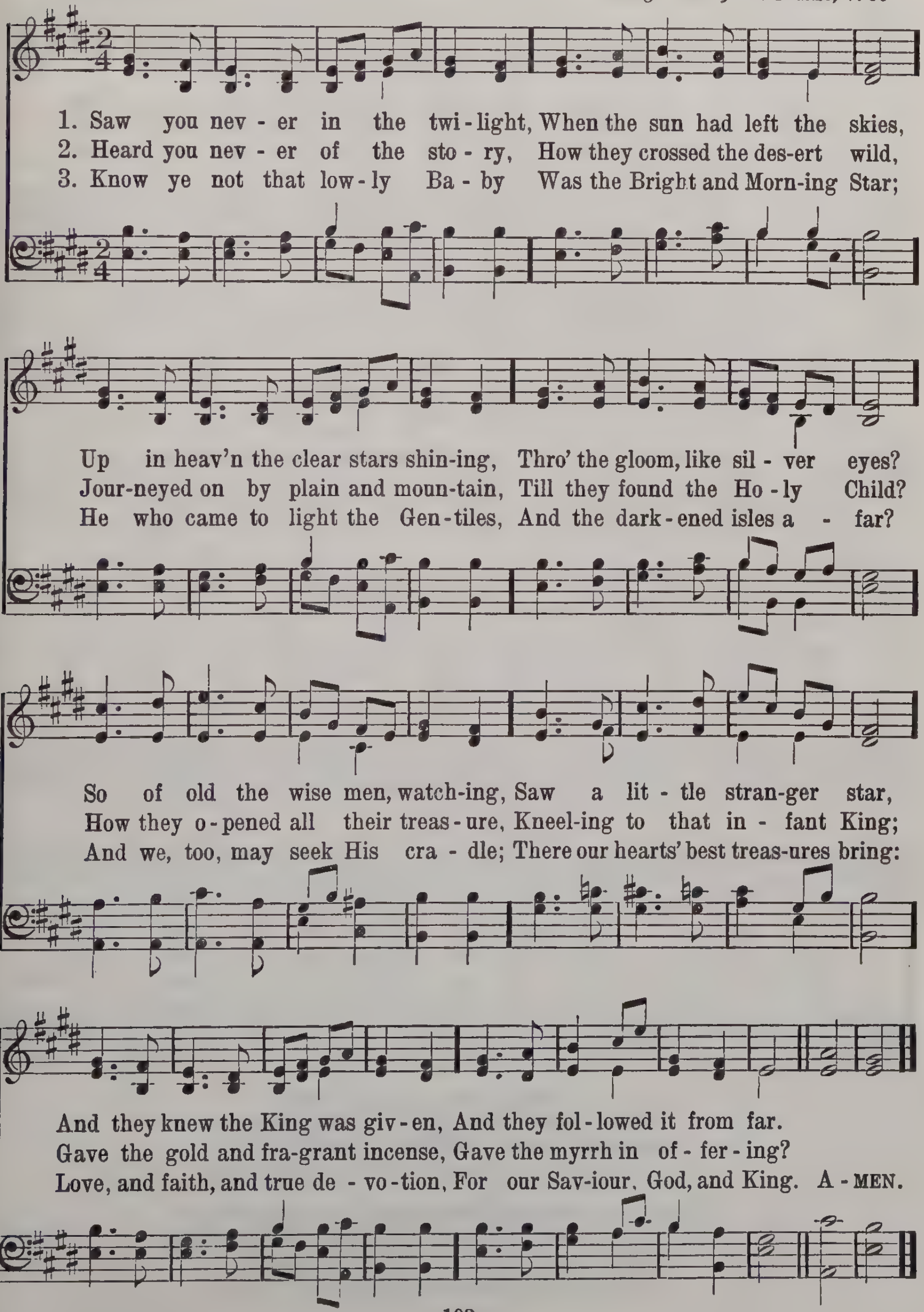
4 Our times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the Crucified;
The hand our many sins have pierced
Is now our guard and guide.

5 Our times are in Thy hand:
We'll always trust in Thee,
Till we have left the weary land
And all Thy glory see.

123. Saw You Never in the Twilight?

Cecil Frances (Humphreys) Alexander, 1853

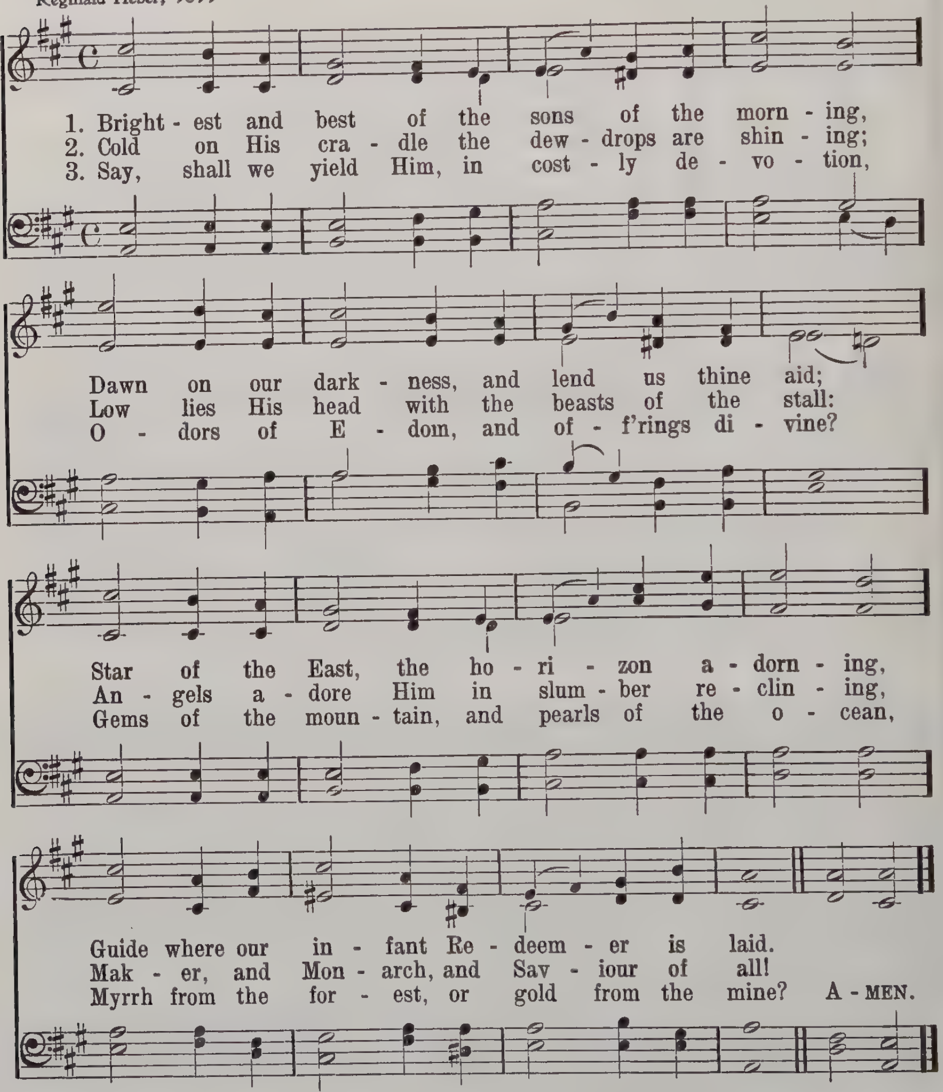
Uzziah C. Burnap, (1834–1900)
Arranged from J. A. Shultze, 1780


1. Saw you nev - er in the twi - light, When the sun had left the skies,
2. Heard you nev - er of the sto - ry, How they crossed the des-ert wild,
3. Know ye not that low - ly Ba - by Was the Bright and Morn-ing Star;
Up in heav'n the clear stars shin-ing, Thro' the gloom, like sil - ver eyes?
Jour-neyed on by plain and moun-tain, Till they found the Ho - ly Child?
He who came to light the Gen-tiles, And the dark - ened isles a - far?
So of old the wise men, watch-ing, Saw a lit - tle stran-ger star,
How they o - pened all their treas - ure, Kneel-ing to that in - fant King;
And we, too, may seek His cra - dle; There our hearts' best treas-ures bring:
And they knew the King was giv - en, And they fol - lowed it from far.
Gave the gold and fra-grant incense, Gave the myrrh in of - fer - ing?
Love, and faith, and true de - vo - tion, For our Sav-iour, God, and King. A - MEN.

124. Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning

Reginald Heber, 1811

J. P. Harding, 1861

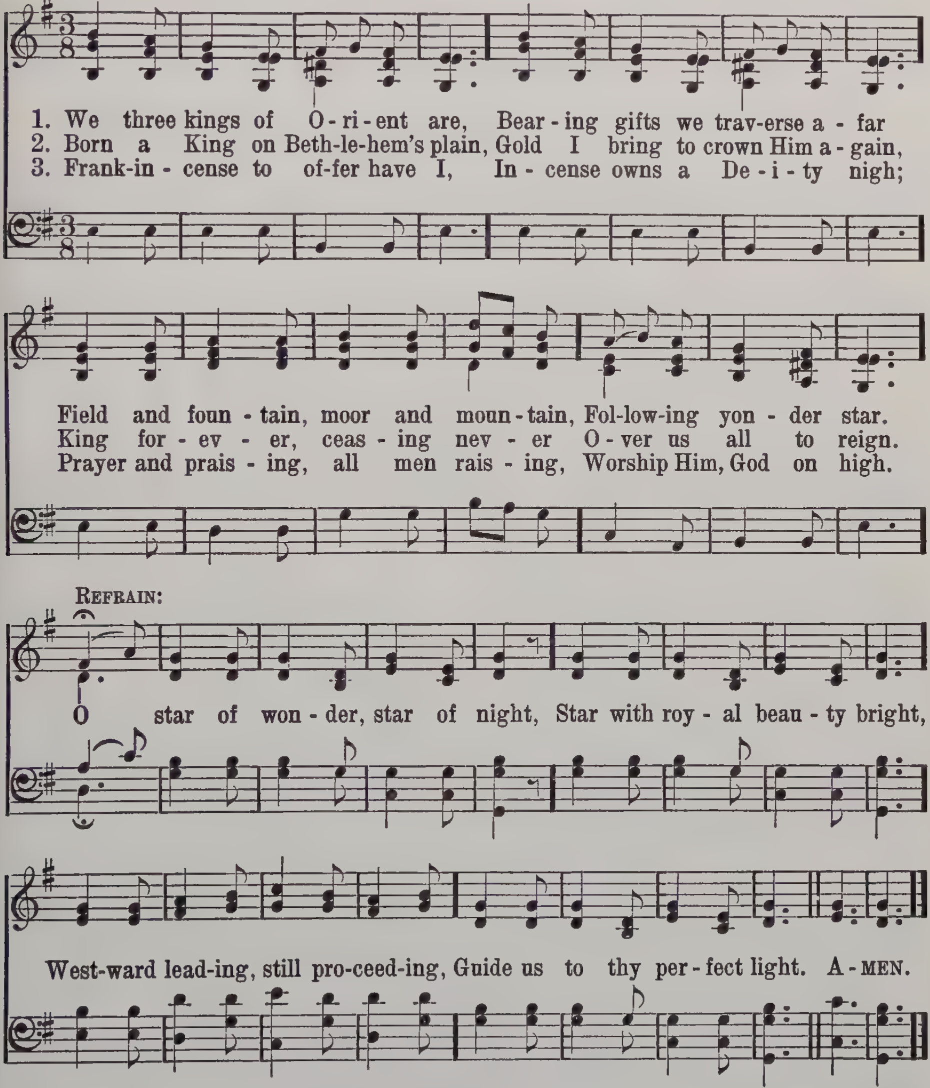

1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing,
2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing;
3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion,
Dawn on our dark - ness, and lend us thine aid;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall:
O - dors of E - dom, and of - f'rings di - vine?
Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing,
An - gels a - dore Him in slum - ber re - clin - ing,
Gems of the moun - tain, and pearls of the o - cean,
Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.
Mak - er, and Mon - arch, and Sav - iour of all!
Myrrh from the for - est, or gold from the mine?
A - MEN.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

125. We Three Kings of Orient Are

John H. Hopkins, 1862 John H. Hopkins, 1862

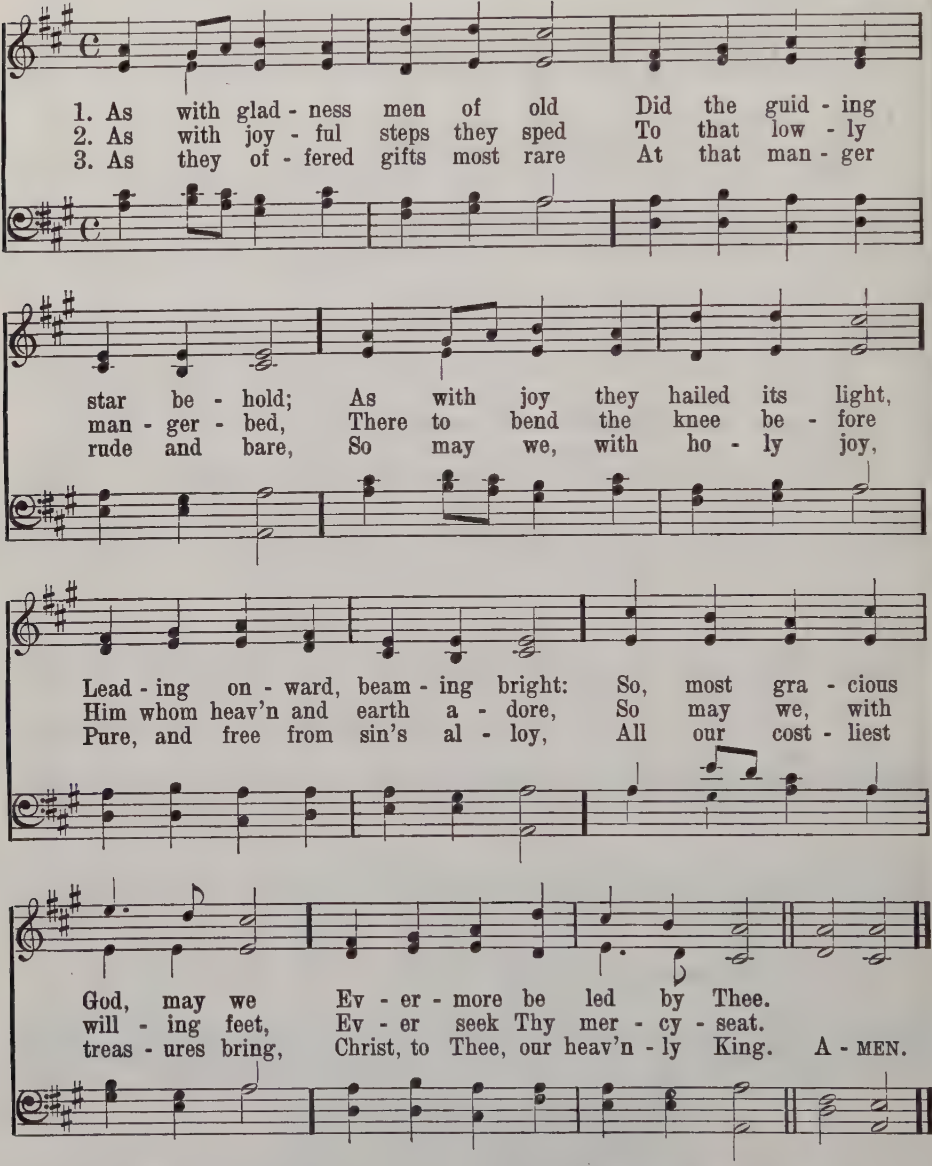

1. We three kings of O-ri-ent are, Bear-ing gifts we trav-erse a-far
2. Born a King on Beth-le-hem's plain, Gold I bring to crown Him a-gain,
3. Frank-in-cense to of-fer have I, In-cense owns a De-i-ty nigh;
Field and foun-tain, moor and moun-tain, Fol-low-ing yon-der star.
King for-ev-er, ceas-ing nev-er O-ver us all to reign.
Prayer and prais-ing, all men rais-ing, Worship Him, God on high.
REFRAIN:
O star of won-der, star of night, Star with roy-al beau-ty bright,
West-ward lead-ing, still pro-ceed-ing, Guide us to thy per-fect light. A-MEN.

4 Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom:
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

5 Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice;
Alleluia, alleluia!
Earth to heaven replies.

126. As with Gladness Men of Old

William Chatterton Dix, 1860 Conrad Kocher, 1838


1. As with glad - ness men of old Did the guid - ing
2. As with joy - ful steps they sped To that low - ly
3. As they of - fered gifts most rare At that man - ger
star be - hold; As with joy they hailed its light,
man - ger - bed, There to bend the knee be - fore
rude and bare, So may we, with ho - ly joy,
Lead - ing on - ward, beam - ing bright: So, most gra - cious
Him whom heav'n and earth a - dore, So may we, with
Pure, and free from sin's al - loy, All our cost - liest
God, may we Ev - er - more be led by Thee.
will - ing feet, Ev - er seek Thy mer - cy - seat.
treas - ures bring, Christ, to Thee, our heav'n - ly King. A - MEN.

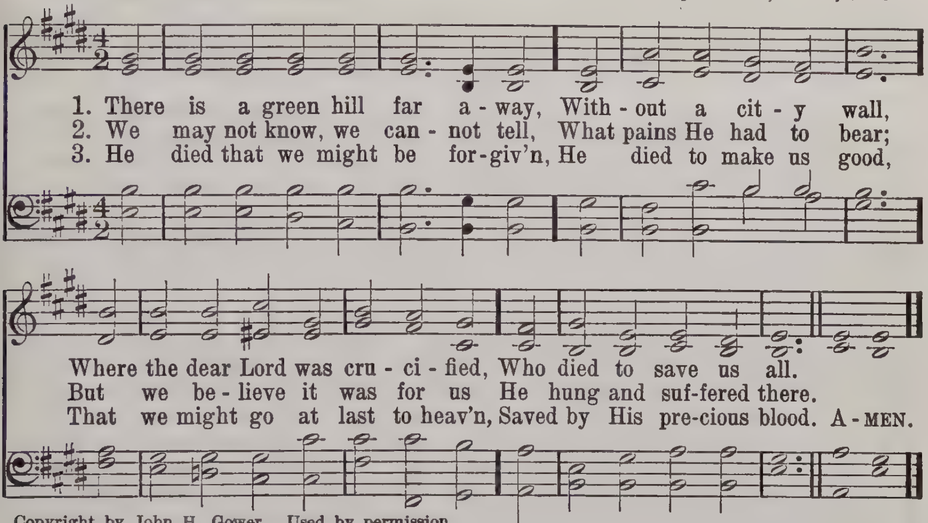
4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light:
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which ne'er goes down;
There forever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

127. There Is a Green Hill Far Away

Cecil Frances (Humphreys) Alexander, 1848

John Henry Gower, 1890


1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,
2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fered there.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His pre-cious blood. A - MEN.

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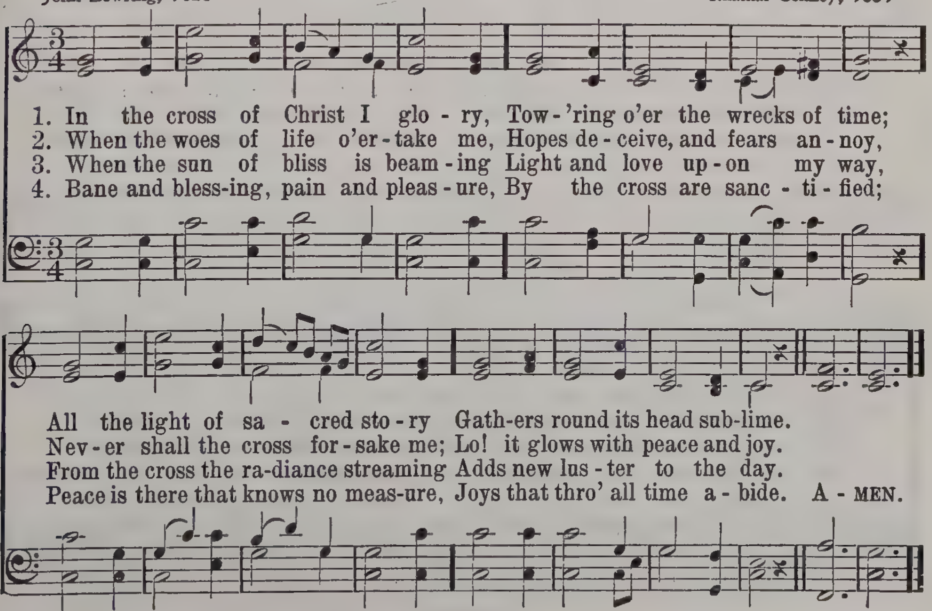
4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

128. In the Cross of Christ I Glory

John Bowring, 1825

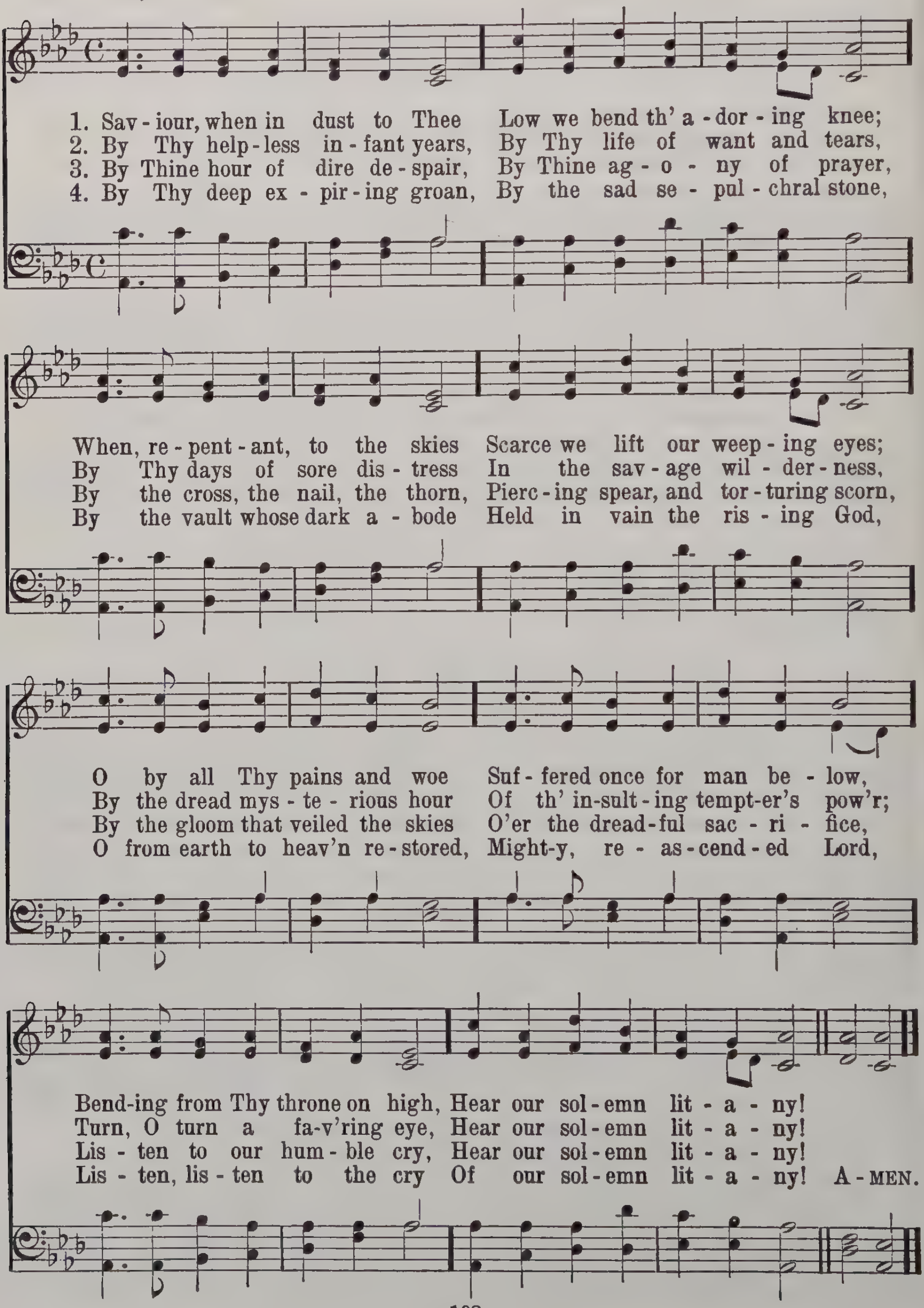
Ithamar Conkey, 1851


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - 'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam - ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas - ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra-diance streaming Adds new lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide. A - MEN.

129. Saviour, When in Dust to Thee

Robert Grant, 1815

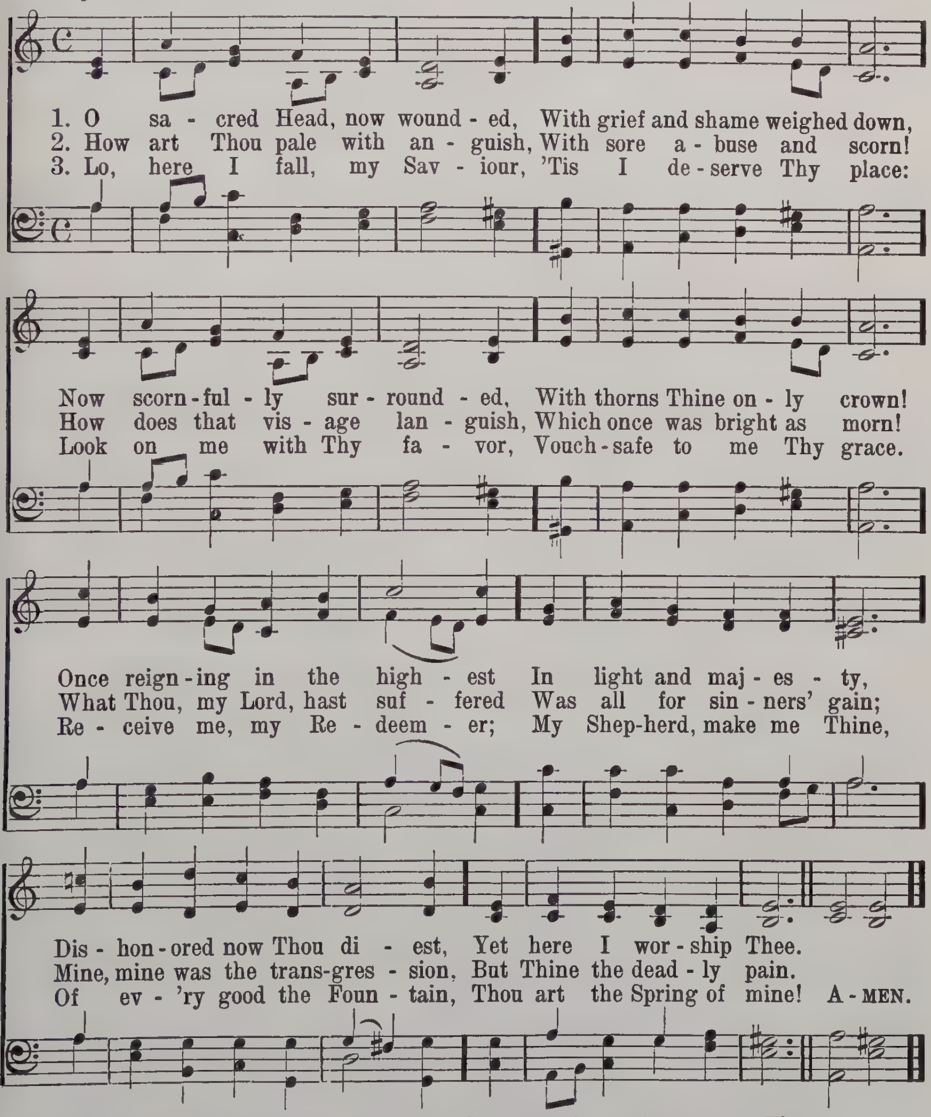
Spanish Melody


1. Sav-iour, when in dust to Thee Low we bend th' a-dor-ing knee;
2. By Thy help-less in-fant years, By Thy life of want and tears,
3. By Thine hour of dire de-spair, By Thine ag-o-ny of prayer,
4. By Thy deep ex-pir-ing groan, By the sad se-pul-chral stone,
When, re-pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep-ing eyes;
By Thy days of sore dis-tress In the sav-age wil-der-ness,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn, Pierc-ing spear, and tor-turing scorn,
By the vault whose dark a-bode Held in vain the ris-ing God,
O by all Thy pains and woe Suf-fered once for man be-low,
By the dread mys-te-rious hour Of th' in-sult-ing tempt-er's pow'r;
By the gloom that veiled the skies O'er the dread-ful sac-ri-fice,
O from earth to heav'n re-stored, Might-y, re-as-cend-ed Lord,
Bend-ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol-emn lit-a-ny!
Turn, O turn a fa-v'ring eye, Hear our sol-emn lit-a-ny!
Lis-ten to our hum-ble cry, Hear our sol-emn lit-a-ny!
Lis-ten, lis-ten to the cry Of our sol-emn lit-a-ny! A-MEN.

130. O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Bernard of Clairvaux, (1091–1153)
Paul Gerhardt, 1653
Tr. James W. Alexander

Hans Leo Hassler, 1601 and 1613


1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,
2. How art Thou pale with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn!
3. Lo, here I fall, my Sav - iour, 'Tis I de - serve Thy place:
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed, With thorns Thine on - ly crown!
How does that vis - age lan - guish, Which once was bright as morn!
Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouch - safe to me Thy grace.
Once reign - ing in the high - est In light and maj - es - ty,
What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain;
Re - ceive me, my Re - deem - er; My Shep - herd, make me Thine,
Dis - hon - ored now Thou di - est, Yet here I wor - ship Thee.
Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain.
Of ev - 'ry good the Foun - tain, Thou art the Spring of mine! A - MEN.

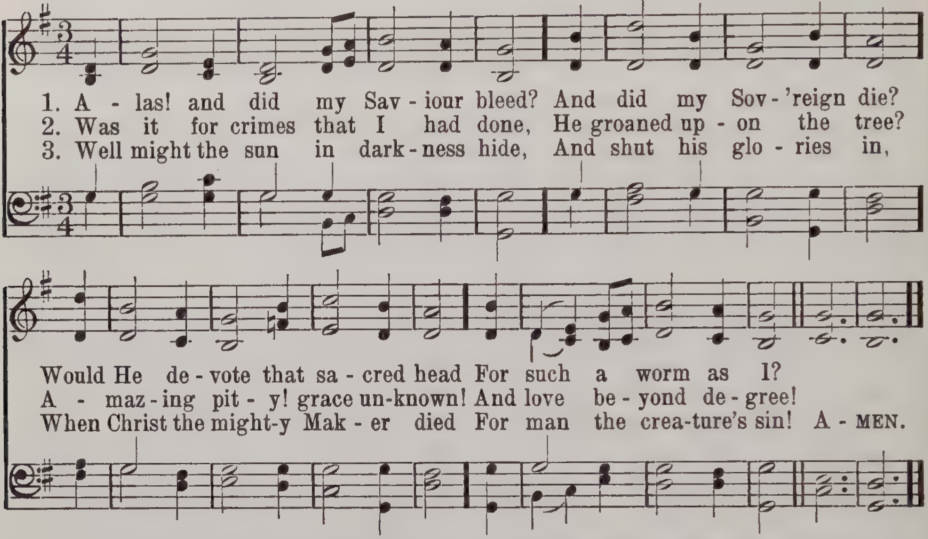
4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

5 Forbid that I should leave Thee;
O Jesus, leave not me;
In faith may I receive Thee,
When death shall set me free.
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish
By Thine own wounded heart.

131. Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed?

Isaac Watts, 1707, a.

Hugh Wilson, (1764-1824)


1. A - las! and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ the might-y Mak - er died For man the crea-ture's sin! A - MEN.

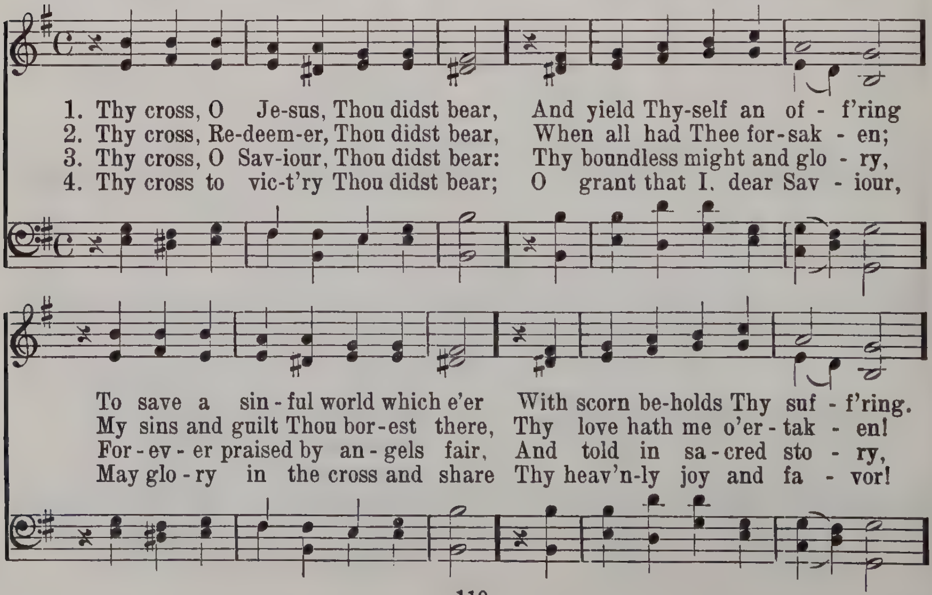
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

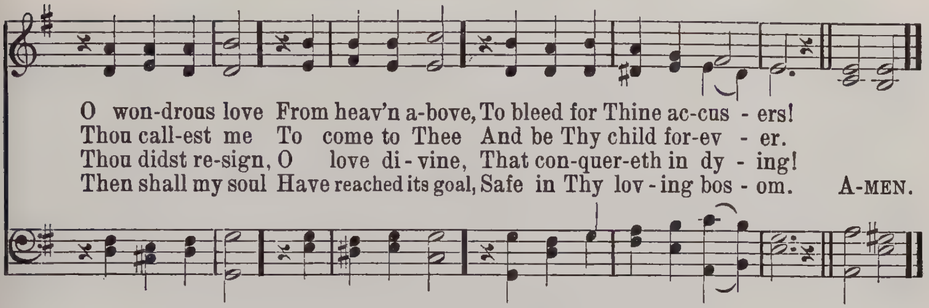
132. Thy Cross, O Jesus, Thou Didst Bear

Erik Gustaf Geijer, 1812
Tr. E. A. Edlén

Casper Friedrich Nachtenhöfer, 1651

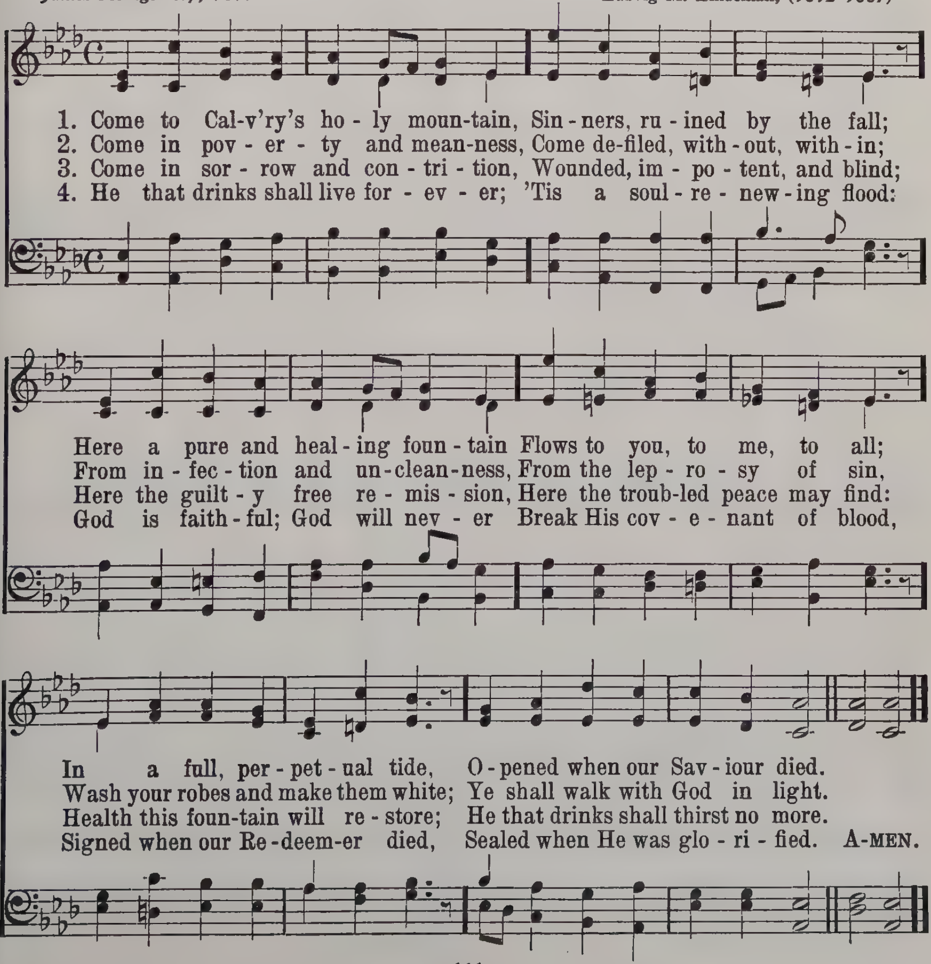

1. Thy cross, O Je-sus, Thou didst bear, And yield Thy-self an of - f'ring
2. Thy cross, Re-deem-er, Thou didst bear, When all had Thee for-sak - en;
3. Thy cross, O Sav-iour, Thou didst bear: Thy boundless might and glo - ry,
4. Thy cross to vic-t'ry Thou didst bear; O grant that I, dear Sav - iour,
To save a sin - ful world which e'er With scorn be-holds Thy suf - f'ring.
My sins and guilt Thou bor-est there, Thy love hath me o'er - tak - en!
For - ev - er praised by an - gels fair, And told in sa - cred sto - ry,
May glo - ry in the cross and share Thy heav'n-ly joy and fa - vor!

Thy Cross, O Jesus, Thou Didst Bear


O won-drous love From heav'n a-bove, To bleed for Thine ac-cus - ers!
Thou call-est me To come to Thee And be Thy child for-ev - er.
Thou didst re-sign, O love di-vine, That con-quer-eth in dy - ing!
Then shall my soul Have reached its goal, Safe in Thy lov-ing bos - om. A-MEN.

133. Come to Calvary's Holy Mountain

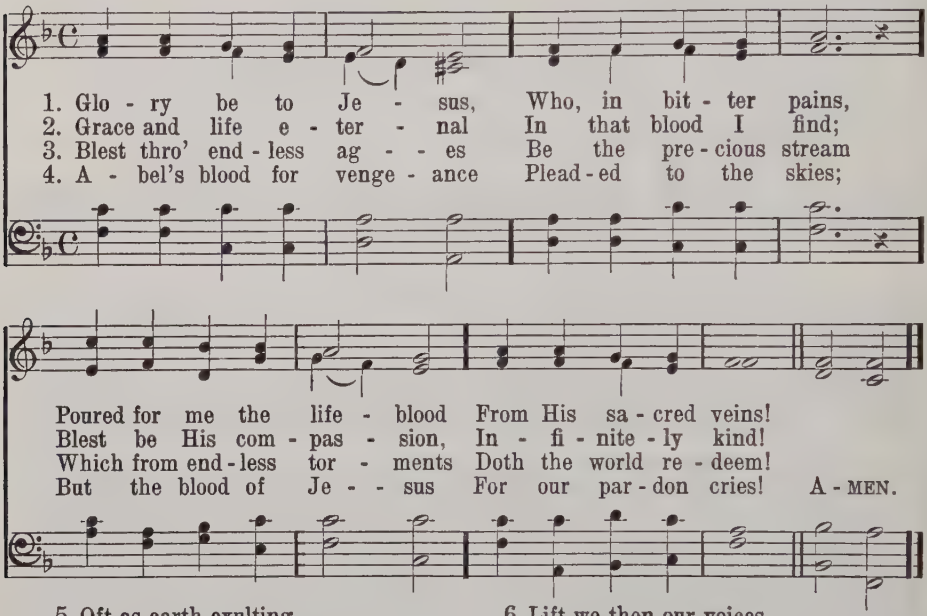
James Montgomery, 1819 — Ludvig M. Lindeman, (1812-1887)


1. Come to Cal-v'ry's ho - ly moun-tain, Sin-ners, ru - ined by the fall;
2. Come in pov - er - ty and mean-ness, Come de-filed, with-out, with-in;
3. Come in sor - row and con - tri - tion, Wounded, im - po - tent, and blind;
4. He that drinks shall live for - ev - er; 'Tis a soul - re - new-ing flood:
Here a pure and heal-ing foun - tain Flows to you, to me, to all;
From in - fec - tion and un-clean-ness, From the lep - ro - sy of sin,
Here the guilt - y free re - mis - sion, Here the troub-led peace may find:
God is faith - ful; God will nev - er Break His cov - e - nant of blood,
In a full, per - pet - ual tide, O-pened when our Sav - iour died.
Wash your robes and make them white; Ye shall walk with God in light.
Health this foun-tain will re - store; He that drinks shall thirst no more.
Signed when our Re-deem-er died, Sealed when He was glo - ri - fied. A-MEN.

134. Glory Be to Jesus

From the Italian
Tr. Edward Caswall, 1857

Friedrich Filitz, 1847


1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who, in bit - ter pains,
2. Grace and life e - ter - nal In that blood I find;
3. Blest thro' end - less ag - - es Be the pre - cious stream
4. A - bel's blood for venge - ance Plead - ed to the skies;
Poured for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins!
Blest be His com - pas - sion, In - fi - nite - ly kind!
Which from end - less tor - ments Doth the world re - deem!
But the blood of Je - - sus For our par - don cries! A - MEN.

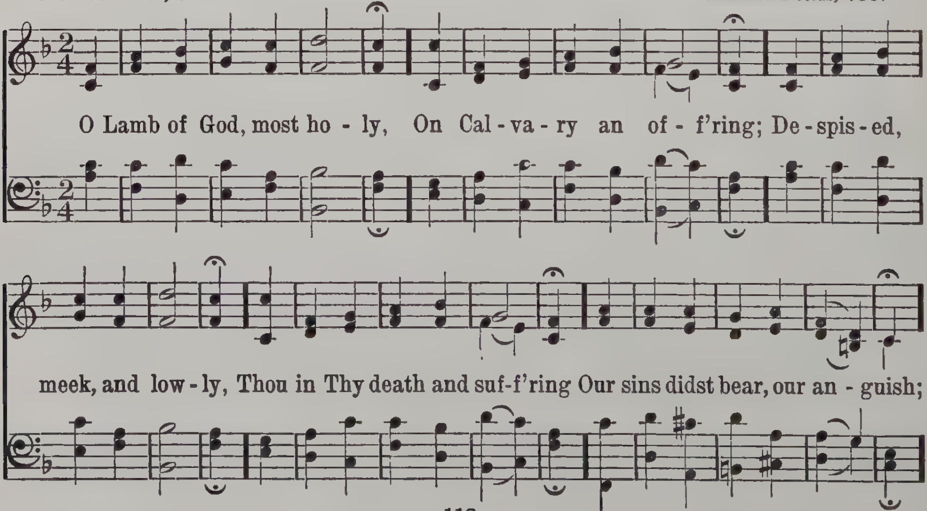
5 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

6 Lift we then our voices,
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still, and louder
Praise the precious blood!

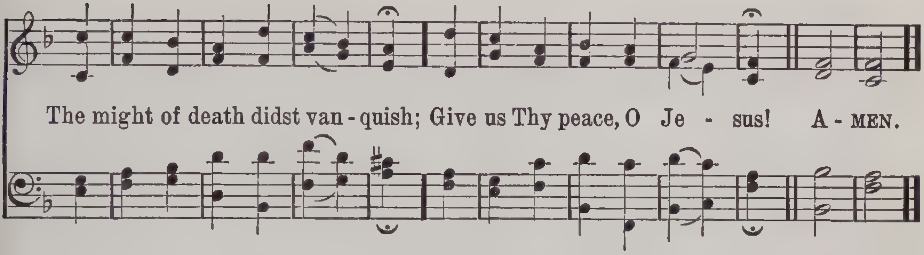
135. O Lamb of God, Most Holy

Nicolaus Decius, 1526

Nicolaus Decius, 1539

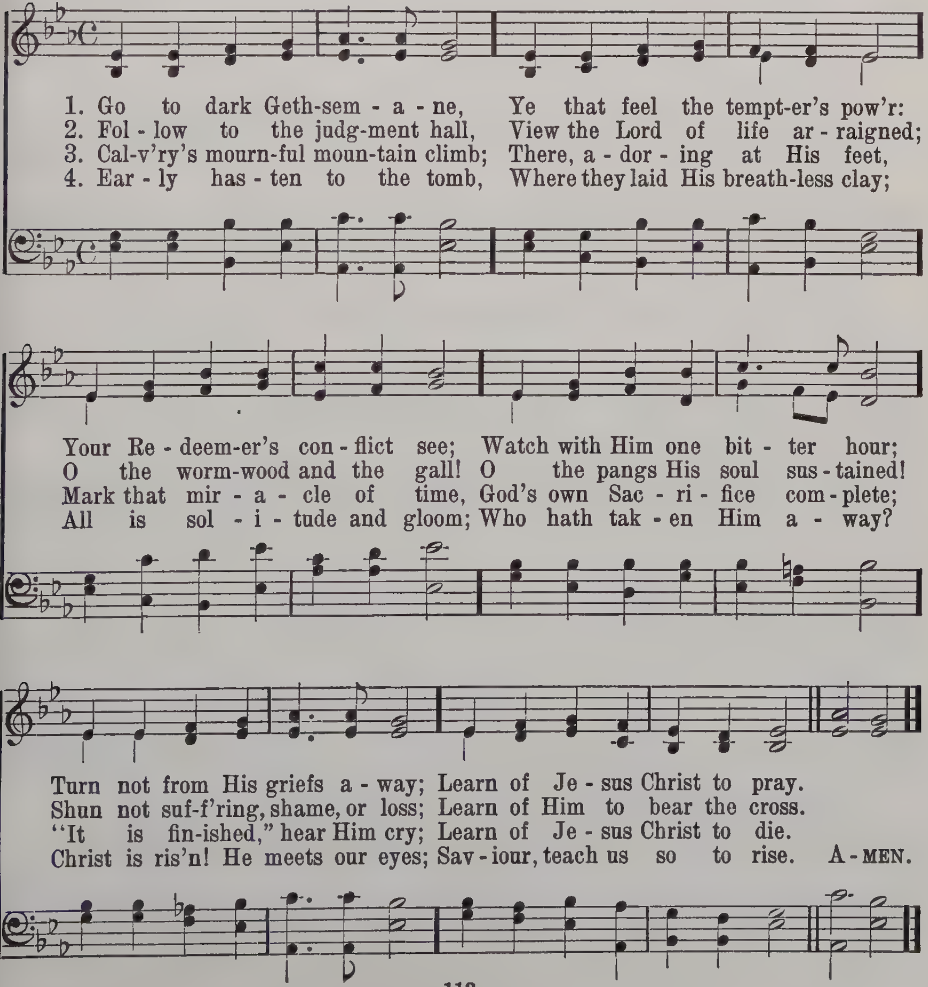

O Lamb of God, most ho - ly, On Cal - va - ry an of - f'ring; De - spis - ed,
meek, and low - ly, Thou in Thy death and suf - f'ring Our sins didst bear, our an - guish;

O Lamb of God, Most Holy


The might of death didst van - quish; Give us Thy peace, O Je - sus! A - MEN.

136. Go to Dark Gethsemane

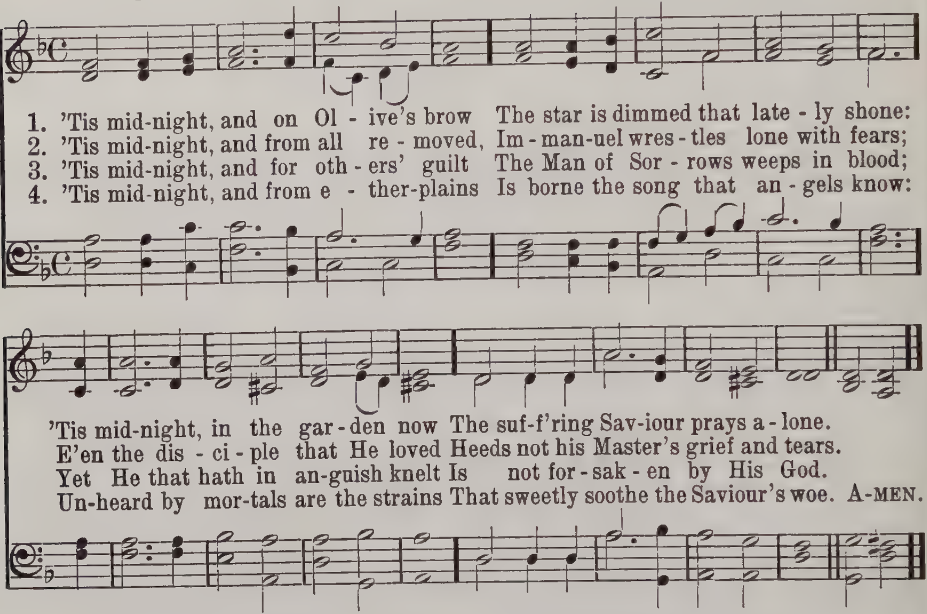
James Montgomery, 1825
Richard Redhead, 1853


1. Go to dark Geth-sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the tempt-er's pow'r:
2. Fol - low to the judg-ment hall, View the Lord of life ar - raigned;
3. Cal-v'ry's mourn-ful moun-tain climb; There, a - dor - ing at His feet,
4. Ear - ly has - ten to the tomb, Where they laid His breath-less clay;
Your Re - deem-er's con - flict see; Watch with Him one bit - ter hour;
O the worm-wood and the gall! O the pangs His soul sus - tained!
Mark that mir - a - cle of time, God's own Sac - ri - fice com - plete;
All is sol - i - tude and gloom; Who hath tak - en Him a - way?
Turn not from His griefs a - way; Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.
Shun not suf-f'ring, shame, or loss; Learn of Him to bear the cross.
"It is fin-ished," hear Him cry; Learn of Je - sus Christ to die.
Christ is ris'n! He meets our eyes; Sav - iour, teach us so to rise. A - MEN.

137. 'Tis Midnight, and on Olive's Brow

William Bingham Tappan, 1822

John Bacchus Dykes, (1823–1876)



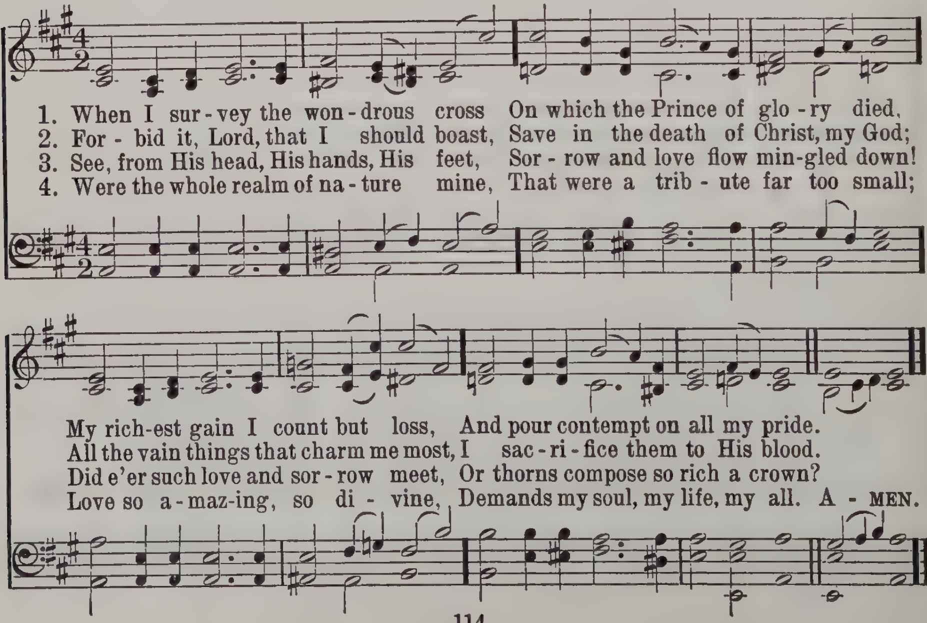
1. 'Tis mid-night, and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone:
2. 'Tis mid-night, and from all re - moved, Im - man-uel wres - tles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis mid-night, and for oth - ers' guilt The Man of Sor - rows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis mid-night, and from e - ther-plains Is borne the song that an - gels know:

'Tis mid-night, in the gar - den now The suf-f'ring Sav-iour prays a - lone.
E'en the dis - ci - ple that He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
Yet He that hath in an-guish knelt Is not for - sak - en by His God.
Un-heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe. A-MEN.

138. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Isaac Watts, 1707, a.

James Remington Fairlamb, 1864



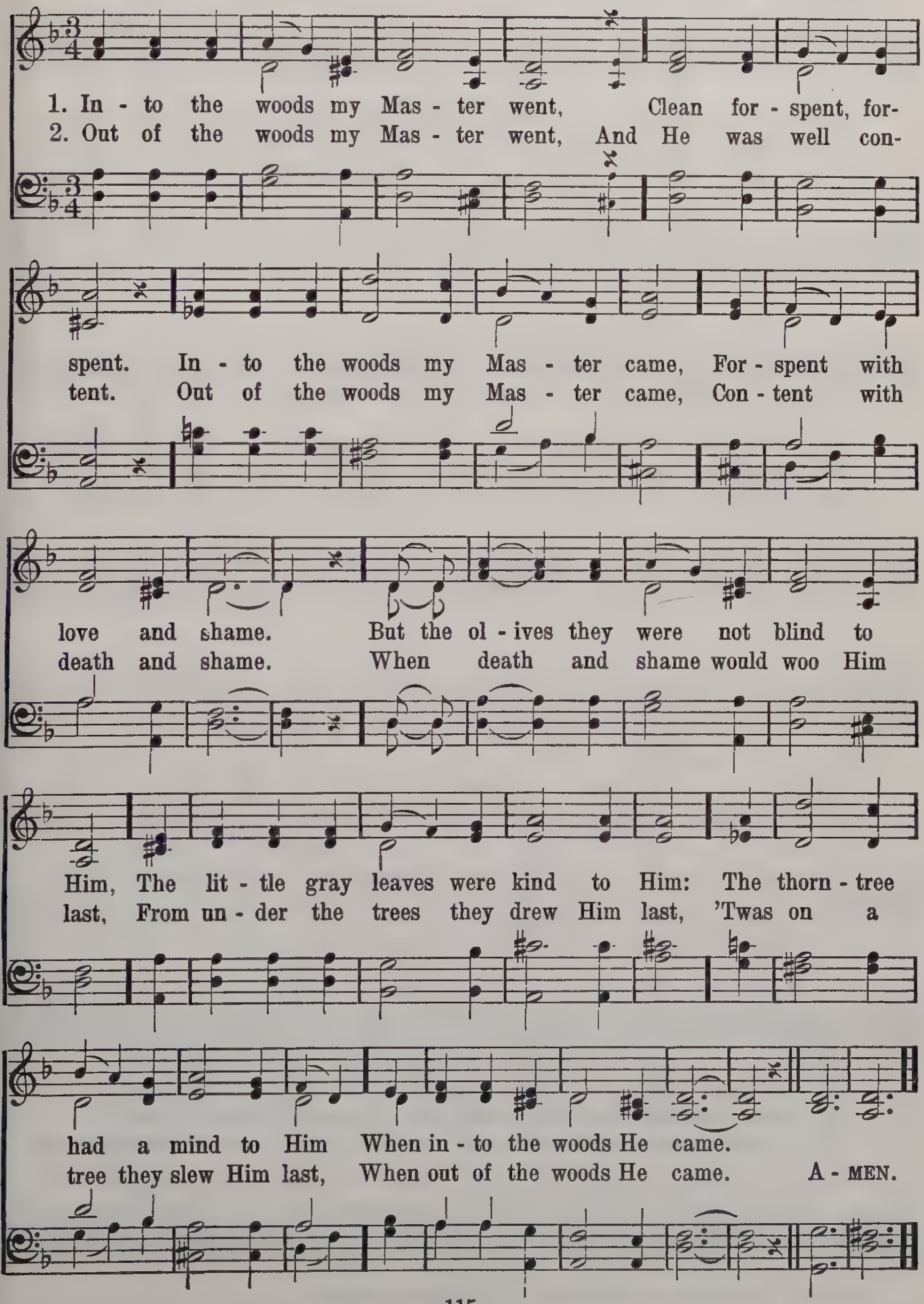
1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min-gled down!
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a trib - ute far too small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz-ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all. A - MEN.

139. Into the Woods My Master Went

Sydney Lanier, 1880

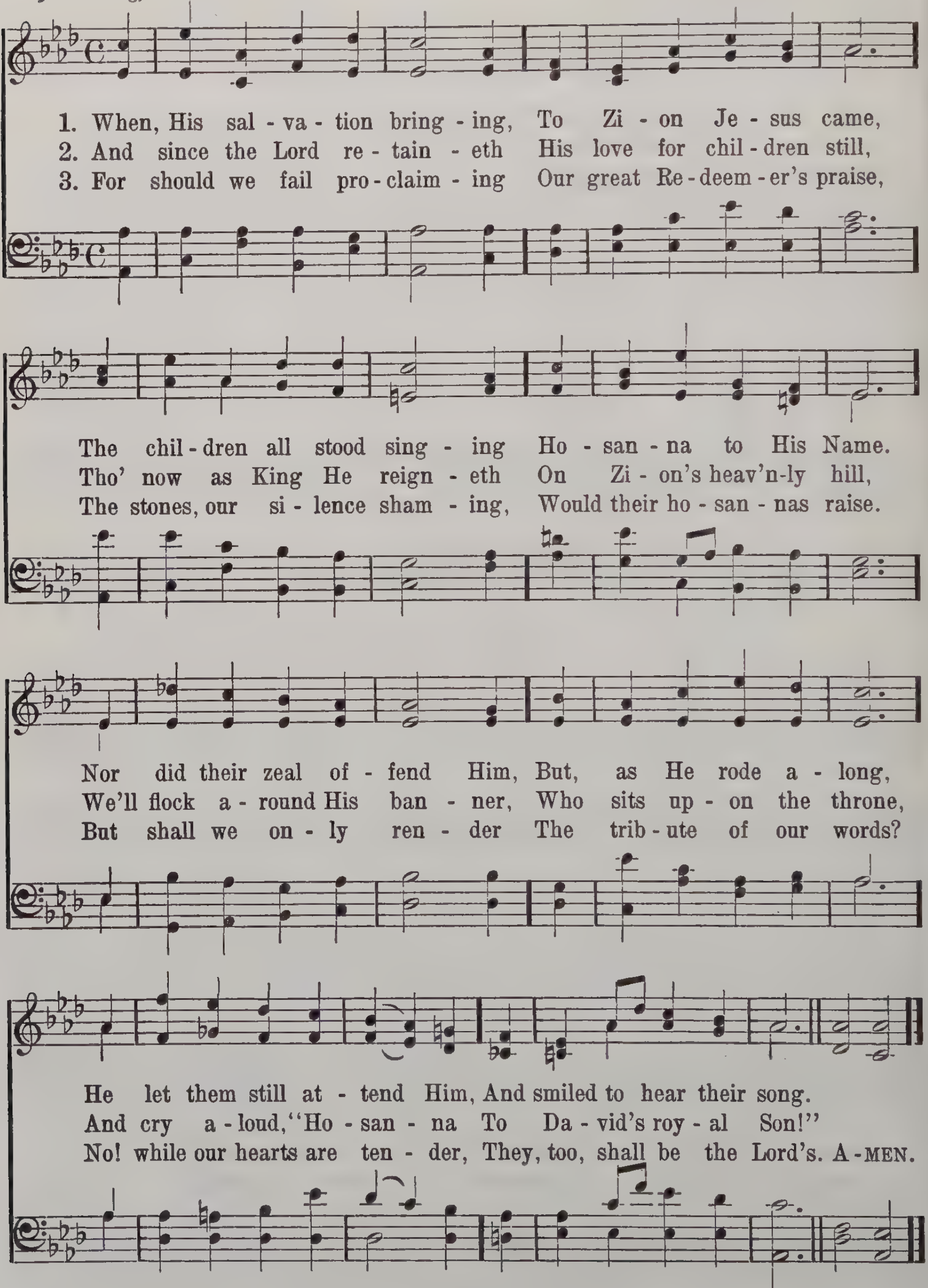
Arranged from H. M. Hansen


1. In - to the woods my Mas - ter went, Clean for - spent, for-
2. Out of the woods my Mas - ter went, And He was well con-
spent. In - to the woods my Mas - ter came, For - spent with
tent. Out of the woods my Mas - ter came, Con - tent with
love and shame. But the ol - ives they were not blind to
death and shame. When death and shame would woo Him
Him, The lit - tle gray leaves were kind to Him: The thorn - tree
last, From un - der the trees they drew Him last, 'Twas on a
had a mind to Him When in - to the woods He came.
tree they slew Him last, When out of the woods He came.
A - MEN.

140. When, His Salvation Bringing

Joshua King, 1830

Berthold Tours, 1875

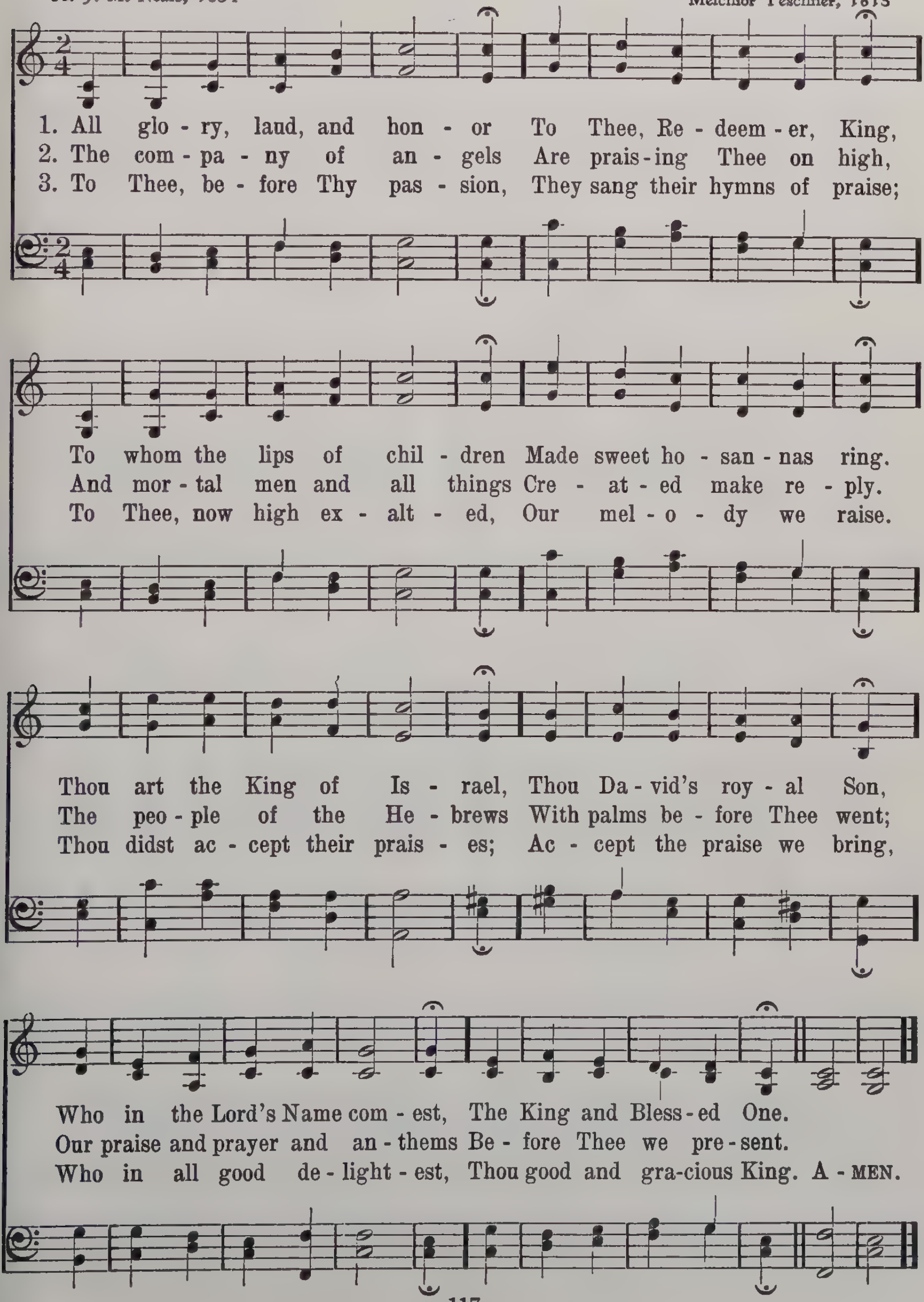

1. When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,
2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love for chil - dren still,
3. For should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Re - deem - er's praise,
The chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His Name.
Tho' now as King He reign - eth On Zi - on's heav'n-ly hill,
The stones, our si - lence sham - ing, Would their ho - san - nas raise.
Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But, as He rode a - long,
We'll flock a - round His ban - ner, Who sits up - on the throne,
But shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute of our words?
He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.
And cry a - loud, "Ho - san - na To Da - vid's roy - al Son!"
No! while our hearts are ten - der, They, too, shall be the Lord's. A - MEN.

Hymns for First Sunday in Advent are also suitable for Palm Sunday.

141. All Glory, Laud, and Honor

Theodulph of Orleans, about 820
Tr. J. M. Neale, 1854

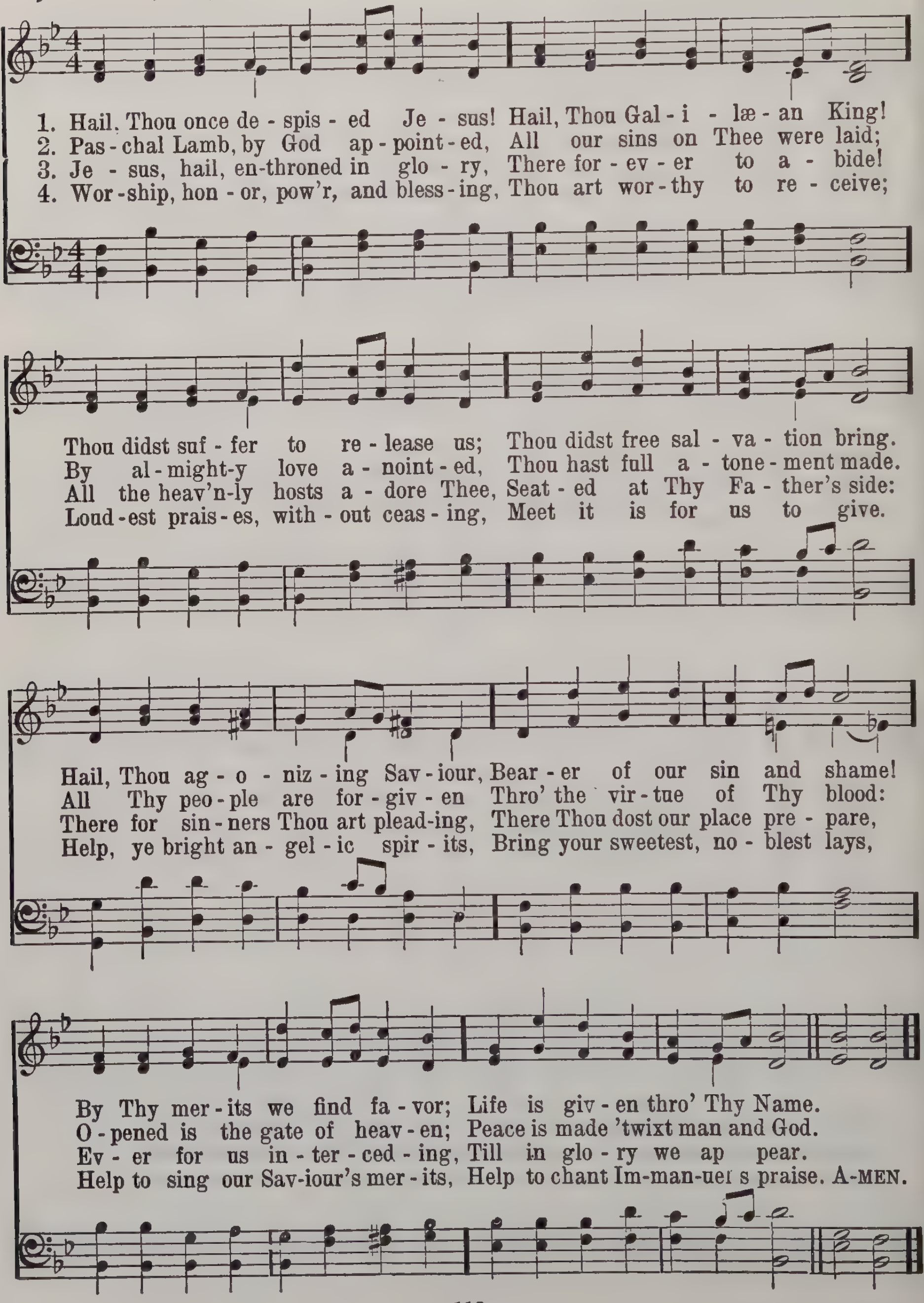
Melchior Teschner, 1613


1. All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,
2. The com - pa - ny of an - gels Are prais - ing Thee on high,
3. To Thee, be - fore Thy pas - sion, They sang their hymns of praise;
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.
And mor - tal men and all things Cre - at - ed make re - ply.
To Thee, now high ex - alt - ed, Our mel - o - dy we raise.
Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,
The peo - ple of the He - brews With palms be - fore Thee went;
Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; Ac - cept the praise we bring,
Who in the Lord's Name com - est, The King and Bless - ed One.
Our praise and prayer and an - thems Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.
Who in all good de - light - est, Thou good and gra - cious King. A - MEN.

142. Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus

John Bakewell, 1757, a.

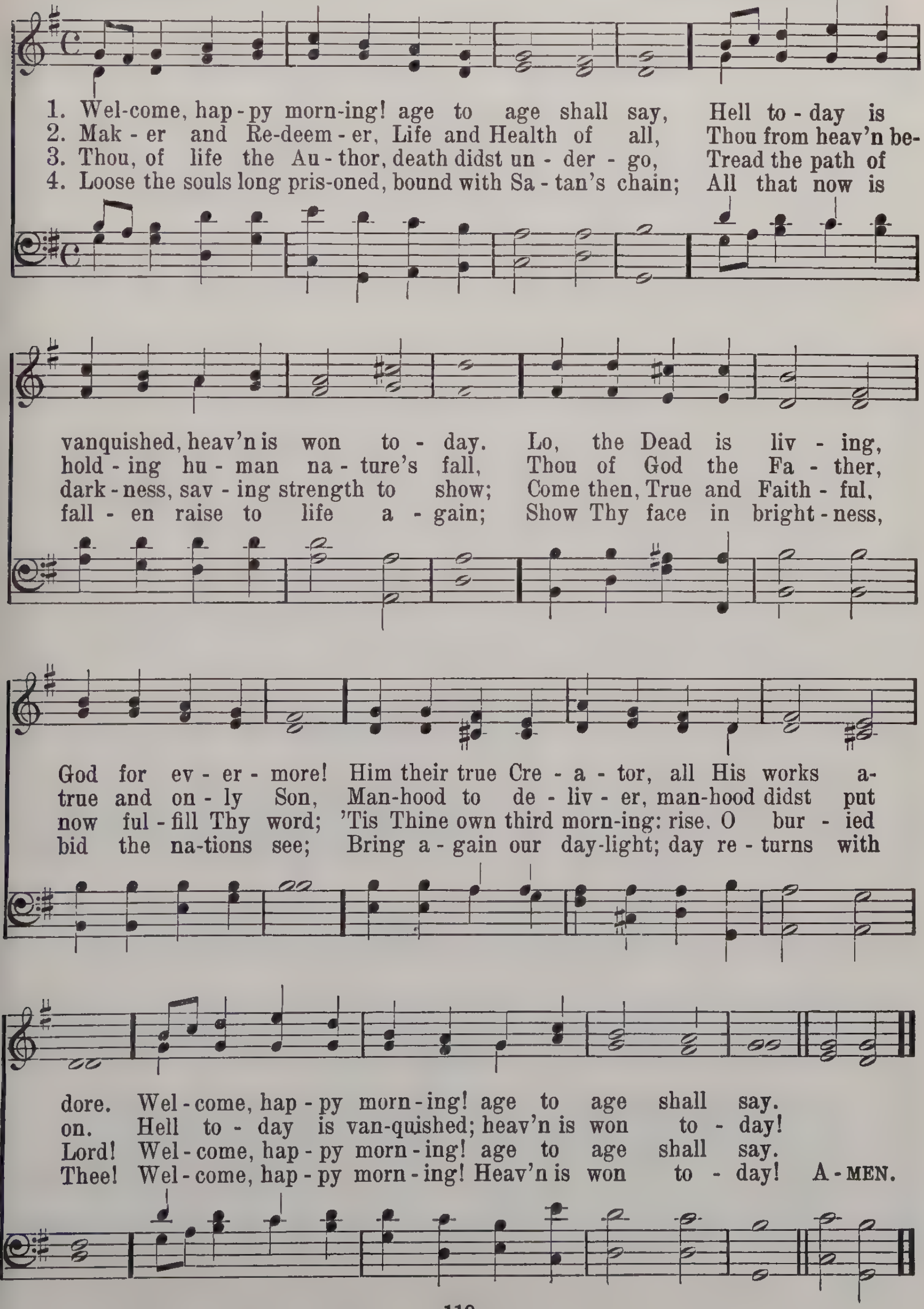
John Zundel, 1870


1. Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, Thou Gal - i - læ - an King!
2. Pas - chal Lamb, by God ap - point - ed, All our sins on Thee were laid;
3. Je - sus, hail, en-throned in glo - ry, There for - ev - er to a - bide!
4. Wor - ship, hon - or, pow'r, and bless - ing, Thou art wor - thy to re - ceive;
Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.
By al - might - y love a - noint - ed, Thou hast full a - tone - ment made.
All the heav'n-ly hosts a - dore Thee, Seat - ed at Thy Fa - ther's side:
Loud - est prais - es, with - out ceas - ing, Meet it is for us to give.
Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame!
All Thy peo - ple are for - giv - en Thro' the vir - tue of Thy blood:
There for sin - ners Thou art plead-ing, There Thou dost our place pre - pare,
Help, ye bright an - gel - ic spir - its, Bring your sweetest, no - blest lays,
By Thy mer - its we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en thro' Thy Name.
O - pened is the gate of heav - en; Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
Ev - er for us in - ter - ced - ing, Till in glo - ry we ap pear.
Help to sing our Sav-iour's mer - its, Help to chant Im-man-uel's praise. A-MEN.

143. Welcome, Happy Morning! Age to Age Shall Say

Venantius Fortunatus, (530–609)

Arthur Seymour Sullivan, 1872



1. Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say,
Hell today is vanquished, heav'n is won today.
Lo, the Dead is living, God for evermore!
Him their true Creator, all His works adore.
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say.

2. Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from heav'n beholding human nature's fall,
Thou of God the Father, true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell today is vanquished; heav'n is won today!

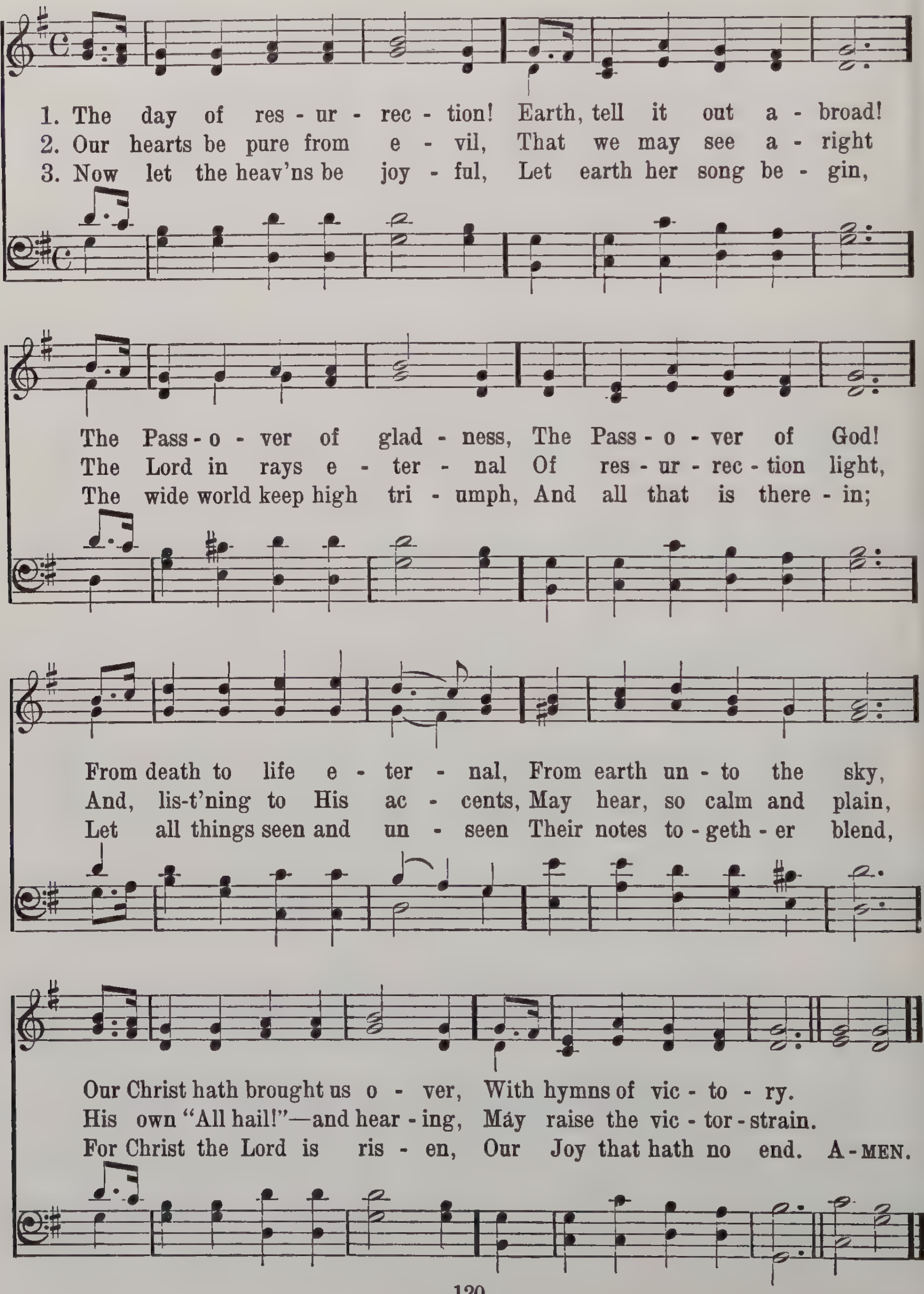
3. Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfill Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord!
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say.

4. Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee!
Welcome, happy morning! Heav'n is won today! A-MEN.

144. The Day of Resurrection!

John of Damascus, 8th Century
Tr. John Mason Neale

S. Salvatori



1. The day of resurrection! Earth, tell it out abroad!
The Passover of gladness, The Passover of God!
From death to life eternal, From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over, With hymns of victory.

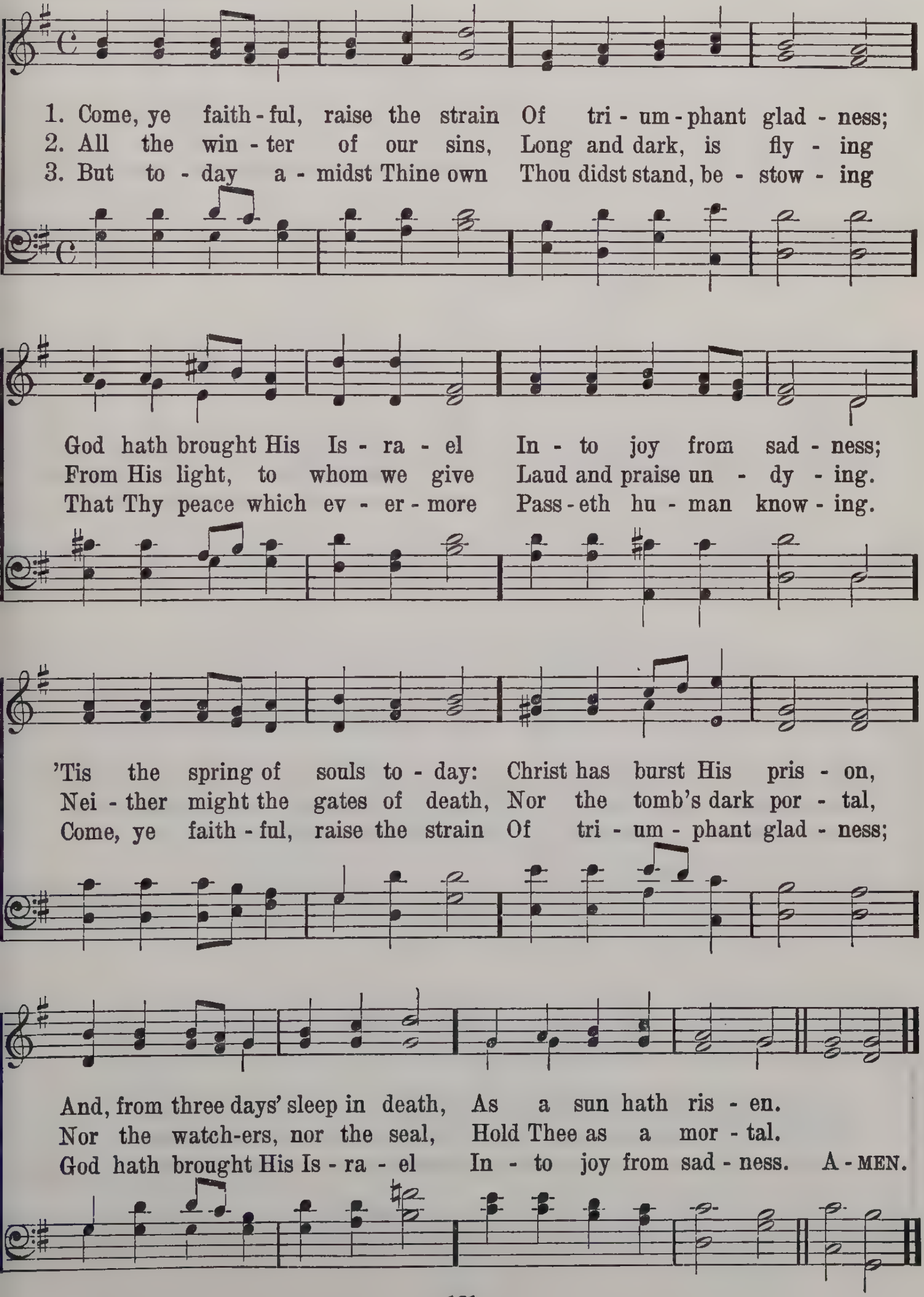
2. Our hearts be pure from evil, That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal Of resurrection light,
And, lis-t'ning to His accents, May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!"—and hearing, May raise the victor-strain.

3. Now let the heav'ns be joyful, Let earth her song begin,
The wide world keep high triumph, And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen Their notes together blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen, Our Joy that hath no end. AMEN.

145. Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain

John of Damascus, 8th Century
Tr. John Mason Neale

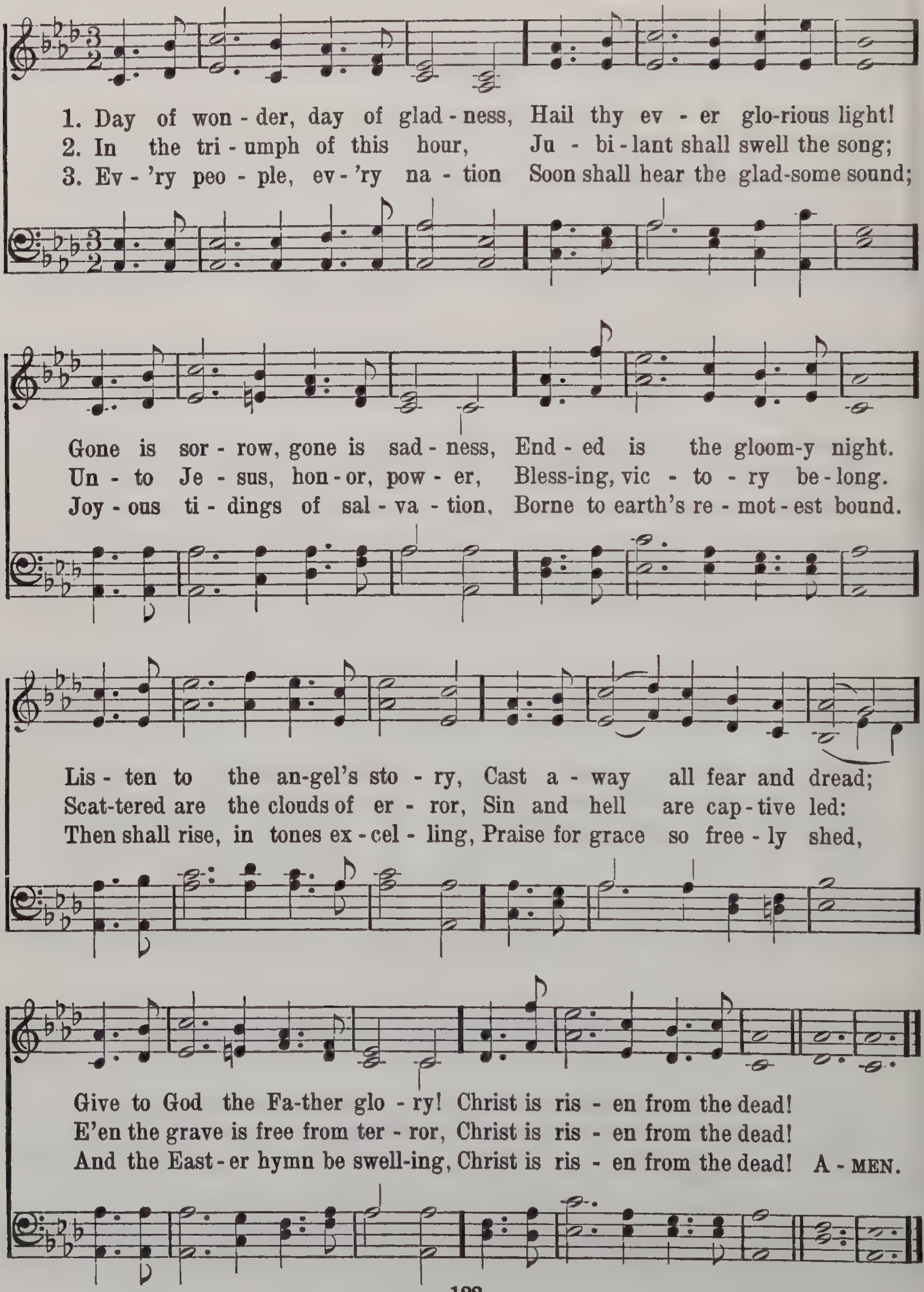
Arthur Seymour Sullivan, 1872


1. Come, ye faithful, raise the strain Of triumphant gladness;
2. All the winter of our sins, Long and dark, is flying
3. But today amidst Thine own Thou didst stand, bestowing
God hath brought His Israel Into joy from sadness;
From His light, to whom we give Laud and praise undying.
That Thy peace which evermore Passeth human knowing.
'Tis the spring of souls today: Christ has burst His prison,
Neither might the gates of death, Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain Of triumphant gladness;
And, from three days' sleep in death, As a sun hath risen.
Nor the watchers, nor the seal, Hold Thee as a mortal.
God hath brought His Israel Into joy from sadness. AMEN.

146. Day of Wonder, Day of Gladness

B. H. Hall

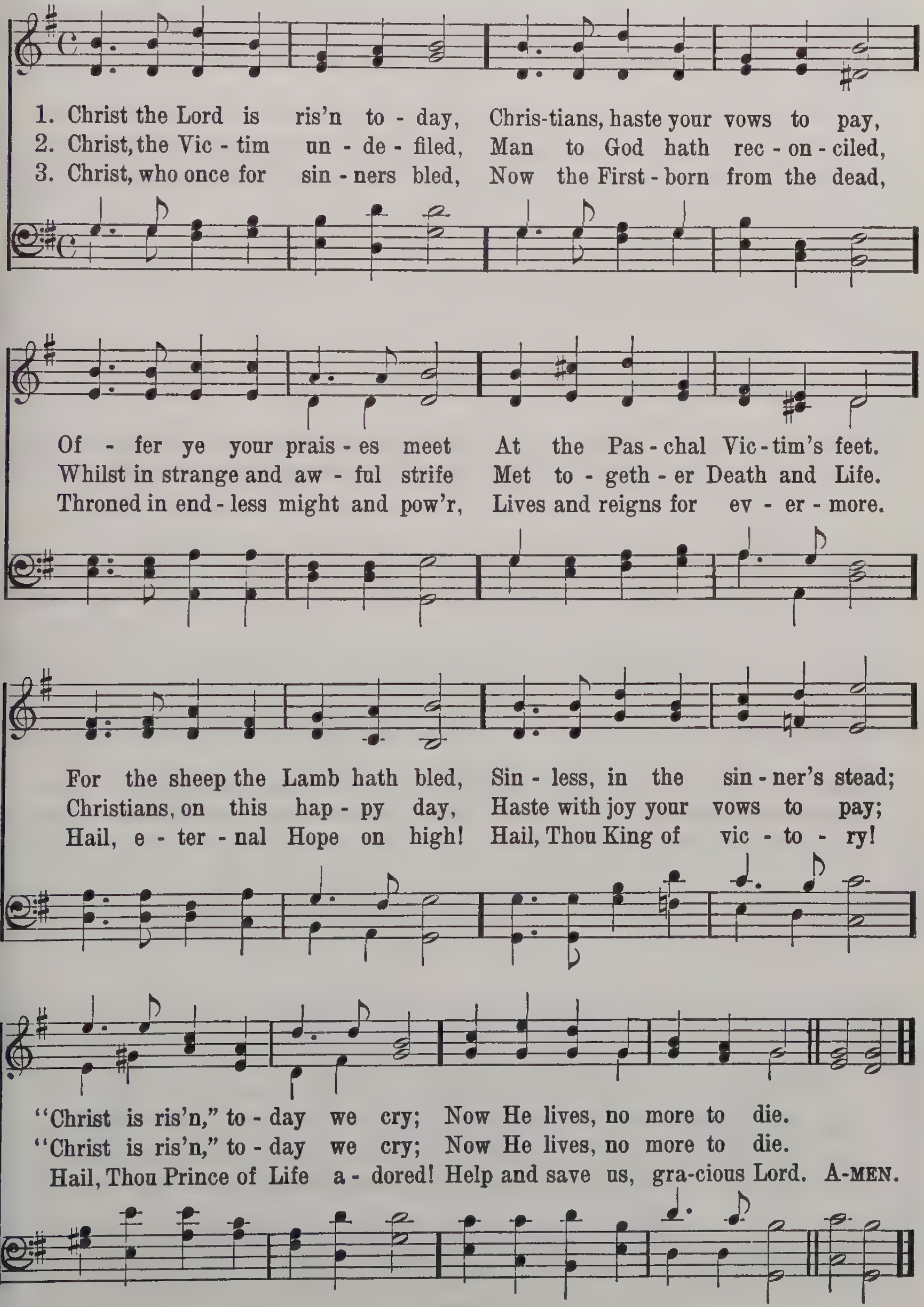
Spanish Melody
Francois Hippolite Barthelemon? (1741–1808)


1. Day of won - der, day of glad - ness, Hail thy ev - er glo-rious light!
2. In the tri - umph of this hour, Ju - bi - lant shall swell the song;
3. Ev - 'ry peo - ple, ev - 'ry na - tion Soon shall hear the glad-some sound;
Gone is sor - row, gone is sad - ness, End - ed is the gloom-y night.
Un - to Je - sus, hon - or, pow - er, Bless-ing, vic - to - ry be - long.
Joy - ous ti - dings of sal - va - tion, Borne to earth's re - mot - est bound.
Lis - ten to the an-gel's sto - ry, Cast a - way all fear and dread;
Scat-tered are the clouds of er - ror, Sin and hell are cap - tive led:
Then shall rise, in tones ex - cel - ling, Praise for grace so free - ly shed,
Give to God the Fa-ther glo - ry! Christ is ris - en from the dead!
E'en the grave is free from ter - ror, Christ is ris - en from the dead!
And the East - er hymn be swell-ing, Christ is ris - en from the dead! A - MEN.

147. Christ the Lord Is Risen To-day

Based on the Latin, 12th Century

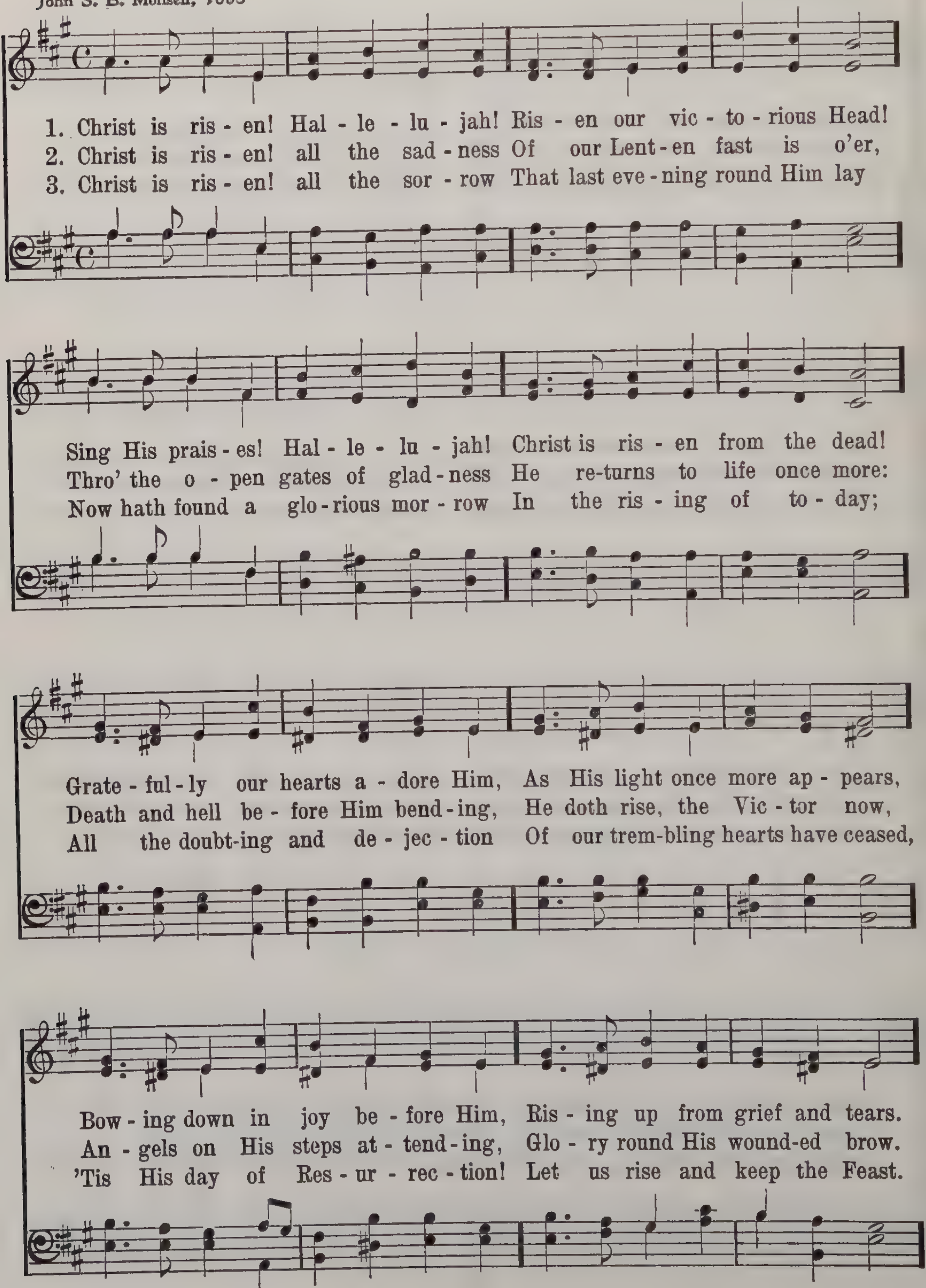
George Job Elvey, 1858


1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Chris-tians, haste your vows to pay,
2. Christ, the Vic - tim un - de - filed, Man to God hath rec - on - ciled,
3. Christ, who once for sin - ners bled, Now the First - born from the dead,
Of - fer ye your prais - es meet At the Pas - chal Vic - tim's feet.
Whilst in strange and aw - ful strife Met to - geth - er Death and Life.
Throned in end - less might and pow'r, Lives and reigns for ev - er - more.
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled, Sin - less, in the sin - ner's stead;
Christians, on this hap - py day, Haste with joy your vows to pay;
Hail, e - ter - nal Hope on high! Hail, Thou King of vic - to - ry!
"Christ is ris'n," to - day we cry; Now He lives, no more to die.
"Christ is ris'n," to - day we cry; Now He lives, no more to die.
Hail, Thou Prince of Life a - dored! Help and save us, gra-cious Lord. A-MEN.

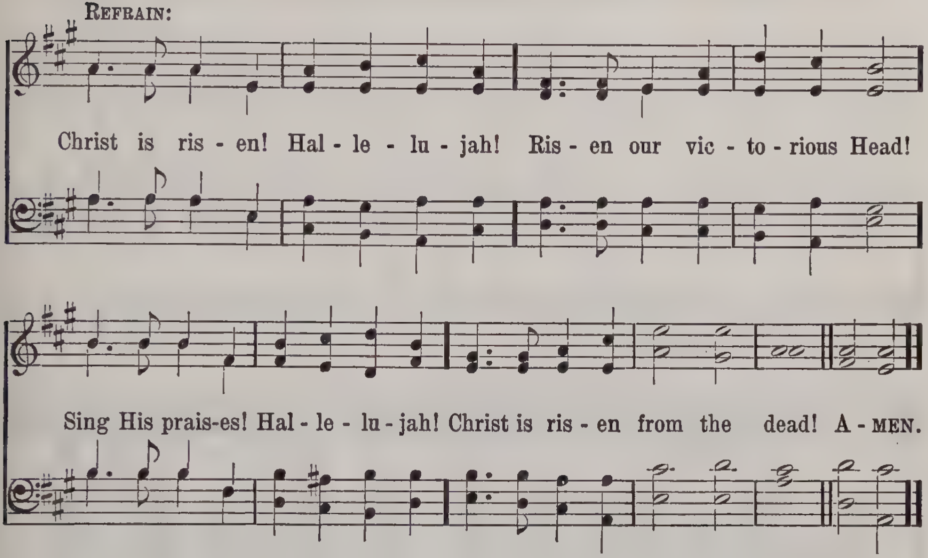
148. Christ Is Risen! Hallelujah!

John S. B. Monsell, 1863

Frederick C. Maker, (1844——)


1. Christ is ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah! Ris - en our vic - to - rious Head!
2. Christ is ris - en! all the sad - ness Of our Lent - en fast is o'er,
3. Christ is ris - en! all the sor - row That last eve - ning round Him lay
Sing His prais - es! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is ris - en from the dead!
Thro' the o - pen gates of glad - ness He re-turns to life once more:
Now hath found a glo - rious mor - row In the ris - ing of to - day;
Grate - ful - ly our hearts a - dore Him, As His light once more ap - pears,
Death and hell be - fore Him bend - ing, He doth rise, the Vic - tor now,
All the doubt-ing and de - jec - tion Of our trem-bling hearts have ceased,
Bow - ing down in joy be - fore Him, Ris - ing up from grief and tears.
An - gels on His steps at - tend - ing, Glo - ry round His wound-ed brow.
'Tis His day of Res - ur - rec - tion! Let us rise and keep the Feast.

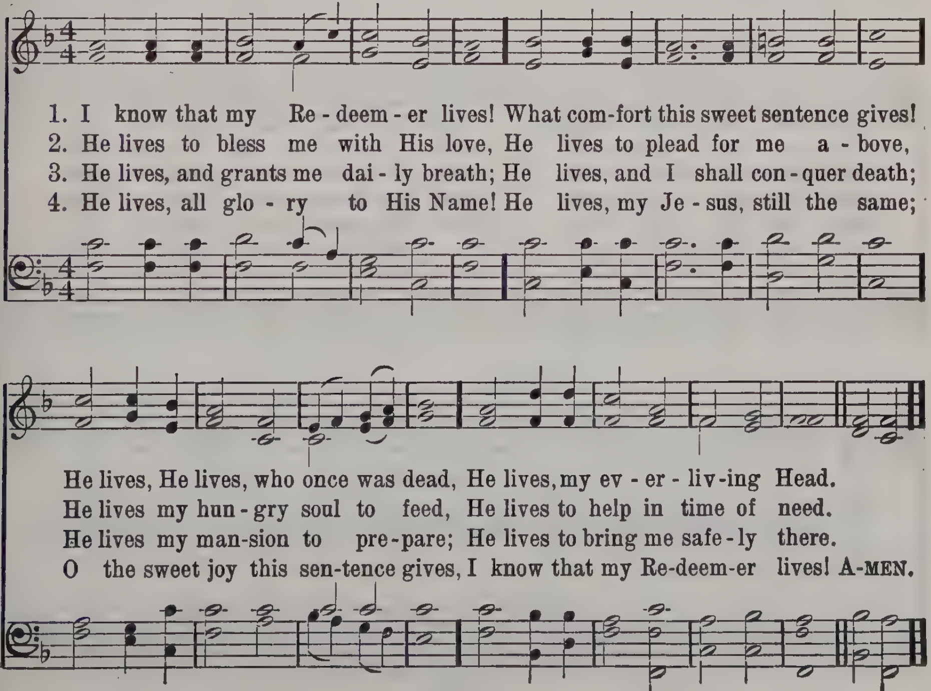
Christ Is Risen! Hallelujah!


REFRAIN:
Christ is ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah! Ris - en our vic - to - rious Head!
Sing His prais-es! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is ris - en from the dead! A - MEN.

149. I Know That My Redeemer Lives

Samuel Medley, 1775

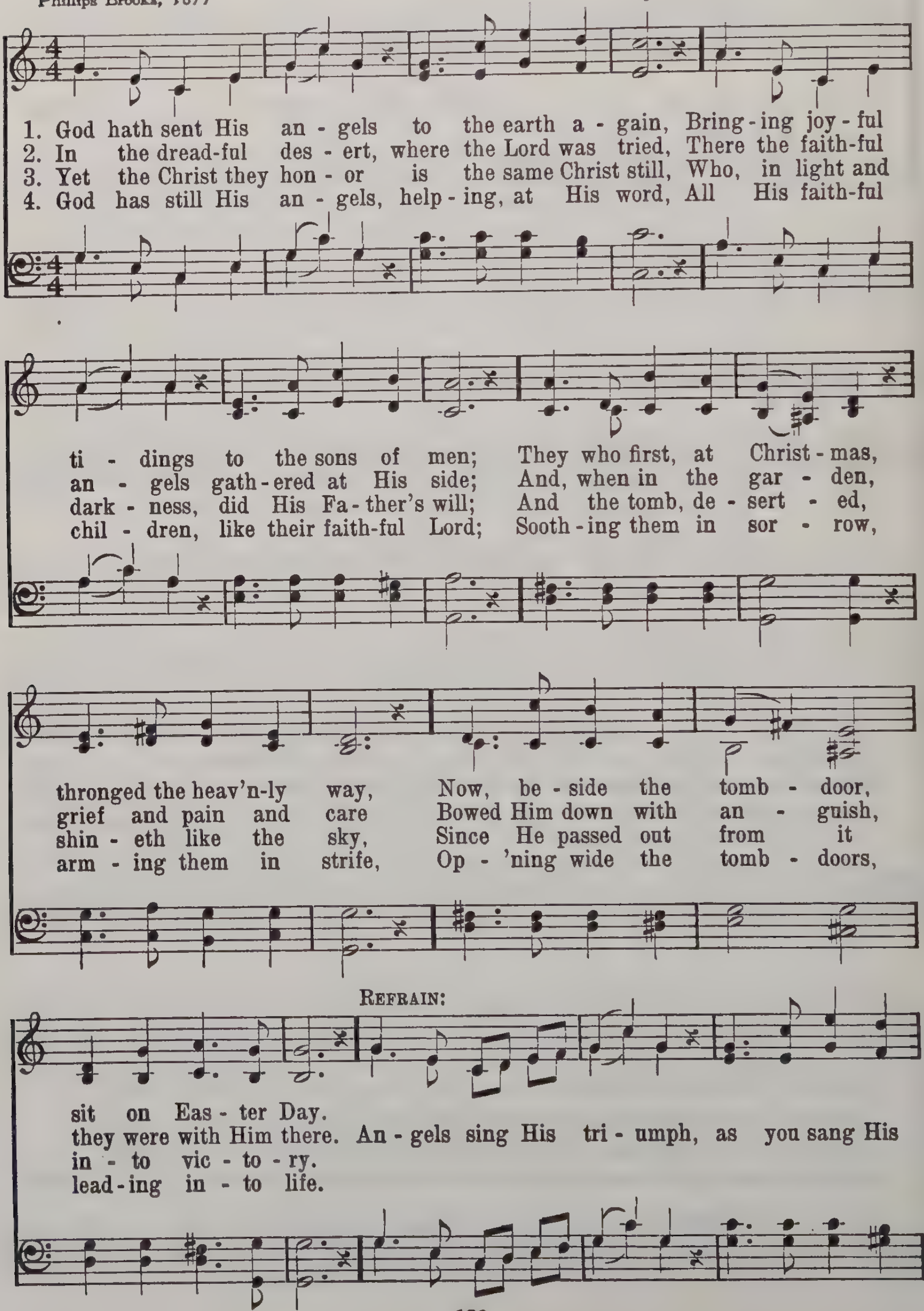
Henry Kemble Oliver, 1832


1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives! What com-fort this sweet sentence gives!
2. He lives to bless me with His love, He lives to plead for me a - bove,
3. He lives, and grants me dai - ly breath; He lives, and I shall con - quer death;
4. He lives, all glo - ry to His Name! He lives, my Je - sus, still the same;
He lives, He lives, who once was dead, He lives, my ev - er - liv-ing Head.
He lives my hun - gry soul to feed, He lives to help in time of need.
He lives my man-sion to pre-pare; He lives to bring me safe - ly there.
O the sweet joy this sen-tence gives, I know that my Re-deem-er lives! A-MEN.

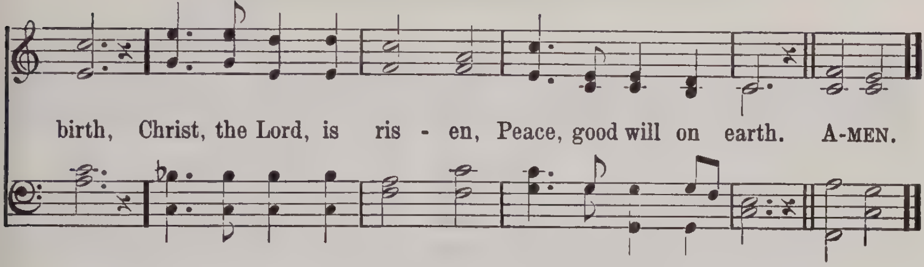
150. God Hath Sent His Angels to the Earth Again

Phillips Brooks, 1877

James C. D. Parker, 1828–


1. God hath sent His an - gels to the earth a - gain, Bring - ing joy - ful
2. In the dread - ful des - ert, where the Lord was tried, There the faith - ful
3. Yet the Christ they hon - or is the same Christ still, Who, in light and
4. God has still His an - gels, help - ing, at His word, All His faith - ful
ti - dings to the sons of men; They who first, at Christ - mas,
an - gels gath - ered at His side; And, when in the gar - den,
dark - ness, did His Fa - ther's will; And the tomb, de - sert - ed,
chil - dren, like their faith - ful Lord; Sooth - ing them in sor - row,
thronged the heav'n - ly way, Now, be - side the tomb - door,
grief and pain and care Bowed Him down with an - guish,
shin - eth like the sky, Since He passed out from it
arm - ing them in strife, Op - 'ning wide the tomb - doors,
Refrain:
sit on Eas - ter Day.
they were with Him there. An - gels sing His tri - umph, as you sang His
in - to vic - to - ry.
lead - ing in - to life.

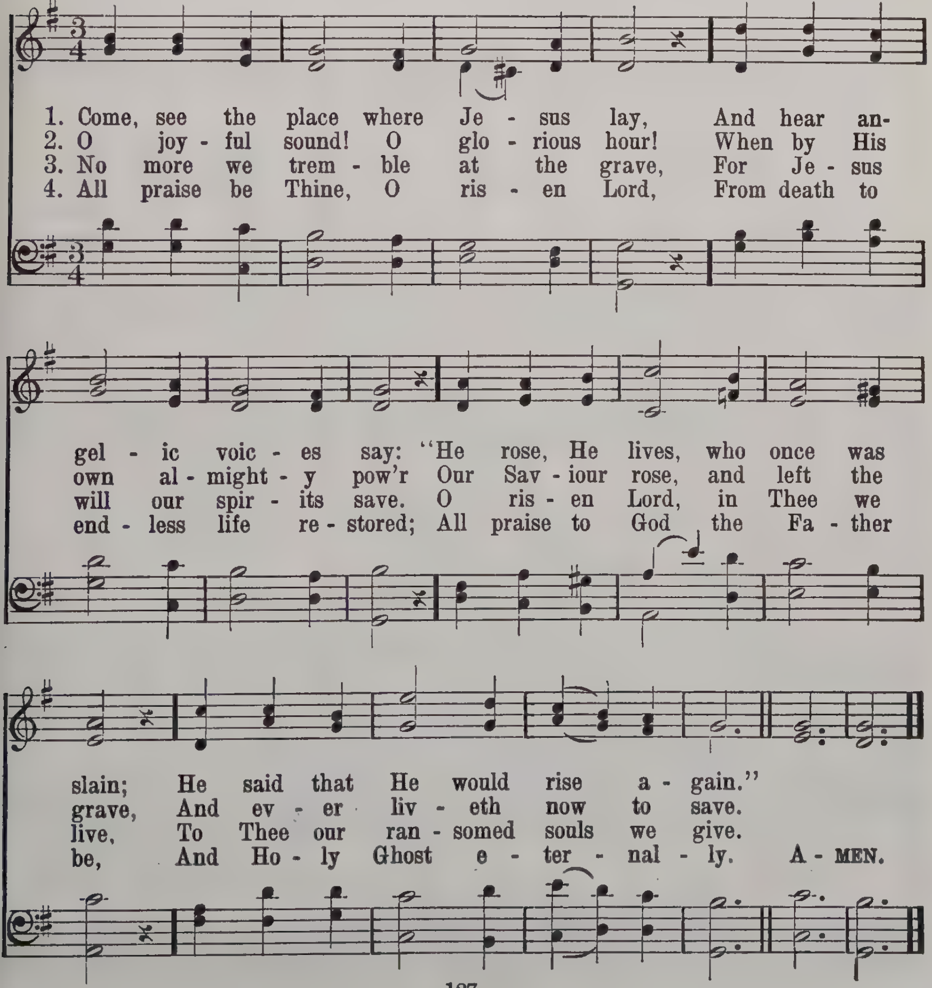
God Hath Sent His Angels to the Earth Again


birth, Christ, the Lord, is ris - en, Peace, good will on earth. A-MEN.

151. Come, See the Place Where Jesus Lay

Thomas Kelly, 1804

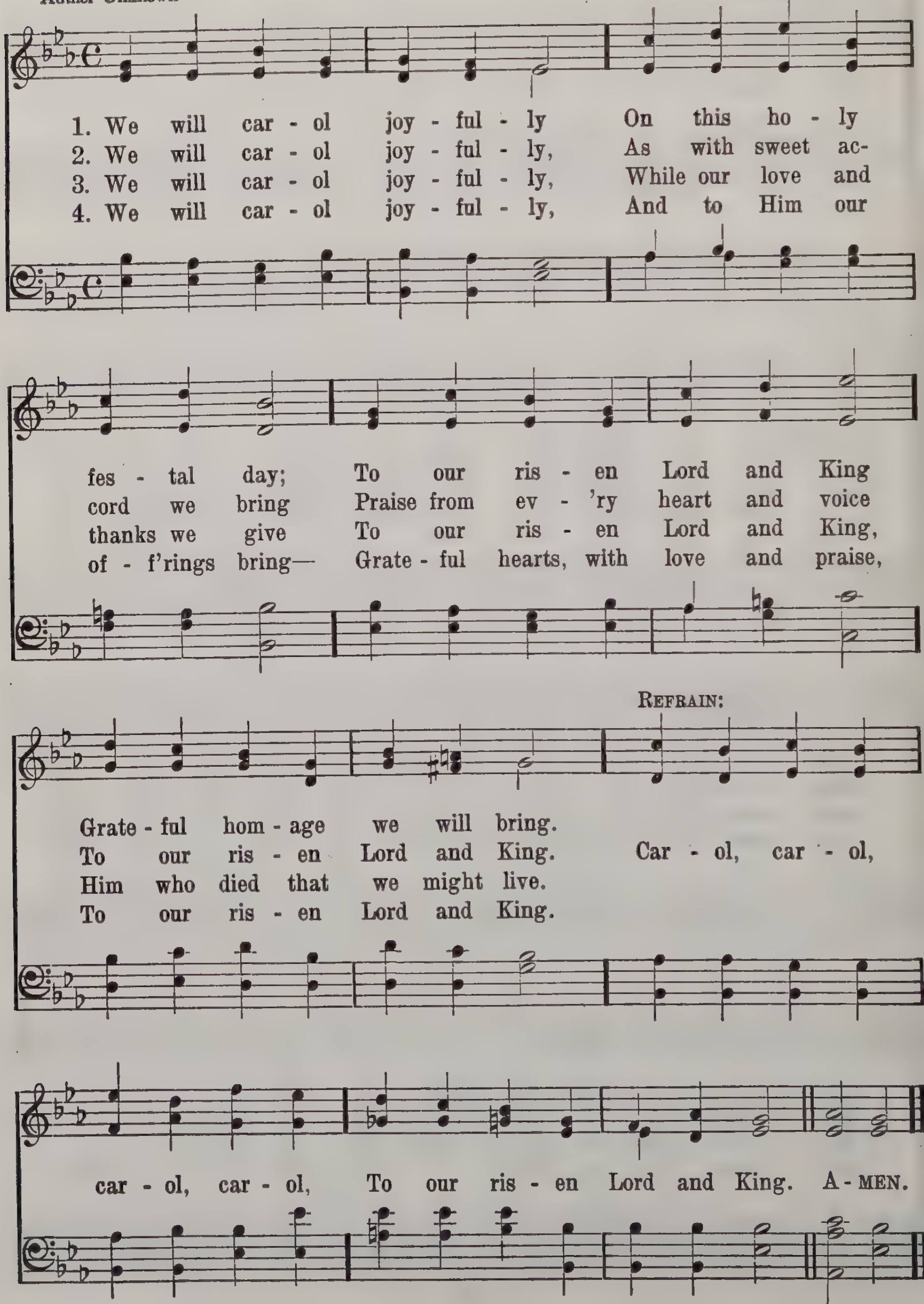
From Ignaz Josef Pleyel, 1800


1. Come, see the place where Je - sus lay, And hear an- gel - ic voic - es say: "He rose, He lives, who once was slain; He said that He would rise a - gain."
2. O joy - ful sound! O glo - rious hour! When by His own al - might - y pow'r Our Sav - iour rose, and left the grave, And ev - er liv - eth now to save.
3. No more we trem - ble at the grave, For Je - sus will our spir - its save. O ris - en Lord, in Thee we live, To Thee our ran - somed souls we give.
4. All praise be Thine, O ris - en Lord, From death to end - less life re - stored; All praise to God the Fa - ther be, And Ho - ly Ghost e - ter - nal - ly.
A - MEN.

152. We Will Carol Joyfully

Author Unknown

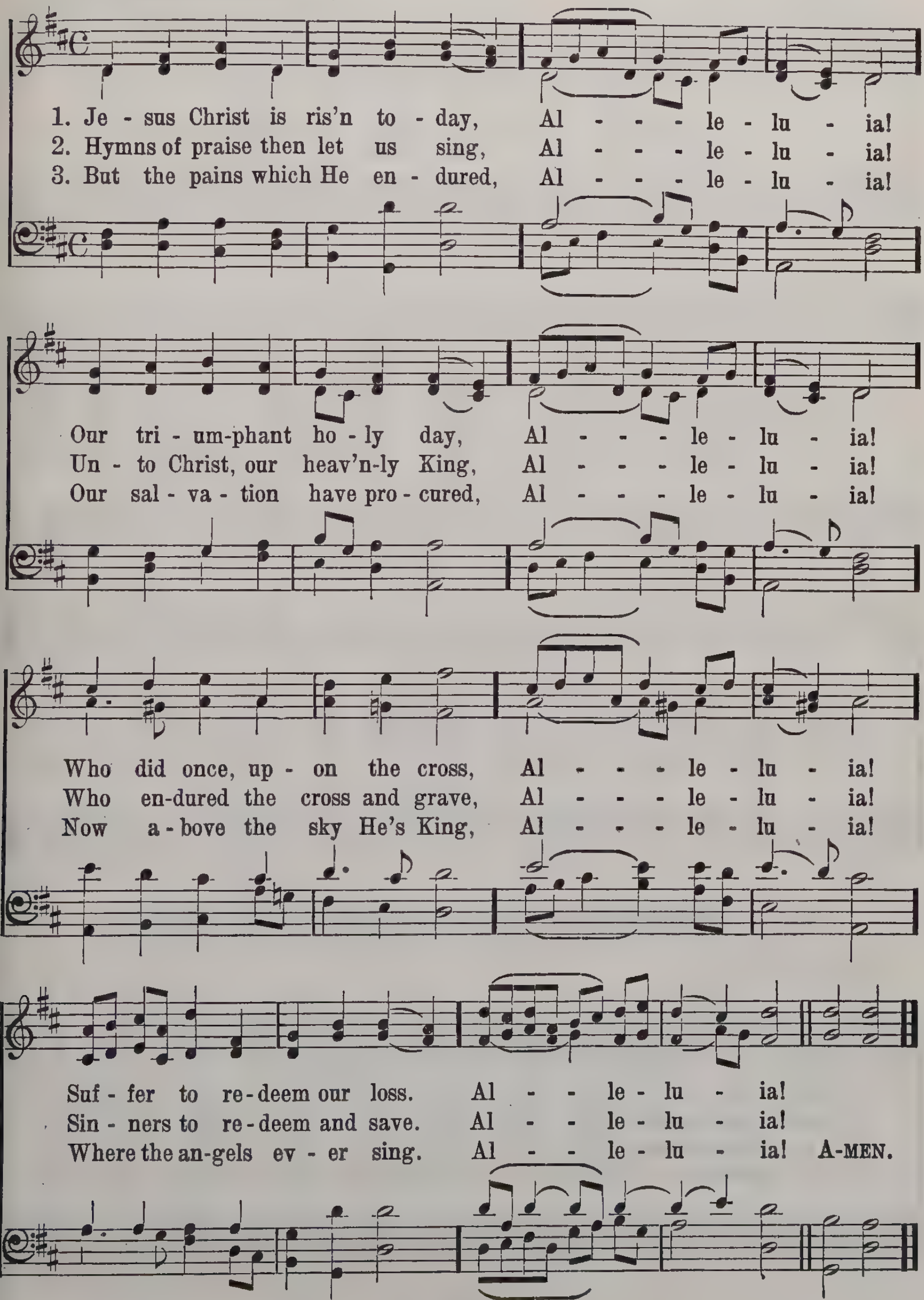
C. A. Marks, 1895


1. We will car - ol joy - ful - ly On this ho - ly
2. We will car - ol joy - ful - ly, As with sweet ac-
3. We will car - ol joy - ful - ly, While our love and
4. We will car - ol joy - ful - ly, And to Him our
fes - tal day; To our ris - en Lord and King
cord we bring Praise from ev - 'ry heart and voice
thanks we give To our ris - en Lord and King,
of - f'rings bring— Grate - ful hearts, with love and praise,
Grate - ful hom - age we will bring.
To our ris - en Lord and King.
Him who died that we might live.
To our ris - en Lord and King.
REFRAIN:
Car - ol, car - ol,
car - ol, car - ol, To our ris - en Lord and King. A - MEN.

153. Jesus Christ Is Risen To-day

From the Latin, XIII Century
Tr. in Lyra Davidica, 1708
Arnold's Compleat Psalmodist, 1749, a.

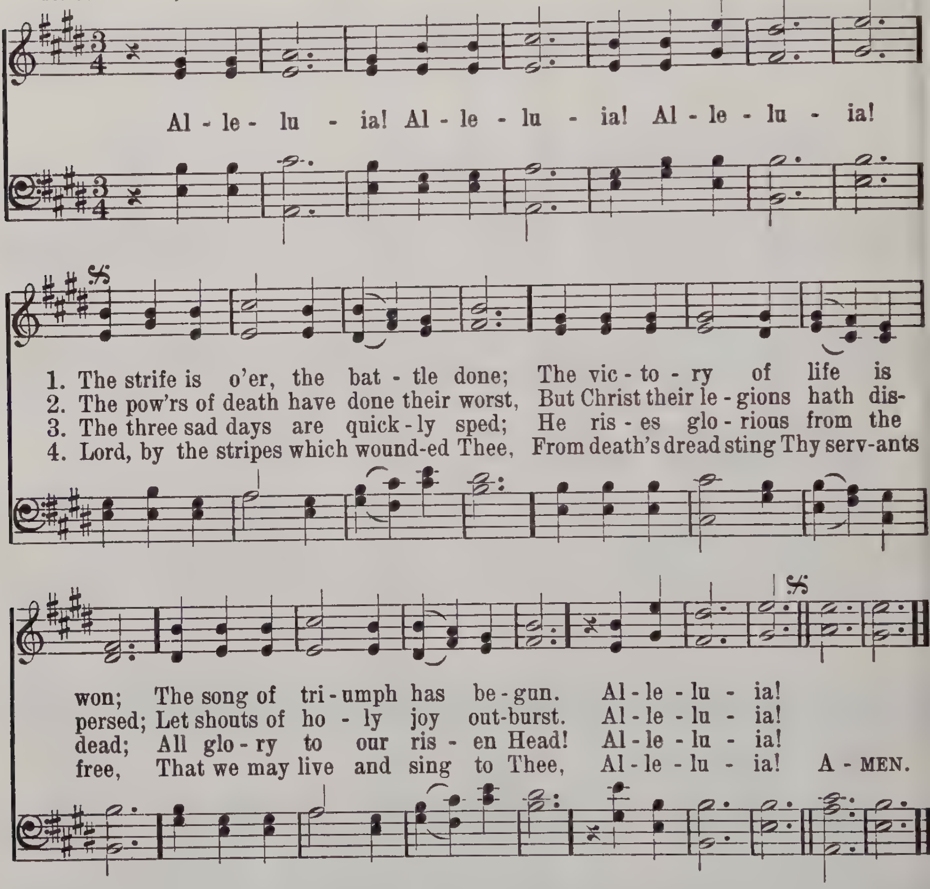
Lyra Davidica, 1708


1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
2. Hymns of praise then let us sing, Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
3. But the pains which He en - dured, Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Our tri - um-phant ho - ly day, Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Un - to Christ, our heav'n-ly King, Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Our sal - va - tion have pro - cured, Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Who did once, up - on the cross, Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Who en-dured the cross and grave, Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Now a - bove the sky He's King, Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - - le - lu - ia!
Sin - ners to re - deem and save. Al - - le - lu - ia!
Where the an-gels ev - er sing. Al - - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

154. The Strife Is O'er, the Battle Done

Latin
Tr. Francis Pott, 1861

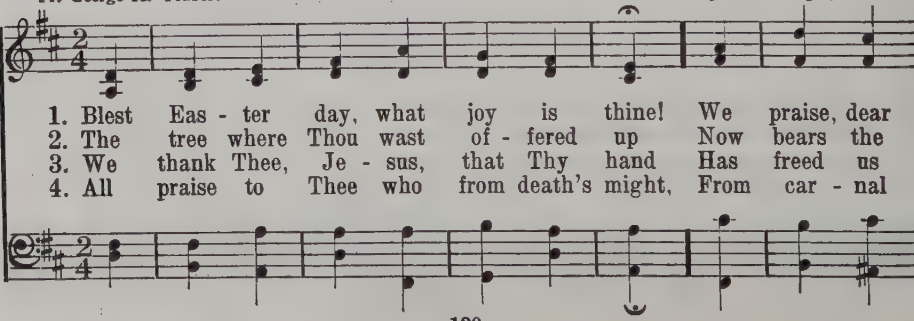
William H. Monk, 1861
Arranged from Palestrina, 1591


Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to - ry of life is won; The song of tri - umph has be - gun. Al - le - lu - ia!
2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst, But Christ their le - gions hath dis - persed; Let shouts of ho - ly joy out-burst. Al - le - lu - ia!
3. The three sad days are quick - ly sped; He ris - es glo - rious from the dead; All glo - ry to our ris - en Head! Al - le - lu - ia!
4. Lord, by the stripes which wound-ed Thee, From death's dread sting Thy serv-ants free, That we may live and sing to Thee, Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

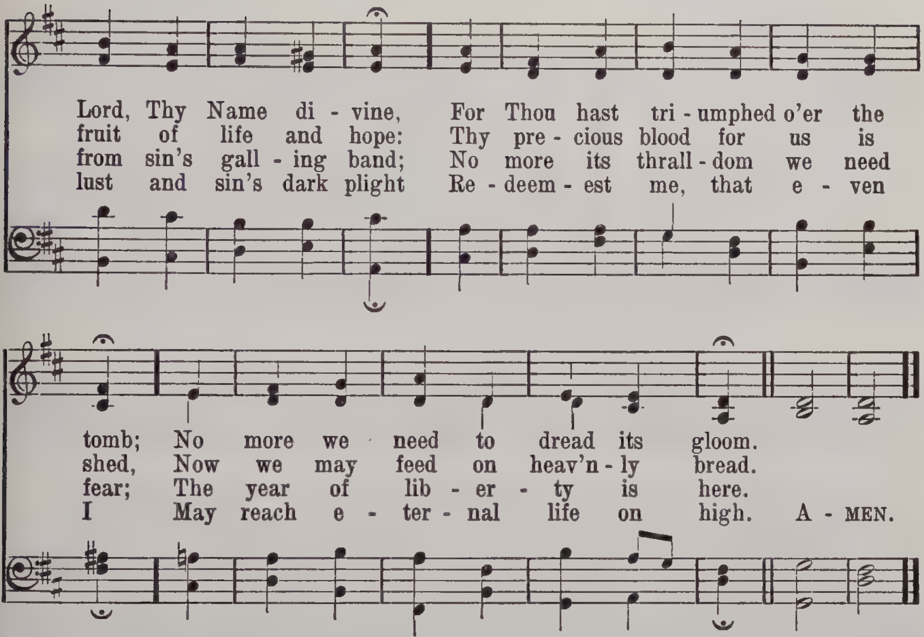
155. Blest Easter Day, What Joy Is Thine!

Olavus Petri, 1536
Tr. George H. Trabert

Johann Crüger, 1640


1. Blest Eas - ter day, what joy is thine! We praise, dear
2. The tree where Thou wast of - fered up Now bears the
3. We thank Thee, Je - sus, that Thy hand Has freed us
4. All praise to Thee who from death's might, From car - nal

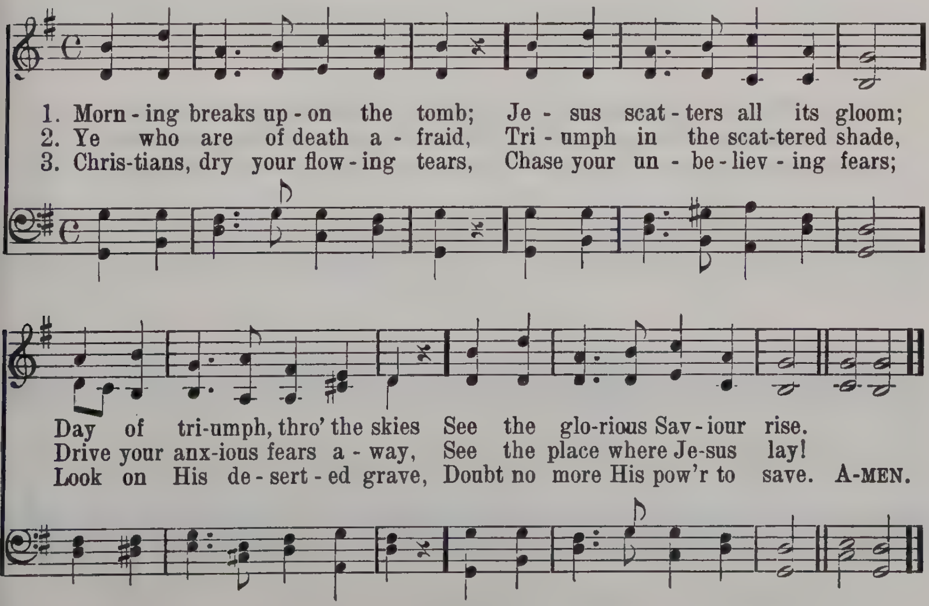
Blest Easter Day, What Joy Is Thine!


Lord, Thy Name di - vine, For Thou hast tri - umphed o'er the
fruit of life and hope: Thy pre - cious blood for us is
from sin's gall - ing band; No more its thrall - dom we need
lust and sin's dark plight Re - deem - est me, that e - ven
tomb; No more we need to dread its gloom.
shed, Now we may feed on heav'n - ly bread.
fear; The year of lib - er - ty is here.
I May reach e - ter - nal life on high. A - MEN.

156. Morning Breaks upon the Tomb

William Bengo Collyer, 1812

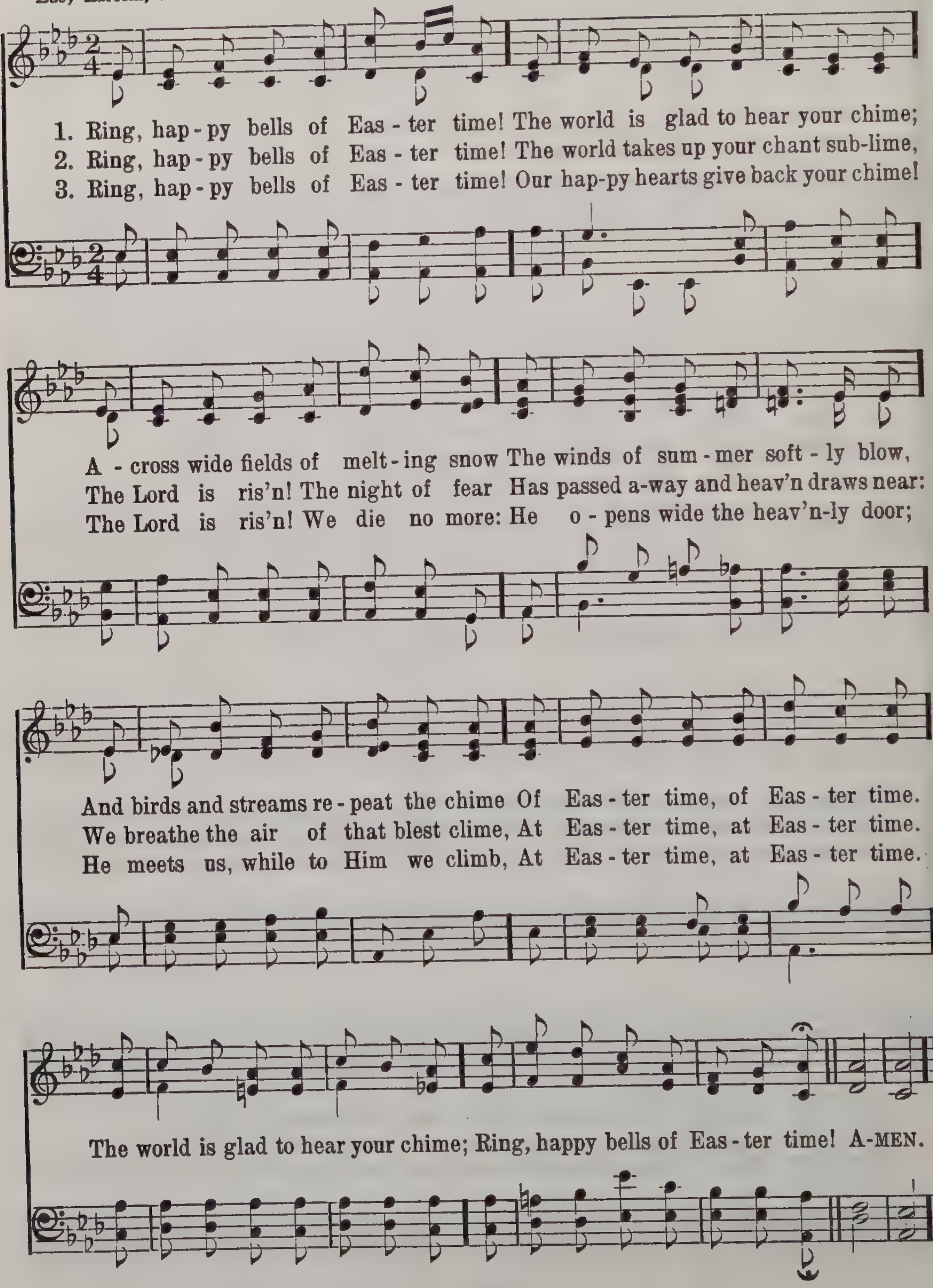
Ignaz Josef Pleyel, 1791


1. Morn - ing breaks up - on the tomb; Je - sus scat - ters all its gloom;
2. Ye who are of death a - fraid, Tri - umph in the scat-tered shade,
3. Chris-tians, dry your flow - ing tears, Chase your un - be - liev - ing fears;
Day of tri-umph, thro' the skies See the glo-rious Sav - iour rise.
Drive your anx-ious fears a - way, See the place where Je-sus lay!
Look on His de - sert - ed grave, Doubt no more His pow'r to save. A-MEN.

157. Ring, Happy Bells of Easter Time

Lucy Larcom, 1882

Eleanor Smith

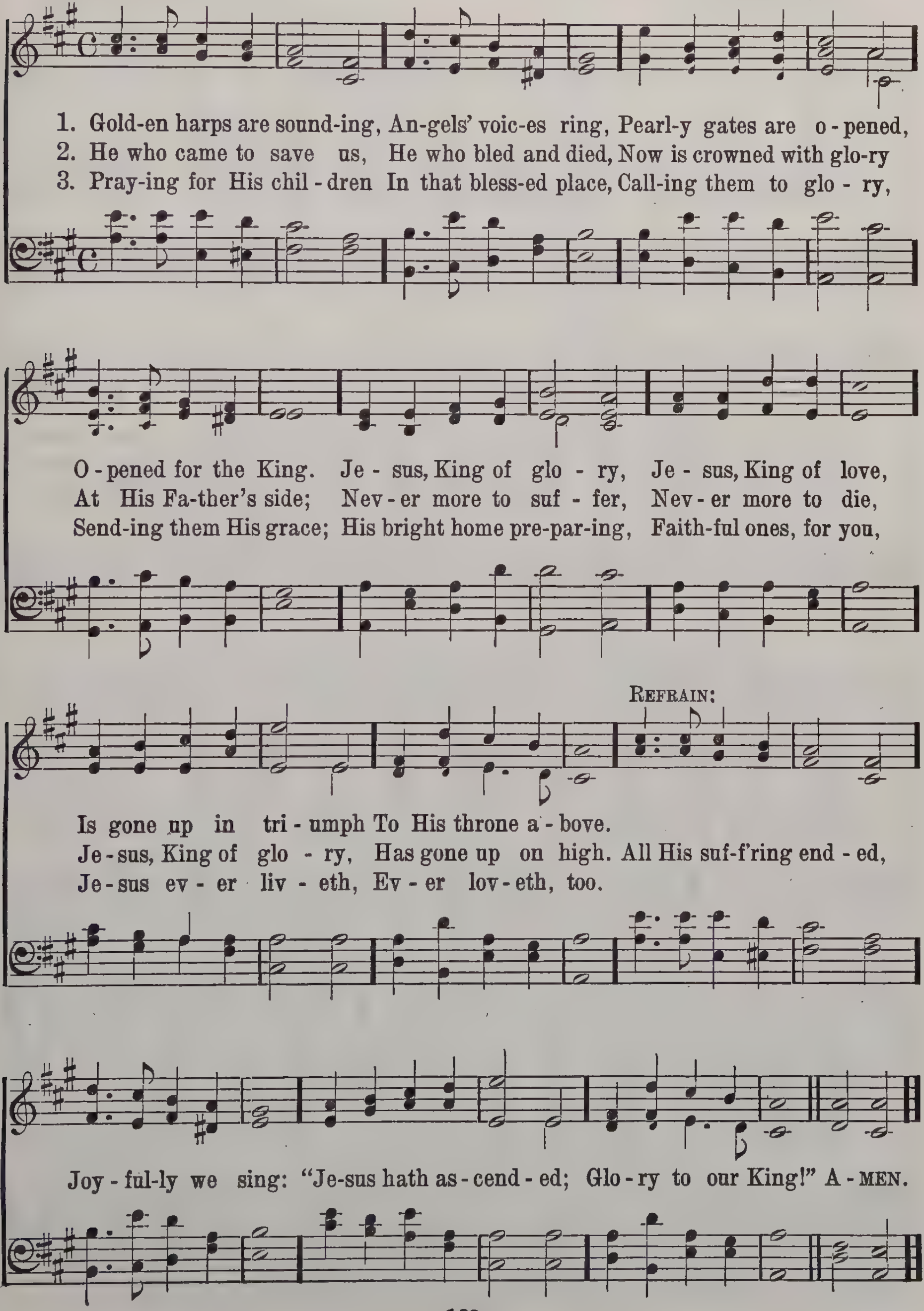

1. Ring, hap-py bells of Eas-ter time! The world is glad to hear your chime;
2. Ring, hap-py bells of Eas-ter time! The world takes up your chant sub-lime,
3. Ring, hap-py bells of Eas-ter time! Our hap-py hearts give back your chime!
A-cross wide fields of melt-ing snow The winds of sum-mer soft-ly blow,
The Lord is ris'n! The night of fear Has passed a-way and heav'n draws near:
The Lord is ris'n! We die no more: He o-pens wide the heav'n-ly door;
And birds and streams re-peat the chime Of Eas-ter time, of Eas-ter time.
We breathe the air of that blest clime, At Eas-ter time, at Eas-ter time.
He meets us, while to Him we climb, At Eas-ter time, at Eas-ter time.
The world is glad to hear your chime; Ring, happy bells of Eas-ter time! A-MEN.

From "Songs for Little Children." By permission of Thomas Charles Co.

158. Golden Harps Are Sounding

Frances R. Havergal, 1871

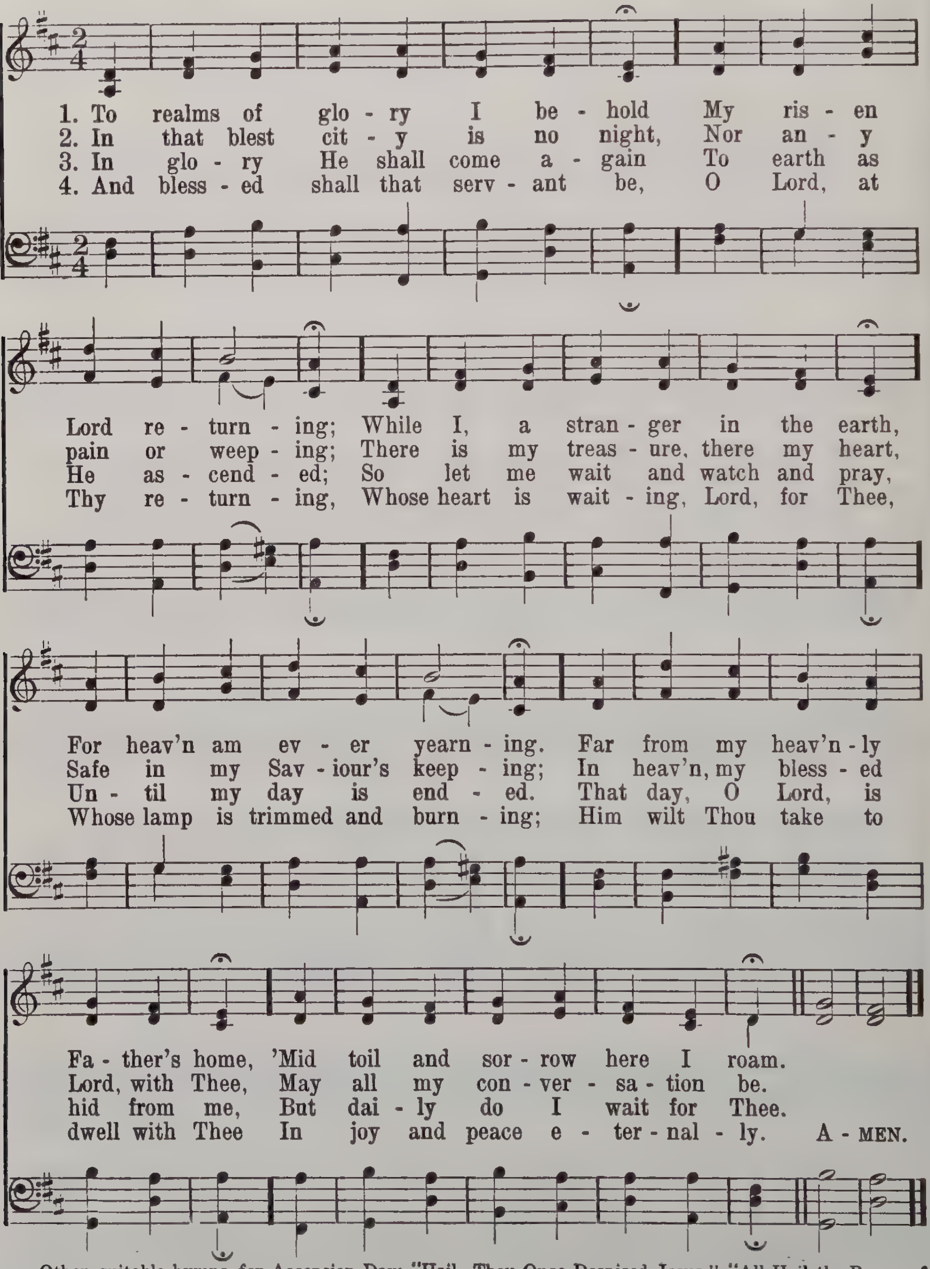
Frances R. Havergal, 1871


1. Gold-en harps are sound-ing, An-gels' voic-es ring, Pearl-y gates are o-pened,
2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with glo-ry
3. Pray-ing for His chil-dren In that bless-ed place, Call-ing them to glo-ry,
O-pened for the King. Je-sus, King of glo-ry, Je-sus, King of love,
At His Fa-ther's side; Nev-er more to suf-fer, Nev-er more to die,
Send-ing them His grace; His bright home pre-par-ing, Faith-ful ones, for you,
Is gone up in tri-umph To His throne a-bove.
Je-sus, King of glo-ry, Has gone up on high.
Je-sus ev-er liv-eth, Ev-er lov-eth, too.
REFRAIN:
All His suf-f'ring end-ed,
Joy-ful-ly we sing: "Je-sus hath as-cend-ed; Glo-ry to our King!" A-MEN.

159. To Realms of Glory I Behold

Johan Olof Wallin, 1816
Tr. Claude W. Foss

Johann Hermann Schein, 1627

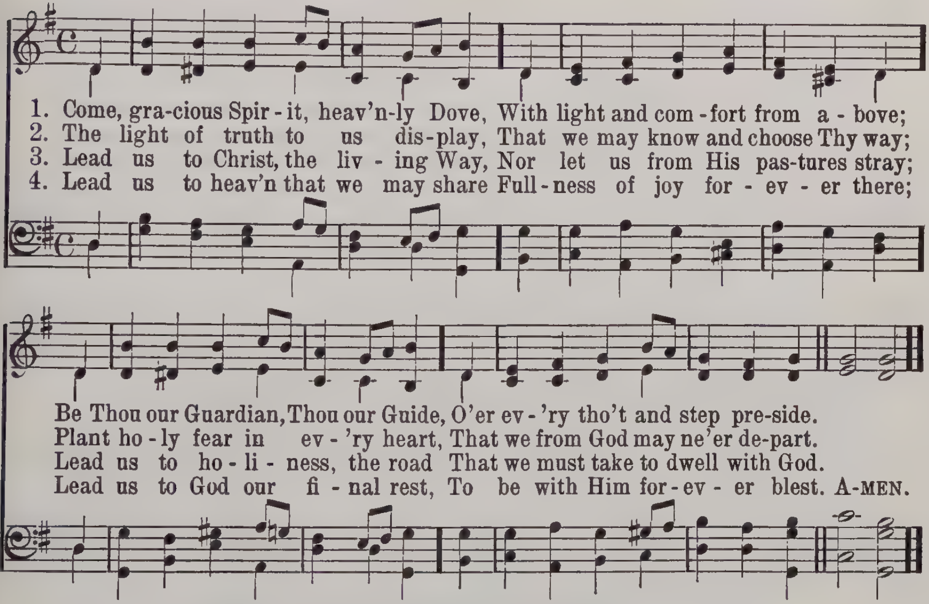

1. To realms of glo - ry I be - hold My ris - en
2. In that blest cit - y is no night, Nor an - y
3. In glo - ry He shall come a - gain To earth as
4. And bless - ed shall that serv - ant be, O Lord, at
Lord re - turn - ing; While I, a stran - ger in the earth,
pain or weep - ing; There is my treas - ure, there my heart,
He as - cend - ed; So let me wait and watch and pray,
Thy re - turn - ing, Whose heart is wait - ing, Lord, for Thee,
For heav'n am ev - er yearn - ing. Far from my heav'n - ly
Safe in my Sav - iour's keep - ing; In heav'n, my bless - ed
Un - til my day is end - ed. That day, O Lord, is
Whose lamp is trimmed and burn - ing; Him wilt Thou take to
Fa - ther's home, 'Mid toil and sor - row here I roam.
Lord, with Thee, May all my con - ver - sa - tion be.
hid from me, But dai - ly do I wait for Thee.
dwell with Thee In joy and peace e - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN.

Other suitable hymns for Ascension Day: "Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus," "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," "Beautiful Saviour, King of Creation," "Crown Him with Many Crowns," etc.

160. Come, Gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove

Simon Browne, 1720
Ash and Evans, Bristol Collection, 1769

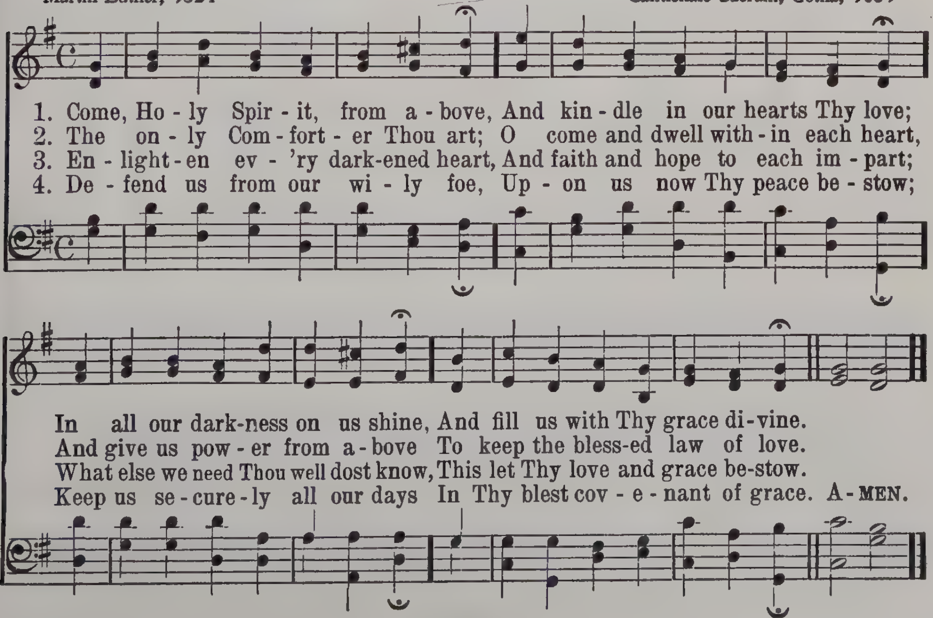
Robert Schumann, 1833


1. Come, gra-cious Spir-it, heav'n-ly Dove, With light and com-fort from a-bove;
2. The light of truth to us dis-play, That we may know and choose Thy way;
3. Lead us to Christ, the liv-ing Way, Nor let us from His pas-tures stray;
4. Lead us to heav'n that we may share Full-ness of joy for-ev-er there;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide, O'er ev-'ry tho't and step pre-side.
Plant ho-ly fear in ev-'ry heart, That we from God may ne'er de-part.
Lead us to ho-li-ness, the road That we must take to dwell with God.
Lead us to God our fi-nal rest, To be with Him for-ev-er blest. A-MEN.

161. Come, Holy Spirit, from Above

Martin Luther, 1524

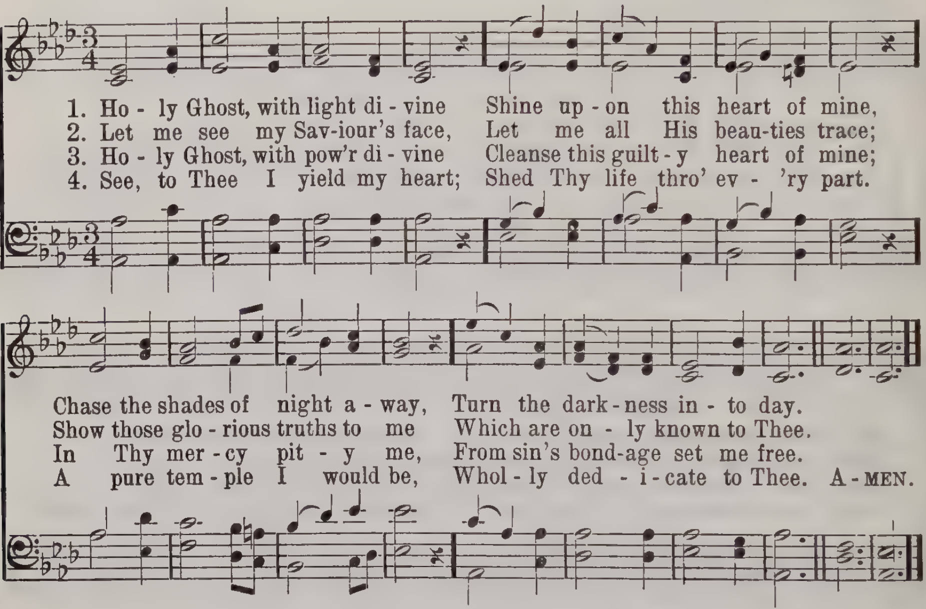
Cantionale Sacrum, Gotha, 1651


1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, from a-bove, And kin-dle in our hearts Thy love;
2. The on-ly Com-fort-er Thou art; O come and dwell with-in each heart,
3. En-light-en ev-'ry dark-ened heart, And faith and hope to each im-part;
4. De-fend us from our wi-ly foe, Up-on us now Thy peace be-stow;
In all our dark-ness on us shine, And fill us with Thy grace di-vine.
And give us pow-er from a-bove To keep the bless-ed law of love.
What else we need Thou well dost know, This let Thy love and grace be-stow.
Keep us se-cure-ly all our days In Thy blest cov-e-nant of grace. A-MEN.

162. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine

Andrew Reed, 1817

C. von Wartensee, 1780



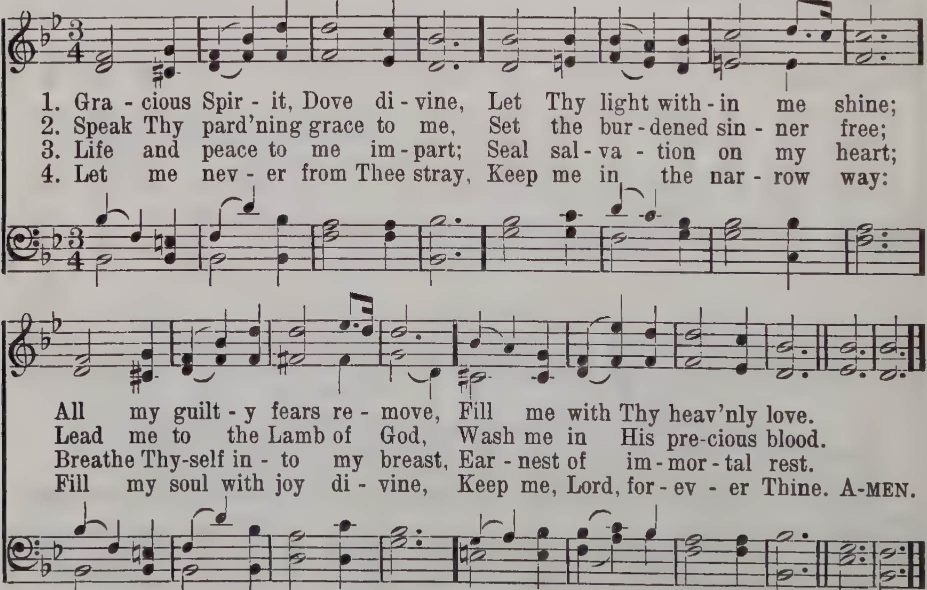
1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine Shine up - on this heart of mine,
2. Let me see my Sav-iour's face, Let me all His beau-ties trace;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
4. See, to Thee I yield my heart; Shed Thy life thro' ev - 'ry part.

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn the dark - ness in - to day.
Show those glo - rious truths to me Which are on - ly known to Thee.
In Thy mer - cy pit - y me, From sin's bond-age set me free.
A pure tem - ple I would be, Whol - ly ded - i - cate to Thee. A-MEN.

163. Gracious Spirit, Dove Divine

John Stocker, 1777, a.

Louis Moreau Gottschalk, 1867
Arranged by Edwin P. Parker



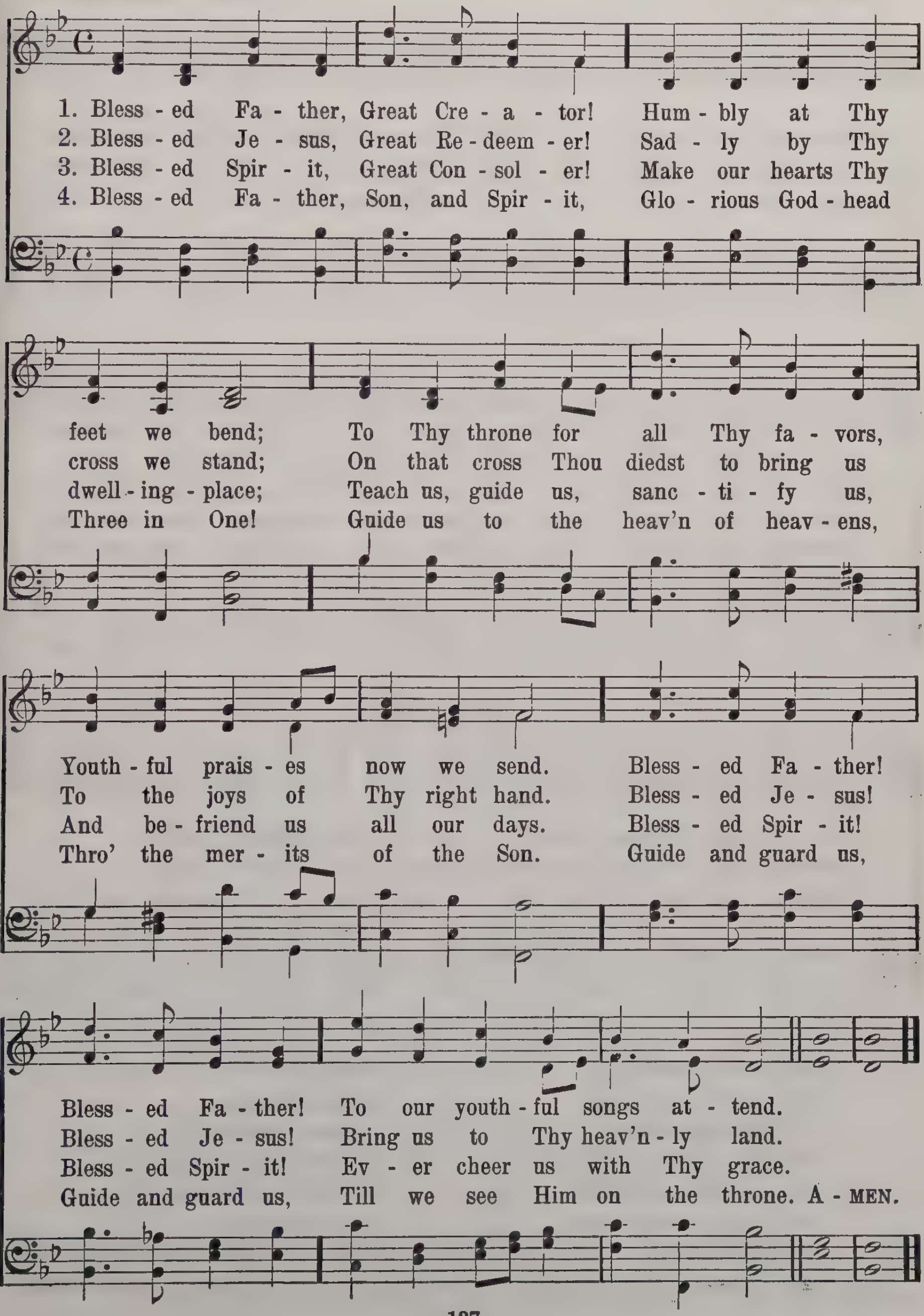
1. Gra - cious Spir - it, Dove di - vine, Let Thy light with - in me shine;
2. Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me, Set the bur - dened sin - ner free;
3. Life and peace to me im - part; Seal sal - va - tion on my heart;
4. Let me nev - er from Thee stray, Keep me in the nar - row way:

All my guilt - y fears re - move, Fill me with Thy heav'nly love.
Lead me to the Lamb of God, Wash me in His pre-cious blood.
Breathe Thy-self in - to my breast, Ear - nest of im - mor - tal rest.
Fill my soul with joy di - vine, Keep me, Lord, for - ev - er Thine. A-MEN.

Other suitable hymns for Pentecost: "Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove," "Holy Spirit, Hear Us," etc.

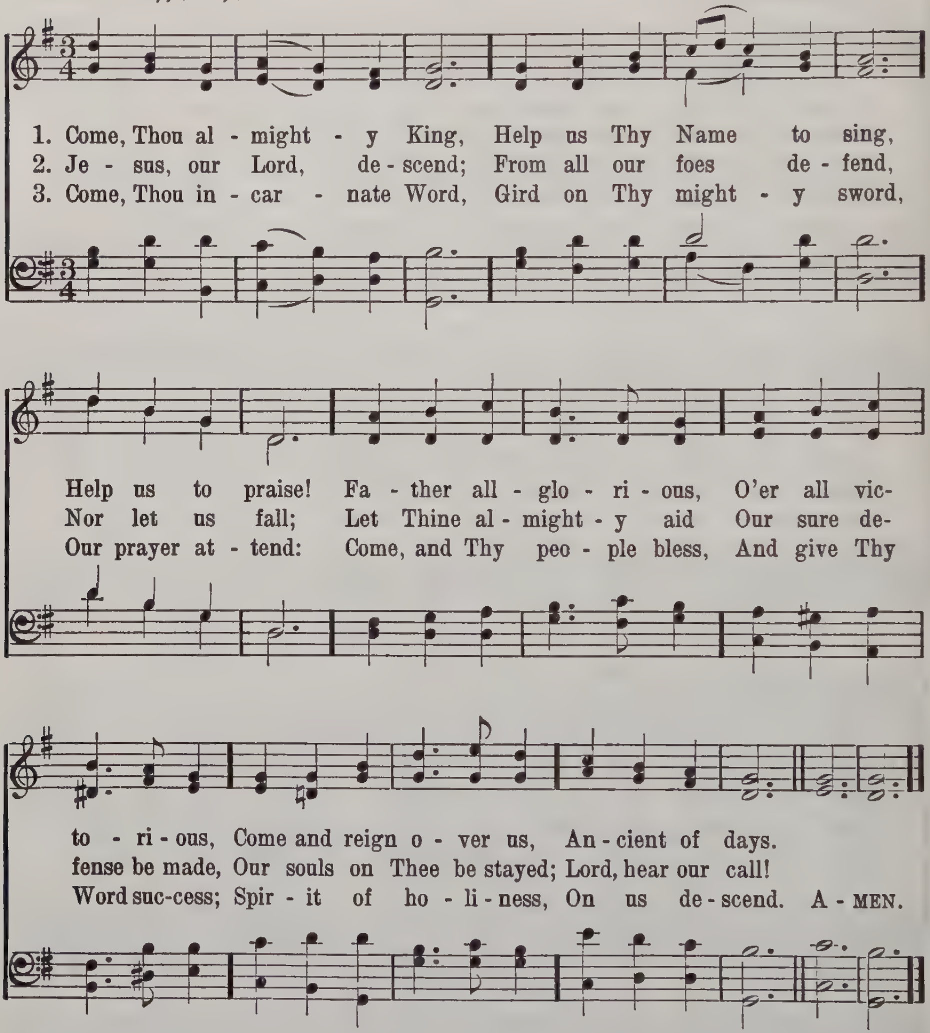
164. Blessed Father, Great Creator!

John Cawood, 1837 — Henry Smart, 1867


1. Bless - ed Fa - ther, Great Cre - a - tor! Hum - bly at Thy
2. Bless - ed Je - sus, Great Re - deem - er! Sad - ly by Thy
3. Bless - ed Spir - it, Great Con - sol - er! Make our hearts Thy
4. Bless - ed Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, Glo - rious God - head
feet we bend; To Thy throne for all Thy fa - vors,
cross we stand; On that cross Thou diedst to bring us
dwell - ing - place; Teach us, guide us, sanc - ti - fy us,
Three in One! Guide us to the heav'n of heav - ens,
Youth - ful prais - es now we send. Bless - ed Fa - ther!
To the joys of Thy right hand. Bless - ed Je - sus!
And be - friend us all our days. Bless - ed Spir - it!
Thro' the mer - its of the Son. Guide and guard us,
Bless - ed Fa - ther! To our youth - ful songs at - tend.
Bless - ed Je - sus! Bring us to Thy heav'n - ly land.
Bless - ed Spir - it! Ev - er cheer us with Thy grace.
Guide and guard us, Till we see Him on the throne. A - MEN.

165. Come, Thou Almighty King

Charles Wesley, 1757, a. Felice de Giardini, 1769


1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy Name to sing,
2. Je - sus, our Lord, de - scend; From all our foes de - fend,
3. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
Help us to praise! Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
Nor let us fall; Let Thine al - might - y aid Our sure de-
Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
fense be made, Our souls on Thee be stayed; Lord, hear our call!
Word suc-cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend. A - MEN.

4 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

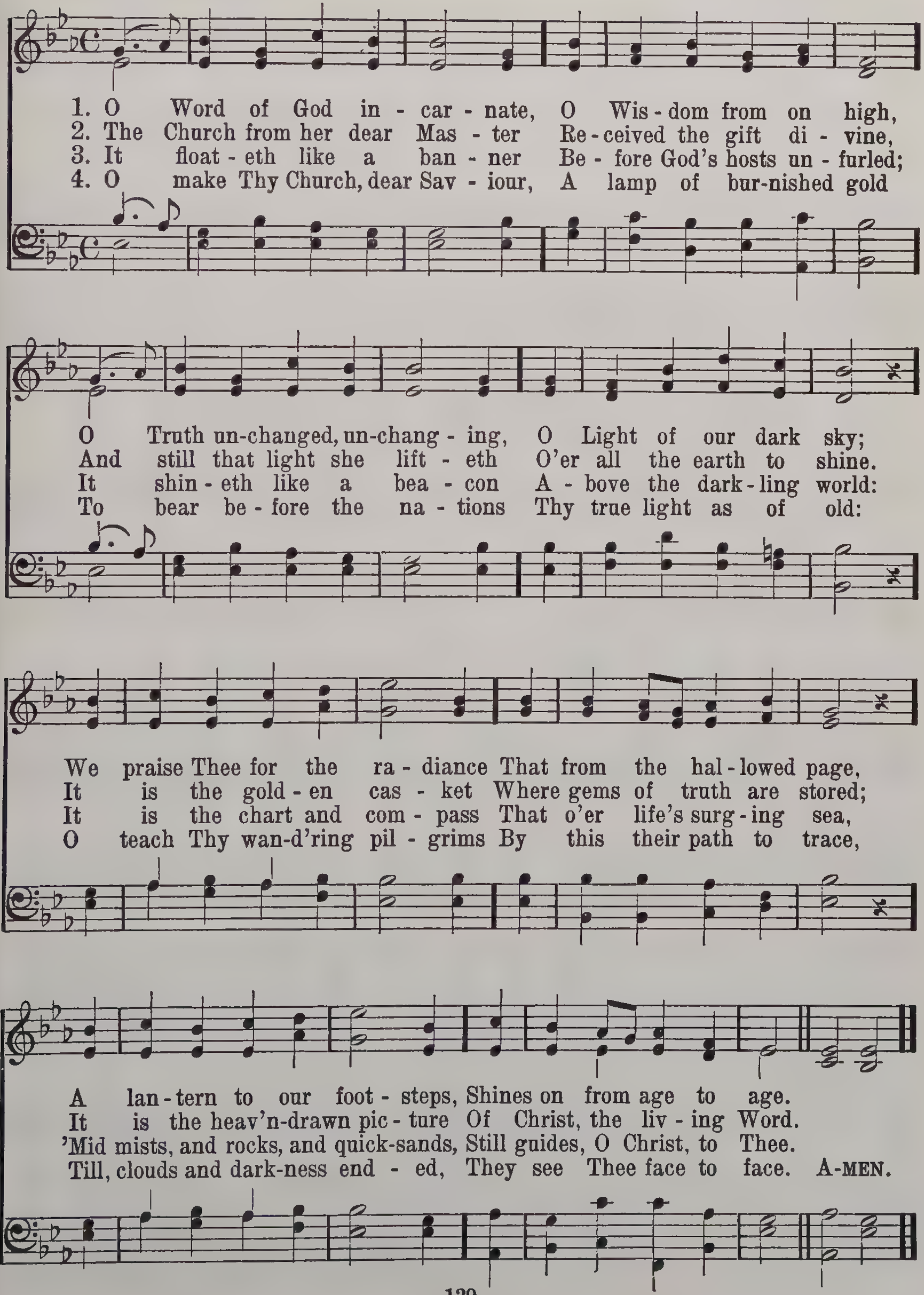
5 To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be,
Hence, evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Other suitable hymns on the Holy Trinity: "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," "Father in Heaven Thou Who Hast Given," "Now Thank We All Our God," "All Glory Be to Thee, Most High," etc.

166. O Word of God Incarnate

William Walsham How, 1867

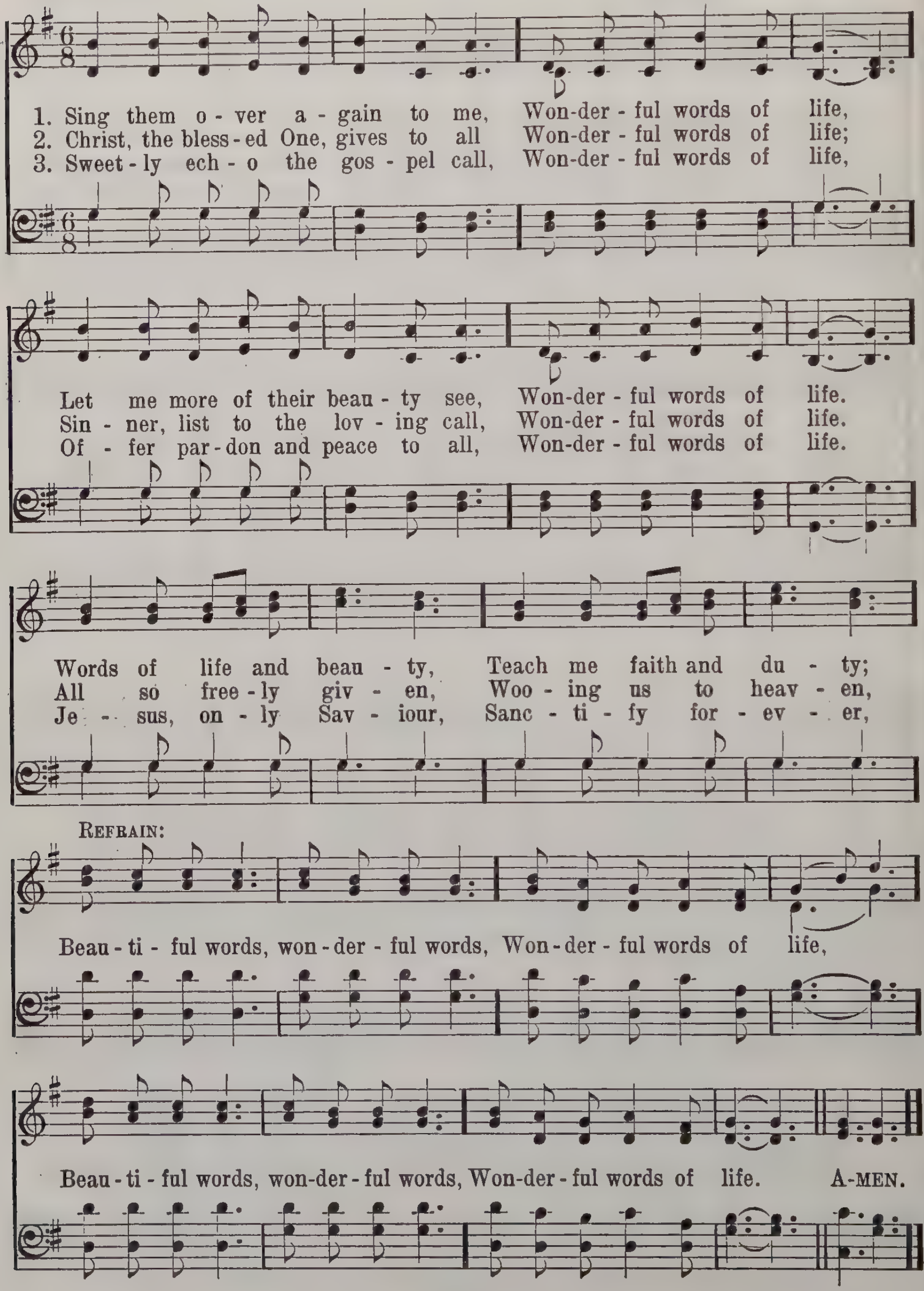
From the German
Lowell Mason, 1841


1. O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,
2. The Church from her dear Mas - ter Re - ceived the gift di - vine,
3. It float - eth like a ban - ner Be - fore God's hosts un - furled;
4. O make Thy Church, dear Sav - iour, A lamp of bur-nished gold
O Truth un-changed, un-chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;
And still that light she lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine.
It shin - eth like a bea - con A - bove the dark - ling world:
To bear be - fore the na - tions Thy true light as of old:
We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page,
It is the gold - en cas - ket Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the chart and com - pass That o'er life's surg - ing sea,
O teach Thy wan-d'ring pil - grims By this their path to trace,
A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.
It is the heav'n-drawn pic - ture Of Christ, the liv - ing Word.
'Mid mists, and rocks, and quick-sands, Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.
Till, clouds and dark-ness end - ed, They see Thee face to face. A-MEN.

167. Sing Them Over Again to Me

Philip P. Bliss

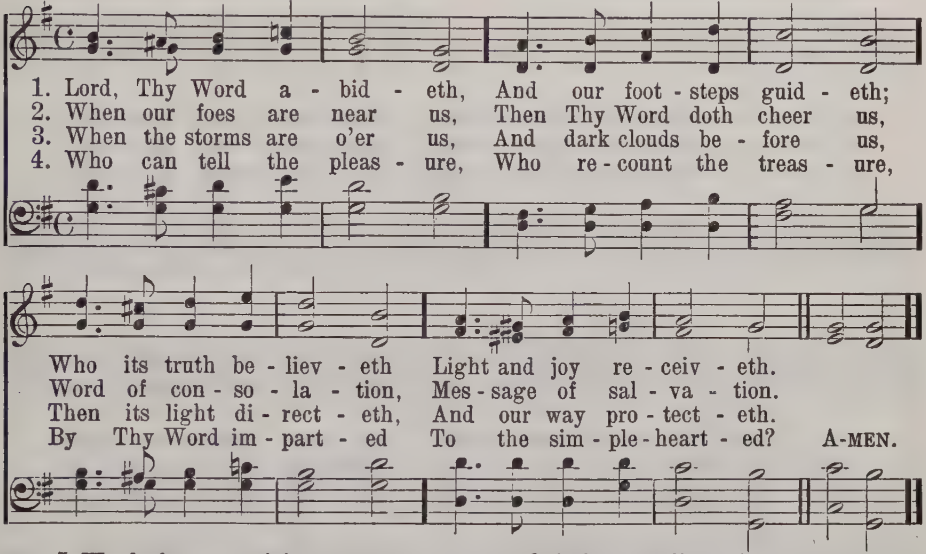
Philip P. Bliss, (1838-1876)


1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der - ful words of life,
2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Won-der - ful words of life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der - ful words of life,
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der - ful words of life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der - ful words of life.
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won-der - ful words of life.
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en,
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er,
REFRAIN:
Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of life,
Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of life.
A-MEN.

168. Lord, Thy Word Abideth

Henry Williams Baker, 1861

Composer Unknown


1. Lord, Thy Word a - bid - eth, And our foot - steps guid - eth;
2. When our foes are near us, Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
3. When the storms are o'er us, And dark clouds be - fore us,
4. Who can tell the pleas - ure, Who re - count the treas - ure,
Who its truth be - liev - eth Light and joy re - ceiv - eth.
Word of con - so - la - tion, Mes - sage of sal - va - tion.
Then its light di - rect - eth, And our way pro - tect - eth.
By Thy Word im - part - ed To the sim - ple - heart - ed?
A-MEN.

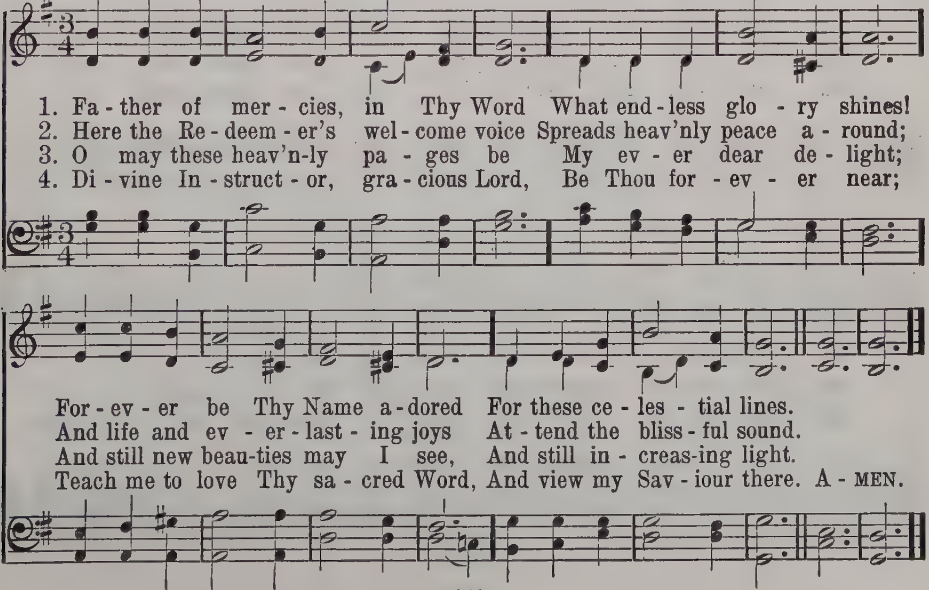
5 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee!

169. Father of Mercies, in Thy Word

Anne Steele, 1760

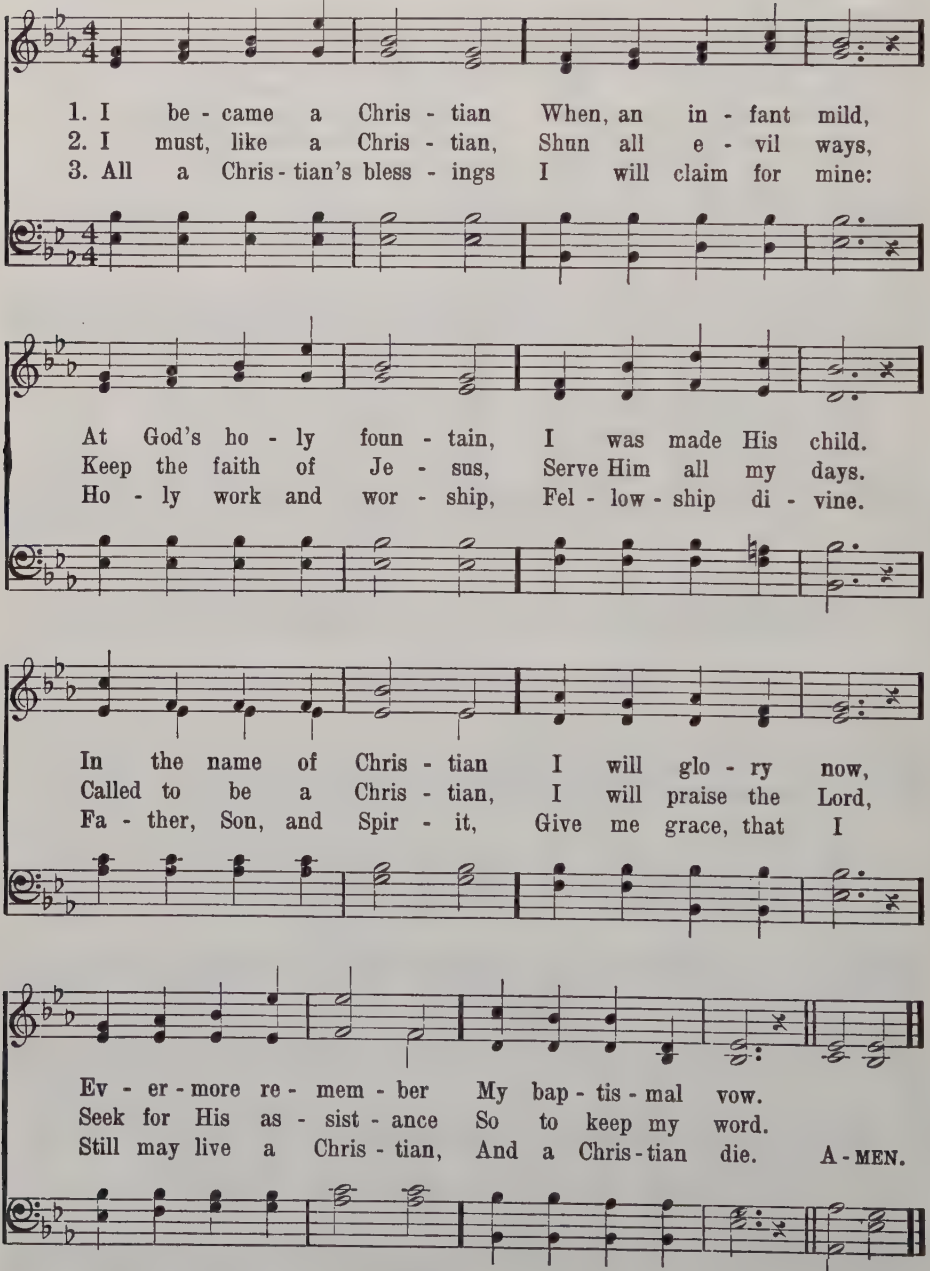
John Bacchus Dykes, 1866


1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, in Thy Word What end - less glo - ry shines!
2. Here the Re - deem - er's wel - come voice Spreads heav'nly peace a - round;
3. O may these heav'n-ly pa - ges be My ev - er dear de - light;
4. Di - vine In - struct - or, gra - cious Lord, Be Thou for - ev - er near;
For - ev - er be Thy Name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines.
And life and ev - er - last - ing joys At - tend the bliss - ful sound.
And still new beau - ties may I see, And still in - creas - ing light.
Teach me to love Thy sa - cred Word, And view my Sav - iour there.
A - MEN.

170. I Became a Christian

John Samuel Jones, about 1880, a.

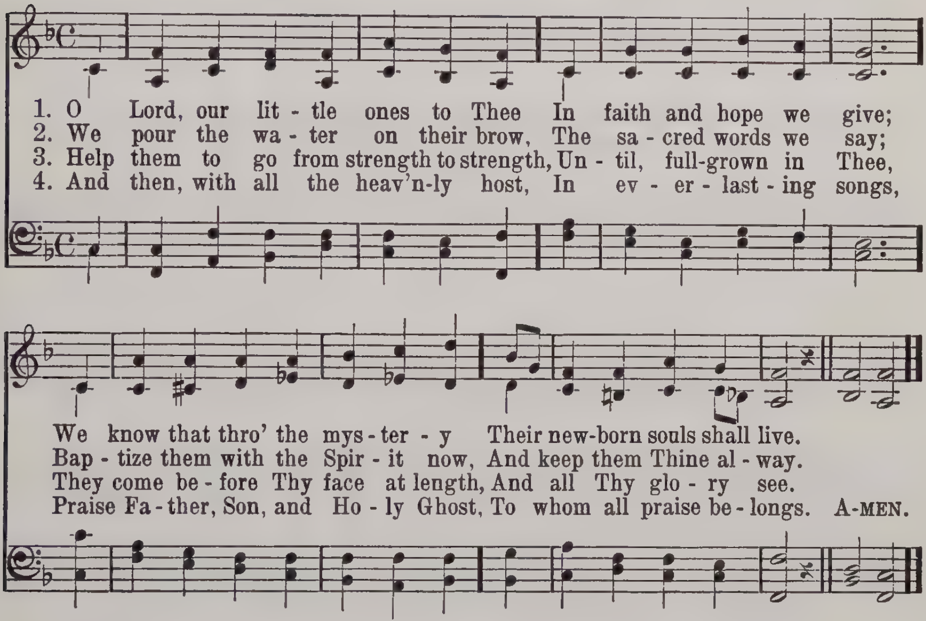
H. Millard


1. I be - came a Chris - tian When, an in - fant mild,
2. I must, like a Chris - tian, Shun all e - vil ways,
3. All a Chris - tian's bless - ings I will claim for mine:
At God's ho - ly foun - tain, I was made His child.
Keep the faith of Je - sus, Serve Him all my days.
Ho - ly work and wor - ship, Fel - low - ship di - vine.
In the name of Chris - tian I will glo - ry now,
Called to be a Chris - tian, I will praise the Lord,
Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it, Give me grace, that I
Ev - er - more re - mem - ber My bap - tis - mal vow.
Seek for His as - sist - ance So to keep my word.
Still may live a Chris - tian, And a Chris - tian die.
A - MEN.

171. O Lord, Our Little Ones to Thee

William Whiting, 1872

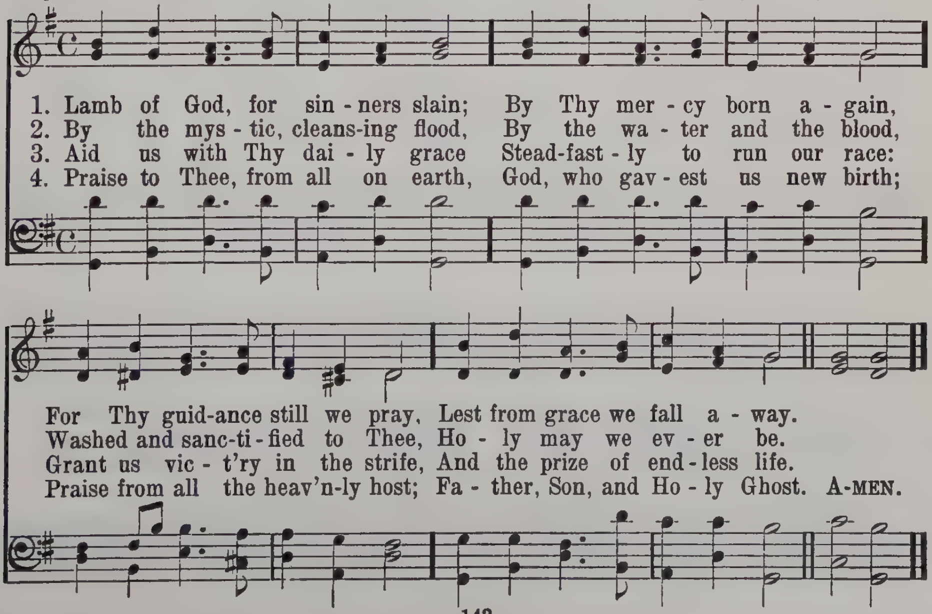
Ludwig van Beethoven, (1770-1827)


1. O Lord, our lit - tle ones to Thee In faith and hope we give;
2. We pour the wa - ter on their brow, The sa - cred words we say;
3. Help them to go from strength to strength, Un - til, full-grown in Thee,
4. And then, with all the heav'n-ly host, In ev - er - last - ing songs,
We know that thro' the mys - ter - y Their new-born souls shall live.
Bap - tize them with the Spir - it now, And keep them Thine al - way.
They come be - fore Thy face at length, And all Thy glo - ry see.
Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, To whom all praise be - longs. A-MEN.

172. Lamb of God, for Sinners Slain

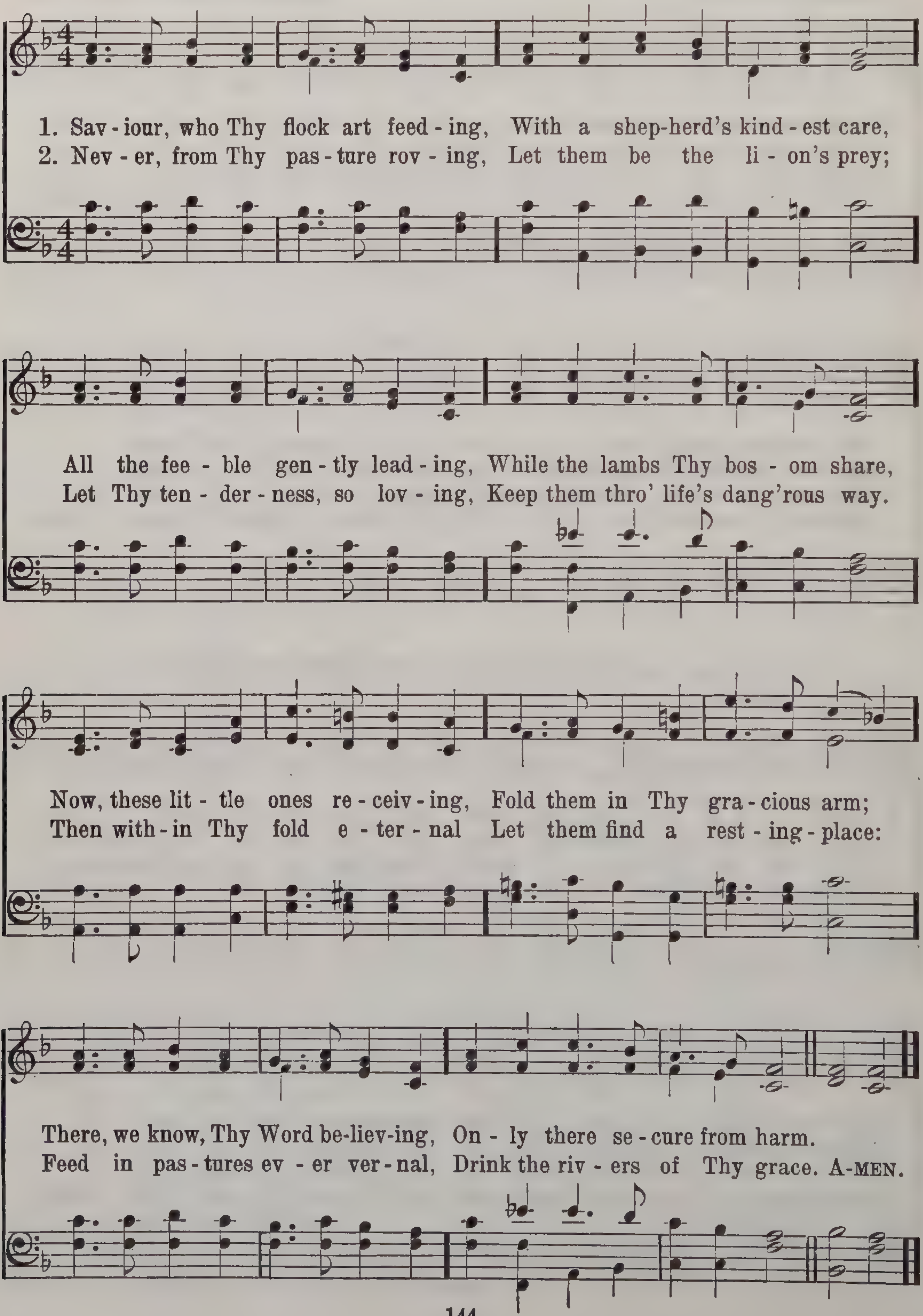
James R. Woodford, 1852

Ignaz Josef Pleyel, 1791


1. Lamb of God, for sin - ners slain; By Thy mer - cy born a - gain,
2. By the mys - tic, cleans-ing flood, By the wa - ter and the blood,
3. Aid us with Thy dai - ly grace Stead-fast - ly to run our race:
4. Praise to Thee, from all on earth, God, who gav - est us new birth;
For Thy guid-ance still we pray, Lest from grace we fall a - way.
Washed and sanc-ti - fied to Thee, Ho - ly may we ev - er be.
Grant us vic - t'ry in the strife, And the prize of end - less life.
Praise from all the heav'n-ly host; Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A-MEN.

173. Saviour, Who Thy Flock Art Feeding

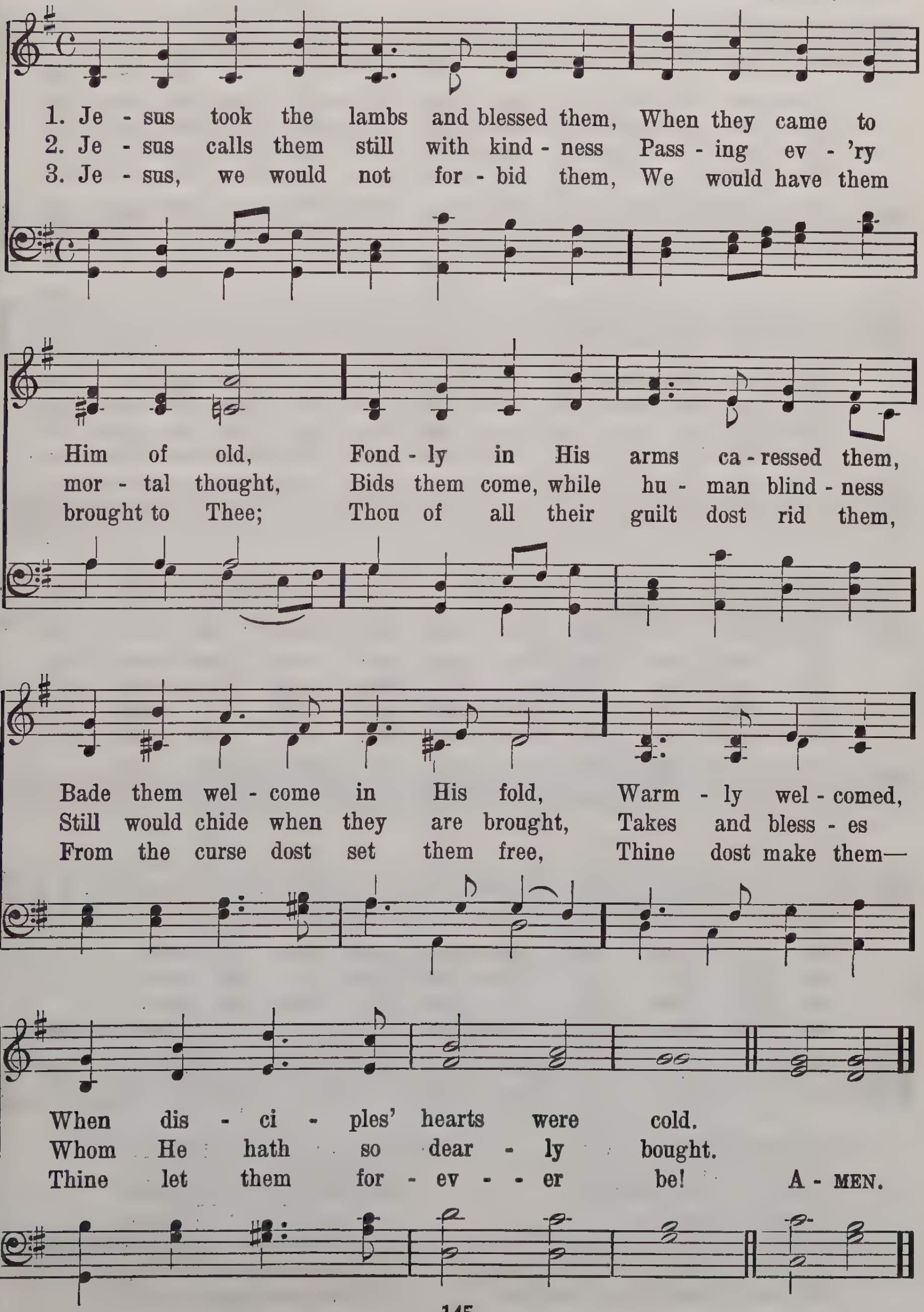
William Augustus Muhlenberg, 1826 John Edward Roe, (1838-1871)


1. Sav-iour, who Thy flock art feed-ing, With a shep-herd's kind-est care,
2. Nev-er, from Thy pas-ture rov-ing, Let them be the li-on's prey;
All the fee-ble gen-tly lead-ing, While the lambs Thy bos-om share,
Let Thy ten-der-ness, so lov-ing, Keep them thro' life's dang'rous way.
Now, these lit-tle ones re-ceiv-ing, Fold them in Thy gra-cious arm;
Then with-in Thy fold e-ter-nal Let them find a rest-ing-place:
There, we know, Thy Word be-liev-ing, On-ly there se-cure from harm.
Feed in pas-tures ev-er ver-nal, Drink the riv-ers of Thy grace. A-MEN.

174. Jesus Took the Lambs and Blessed Them

Matthias Loy, 1880

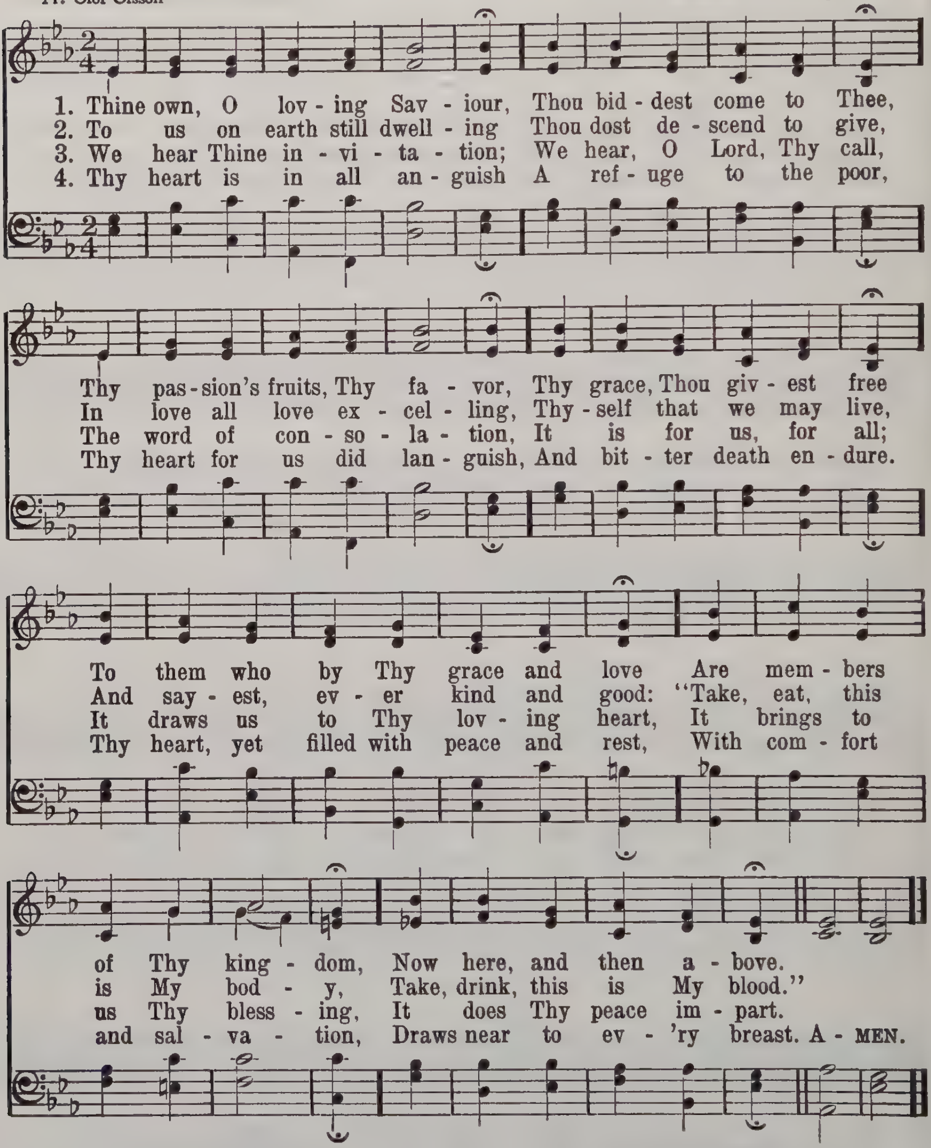
Arthur Henry Mann, 1885


1. Je - sus took the lambs and blessed them, When they came to
2. Je - sus calls them still with kind - ness Pass - ing ev - 'ry
3. Je - sus, we would not for - bid them, We would have them
Him of old, Fond - ly in His arms ca - ressed them,
mor - tal thought, Bids them come, while hu - man blind - ness
brought to Thee; Thou of all their guilt dost rid them,
Bade them wel - come in His fold, Warm - ly wel - comed,
Still would chide when they are brought, Takes and bless - es
From the curse dost set them free, Thine dost make them—
When dis - ci - ples' hearts were cold.
Whom He hath so dear - ly bought.
Thine let them for - ev - - er be! A - MEN.

175. Thine Own, O Loving Saviour

Frans Mikael Franzén, 1814
Tr. Olof Olsson

Hans Thomissōns Psalmebog, 1569


1. Thine own, O lov - ing Sav - iour, Thou bid - dest come to Thee,
2. To us on earth still dwell - ing Thou dost de - scend to give,
3. We hear Thine in - vi - ta - tion; We hear, O Lord, Thy call,
4. Thy heart is in all an - guish A ref - uge to the poor,
Thy pas - sion's fruits, Thy fa - vor, Thy grace, Thou giv - est free
In love all love ex - cel - ling, Thy - self that we may live,
The word of con - so - la - tion, It is for us, for all;
Thy heart for us did lan - guish, And bit - ter death en - dure.
To them who by Thy grace and love Are mem - bers
And say - est, ev - er kind and good: "Take, eat, this
It draws us to Thy lov - ing heart, It brings to
Thy heart, yet filled with peace and rest, With com - fort
of Thy king - dom, Now here, and then a - bove.
is My bod - y, Take, drink, this is My blood."
us Thy bless - ing, It does Thy peace im - part.
and sal - va - tion, Draws near to ev - 'ry breast. A - MEN.

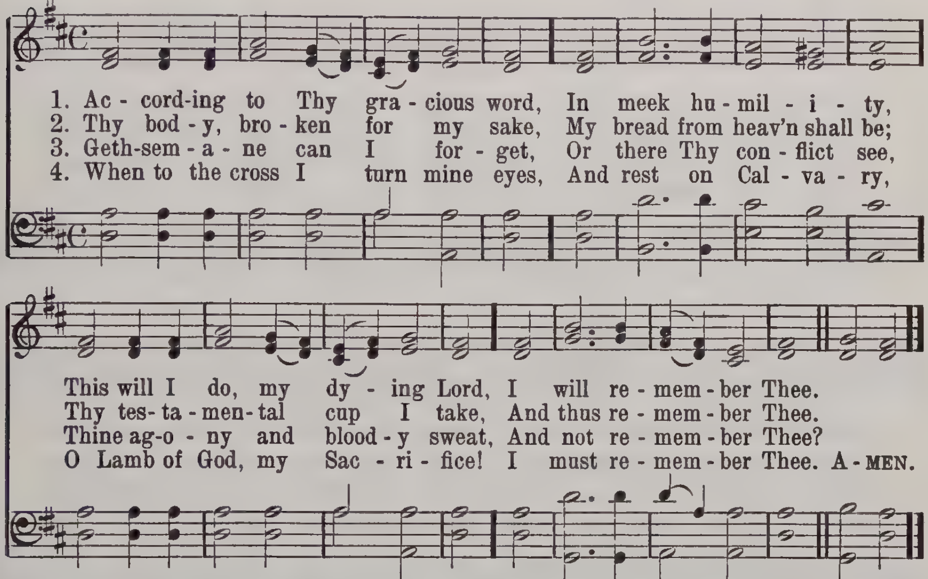
5 Thou still in loving favor
To us, Thine own, art near,
To lead us as our Saviour
Unto a Father dear,
A Father willing to forgive
The children Thou didst ransom,
And who through Thee shall live.

6 We are Thine own forever;
Until our latest breath
Will we be true, and never
In joy, in grief, in death,
Depart from Thee, for Thou always
Art present with Thy people,
As Thine own promise says.

176. According to Thy Gracious Word

James Montgomery, 1825

Lowell Mason, 1836
Arranged from Johann Georg Nägeli


1. Ac - cord-ing to Thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,
2. Thy bod - y, bro - ken for my sake, My bread from heav'n shall be;
3. Geth-sem - a - ne can I for - get, Or there Thy con - flict see,
4. When to the cross I turn mine eyes, And rest on Cal - va - ry,
This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee.
Thy tes- ta - men - tal cup I take, And thus re - mem - ber Thee.
Thine ag-o - ny and blood - y sweat, And not re - mem - ber Thee?
O Lamb of God, my Sac - ri - fice! I must re - mem - ber Thee. A - MEN.

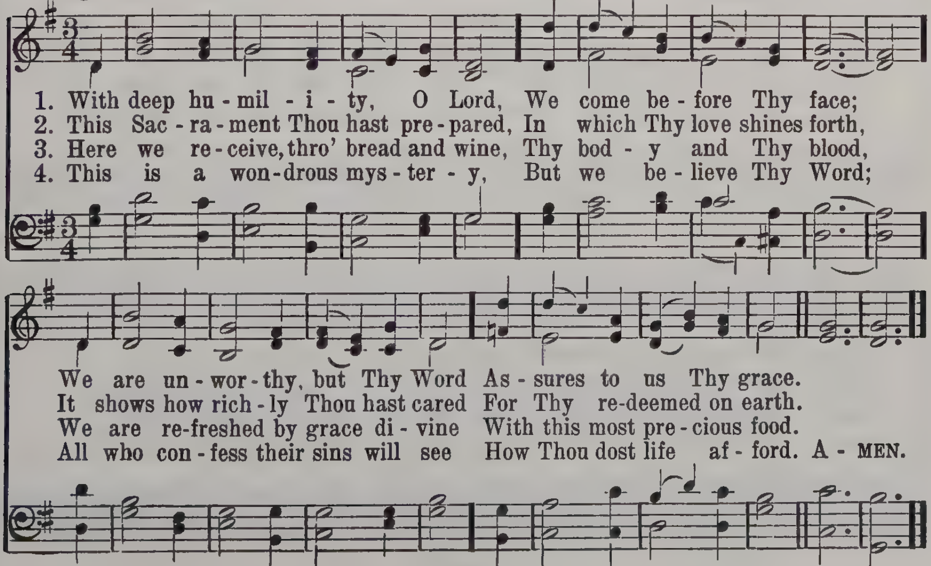
5 Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
O Lord, remember me!

177. With Deep Humility, O Lord

George Henry Trabert, 1822

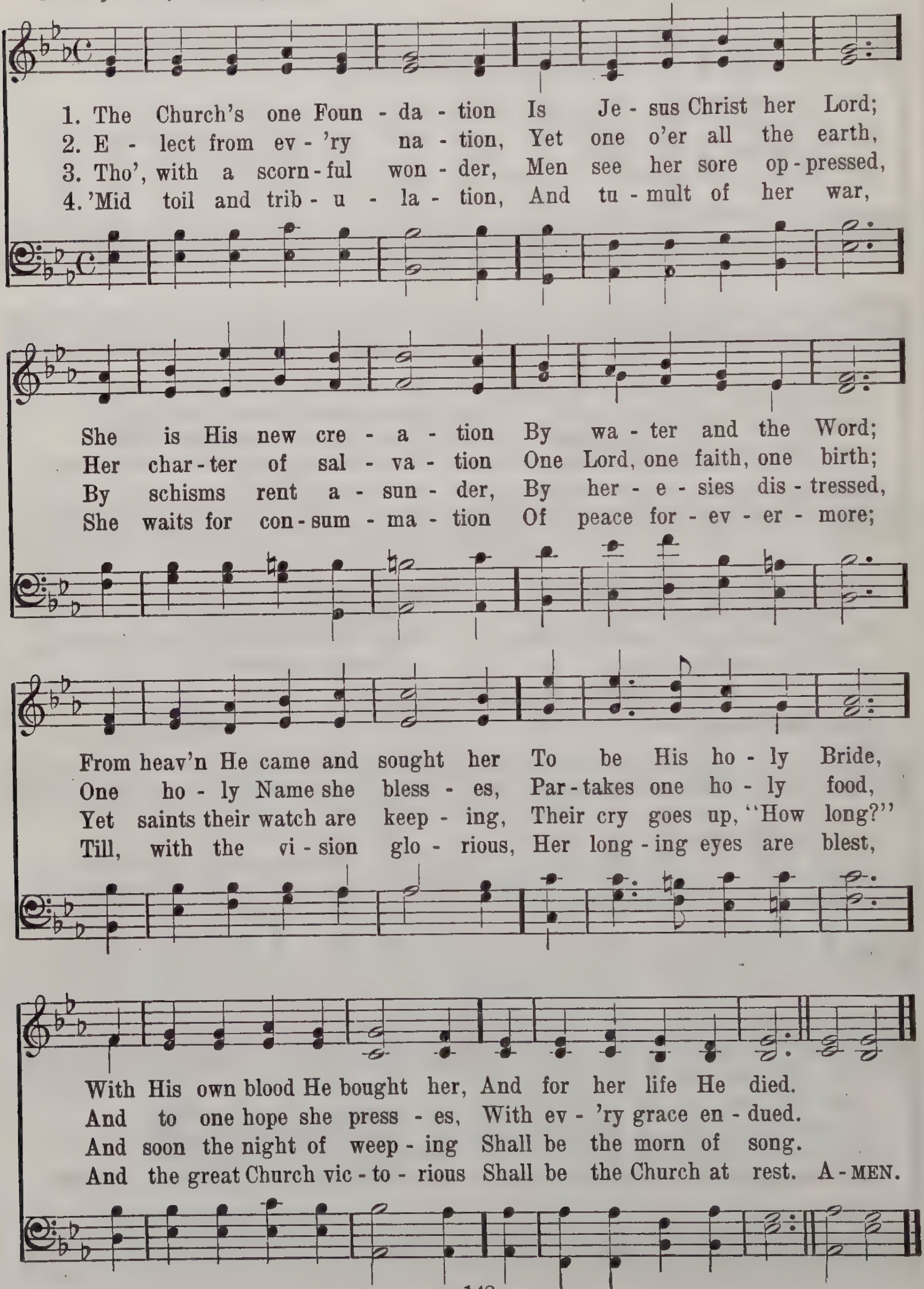
William Gardiner, 1812


1. With deep hu - mil - i - ty, O Lord, We come be - fore Thy face;
2. This Sac - ra - ment Thou hast pre - pared, In which Thy love shines forth,
3. Here we re - ceive, thro' bread and wine, Thy bod - y and Thy blood,
4. This is a won-drous mys - ter - y, But we be - lieve Thy Word;
We are un - wor - thy, but Thy Word As - sures to us Thy grace.
It shows how rich - ly Thou hast cared For Thy re-deemed on earth.
We are re-freshed by grace di - vine With this most pre - cious food.
All who con - fess their sins will see How Thou dost life af - ford. A - MEN.

178. The Church's One Foundation

Samuel J. Stone, 1866

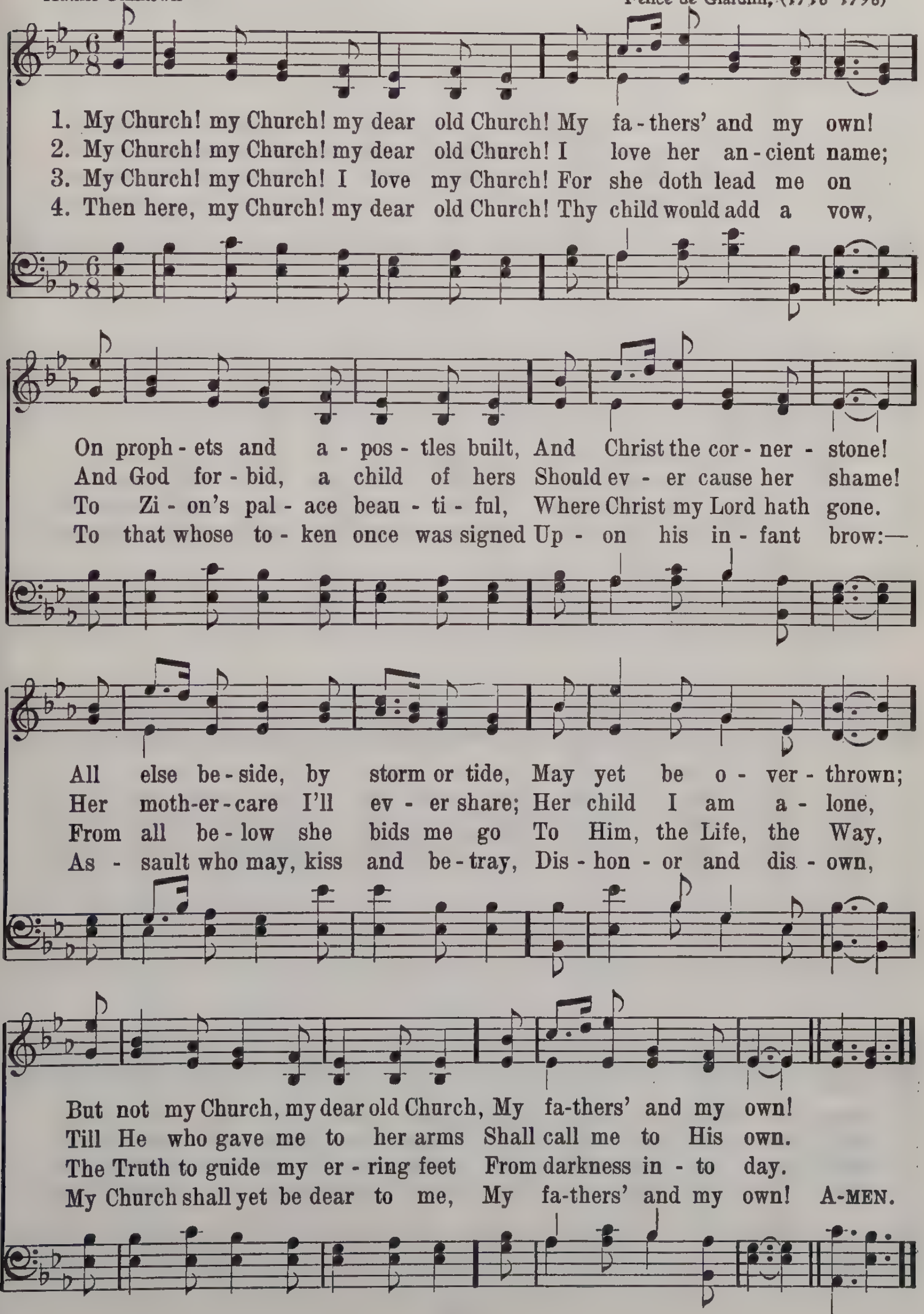
Samuel S. Wesley, 1864


1. The Church's one Foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. Tho', with a scorn - ful won - der, Men see her sore op - pressed,
4. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the Word;
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth;
By schisms rent a - sun - der, By her - e - sies dis - tressed,
She waits for con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;
From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride,
One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up, "How long?"
Till, with the vi - sion glo - rious, Her long - ing eyes are blest,
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.
And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest. A - MEN.

179. My Church! My Church! My Dear Old Church!

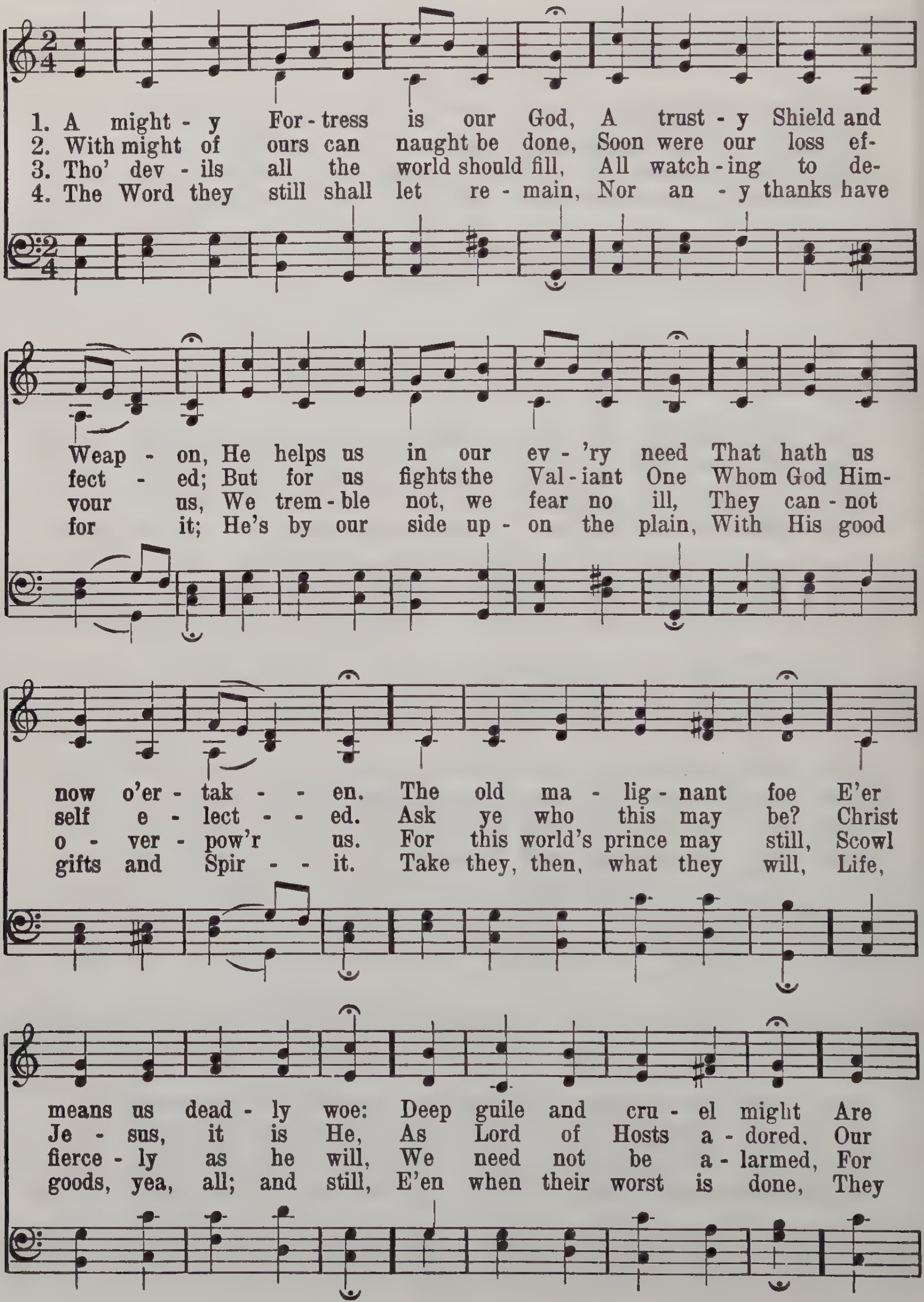
Author Unknown

Felice de Giardini, (1716–1796)

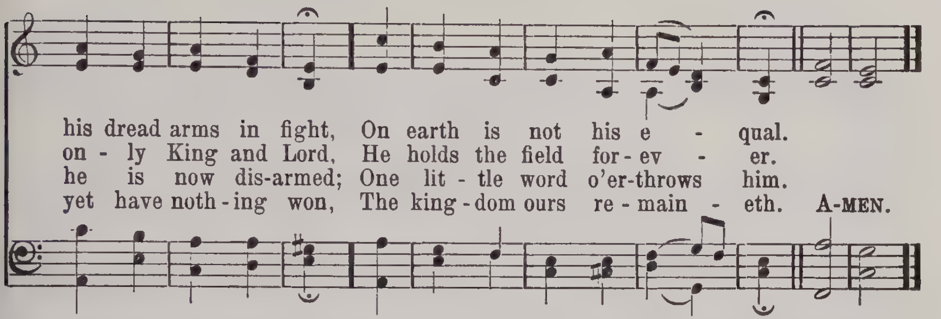

1. My Church! my Church! my dear old Church! My fa-thers' and my own!
2. My Church! my Church! my dear old Church! I love her an-cient name;
3. My Church! my Church! I love my Church! For she doth lead me on
4. Then here, my Church! my dear old Church! Thy child would add a vow,
On proph-ets and a-pos-tles built, And Christ the cor-ner-stone!
And God for-bid, a child of hers Should ev-er cause her shame!
To Zi-on's pal-ace beau-ti-ful, Where Christ my Lord hath gone.
To that whose to-ken once was signed Up-on his in-fant brow:—
All else be-side, by storm or tide, May yet be o-ver-thrown;
Her moth-er-care I'll ev-er share; Her child I am a-lone,
From all be-low she bids me go To Him, the Life, the Way,
As-sault who may, kiss and be-tray, Dis-hon-or and dis-own,
But not my Church, my dear old Church, My fa-thers' and my own!
Till He who gave me to her arms Shall call me to His own.
The Truth to guide my er-ring feet From darkness in-to day.
My Church shall yet be dear to me, My fa-thers' and my own! A-MEN.

180. A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Martin Luther, 1529 Martin Luther, 1529


1. A might - y For - tress is our God, A trust - y Shield and
2. With might of ours can naught be done, Soon were our loss ef-
3. Tho' dev - ils all the world should fill, All watch - ing to de-
4. The Word they still shall let re - main, Nor an - y thanks have
Weap - on, He helps us in our ev - 'ry need That hath us
fect - ed; But for us fights the Val - iant One Whom God Him-
vour us, We trem - ble not, we fear no ill, They can - not
for it; He's by our side up - on the plain, With His good
now o'er - tak - - en. The old ma - lig - nant foe E'er
self e - lect - - ed. Ask ye who this may be? Christ
o - ver - pow'r us. For this world's prince may still, Scowl
gifts and Spir - - it. Take they, then, what they will, Life,
means us dead - ly woe: Deep guile and cru - el might Are
Je - sus, it is He, As Lord of Hosts a - dored, Our
fierce - ly as he will, We need not be a - larmed, For
goods, yea, all; and still, E'en when their worst is done, They

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

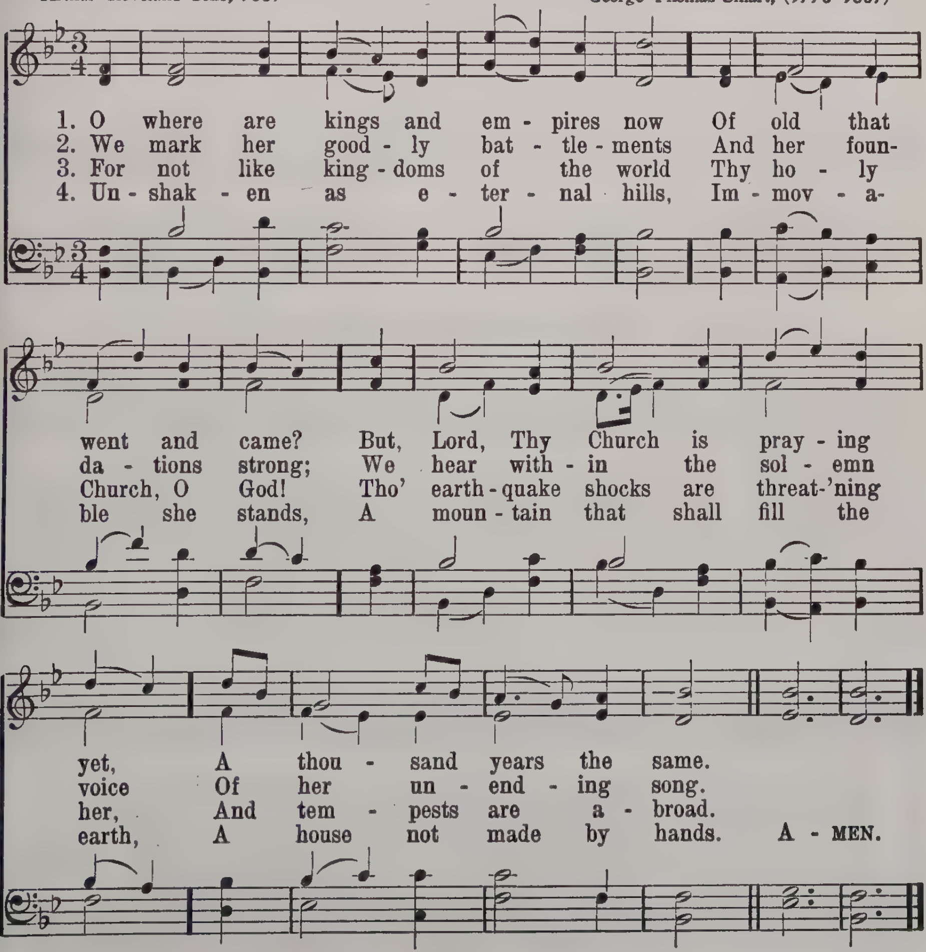


his dread arms in fight, On earth is not his e - qual.
on - ly King and Lord, He holds the field for - ev - er.
he is now dis-armed; One lit - tle word o'er-throws him.
yet have noth - ing won, The king - dom ours re - main - eth. A-MEN.

181. O Where Are Kings and Empires Now?

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1839

George Thomas Smart, (1776–1867)

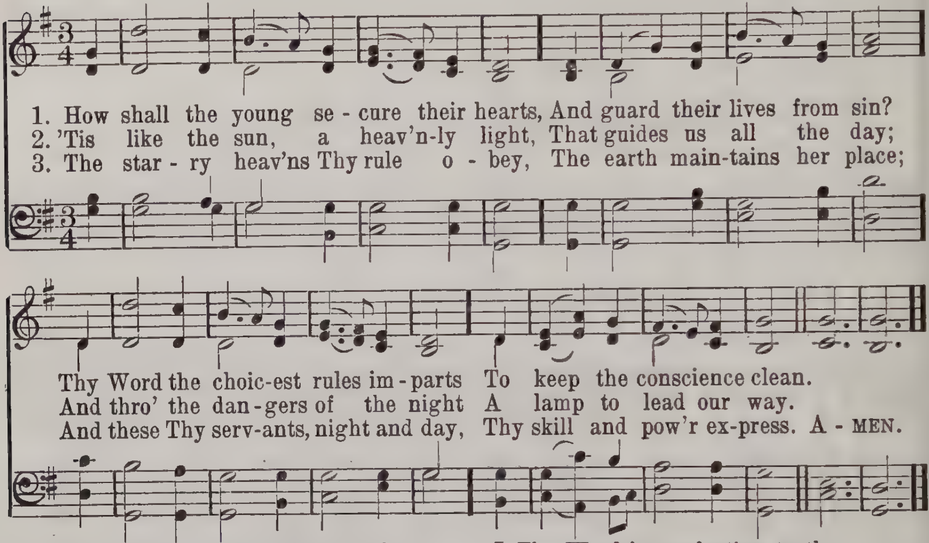


1. O where are kings and em - pires now Of old that went and came? But, Lord, Thy Church is pray - ing yet, A thou - sand years the same.
2. We mark her good - ly bat - tle - ments And her foun - da - tions strong; We hear with - in the sol - emn voice Of her un - end - ing song.
3. For not like king - doms of the world Thy ho - ly Church, O God! Tho' earth - quake shocks are threat-'ning her, And tem - pests are a - broad.
4. Un - shak - en as e - ter - nal hills, Im - mov - a - ble she stands, A moun - tain that shall fill the earth, A house not made by hands. A - MEN.

182. How Shall the Young Secure Their Hearts?

Isaac Watts, 1719

L. Devereux
Arranged by George Kingsley, 1839



1. How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy Word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2. 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day;
And thro' the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

3. The starry heav'ns Thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these Thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and pow'r express. AMEN.

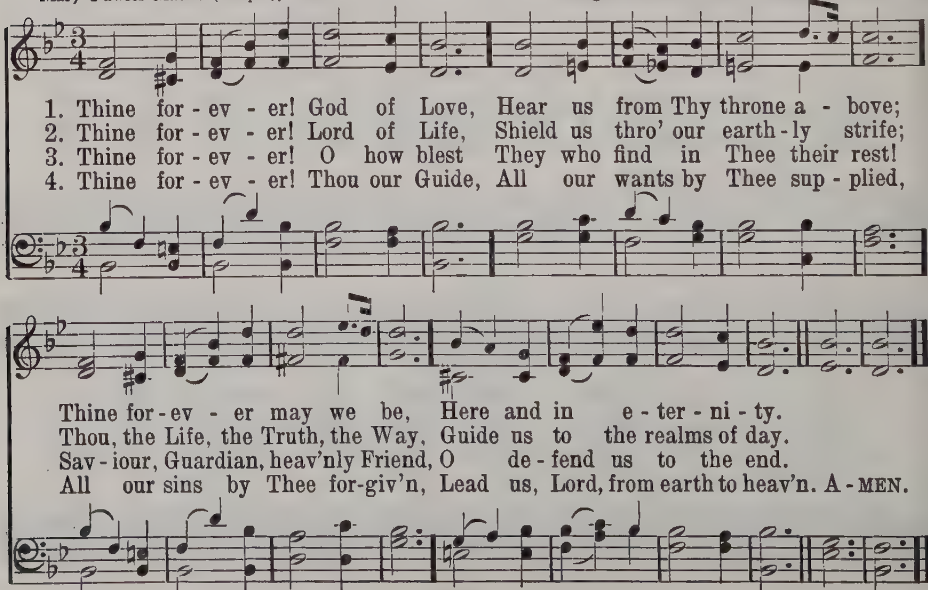
4 But still Thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than Thy Word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.

5 Thy Word is everlasting truth:
How pure is every page!
That holy Book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

183. Thine Forever! God of Love

Mary Fawler Maude (Hooper), 1847

Arranged from Louis M. Gottschalk, 1867



1. Thine forever! God of Love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine forever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2. Thine forever! Lord of Life,
Shield us thro' our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

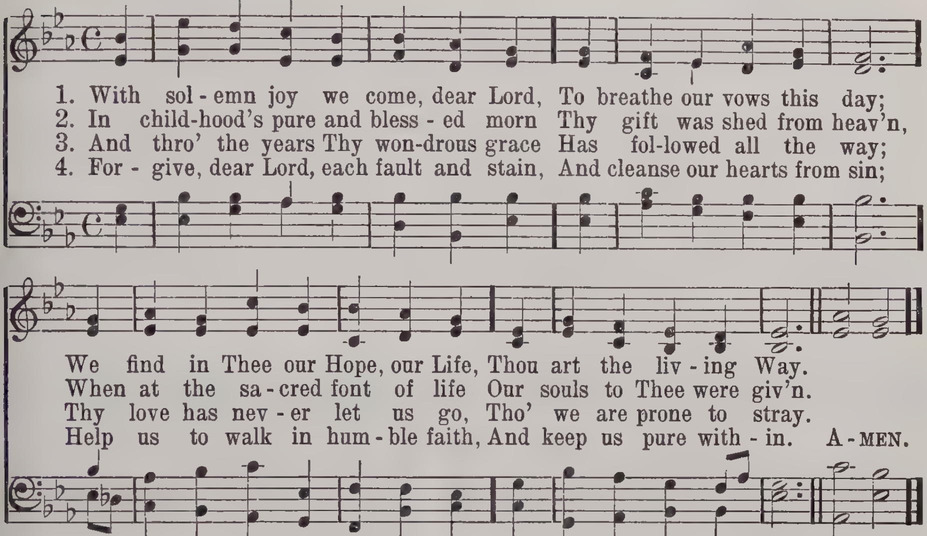
3. Thine forever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heav'nly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

4. Thine forever! Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiv'n,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heav'n. AMEN.

184. With Solemn Joy We Come, Dear Lord

Ernest Edwin Ryden, 1923

Alexander Robert Reinagle, 1826


1. With sol-emn joy we come, dear Lord, To breathe our vows this day;
2. In child-hood's pure and bless-ed morn Thy gift was shed from heav'n,
3. And thro' the years Thy won-drous grace Has fol-lowed all the way;
4. For-give, dear Lord, each fault and stain, And cleanse our hearts from sin;
We find in Thee our Hope, our Life, Thou art the liv-ing Way.
When at the sa-cred font of life Our souls to Thee were giv'n.
Thy love has nev-er let us go, Tho' we are prone to stray.
Help us to walk in hum-ble faith, And keep us pure with-in. A-MEN.

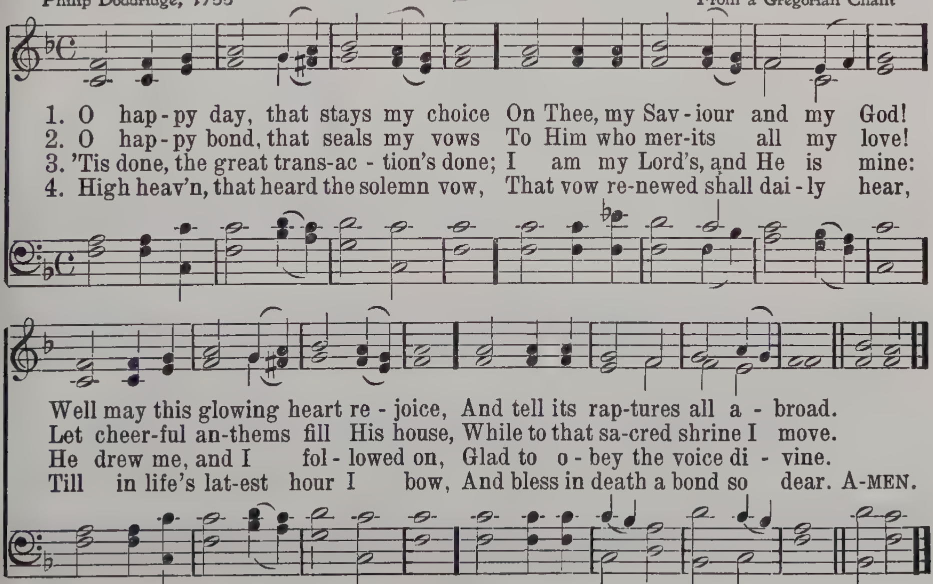
5 O precious Saviour, Thine we are,
Thy Name we would confess;
Thy Spirit pour into our hearts,
Our youthful lives to bless.

6 O keep us faithful, keep us true,
And seal us for Thine own,
That we may stand at last with joy
Before Thy great white throne!

185. O Happy Day, That Stays My Choice

Philip Doddridge, 1755

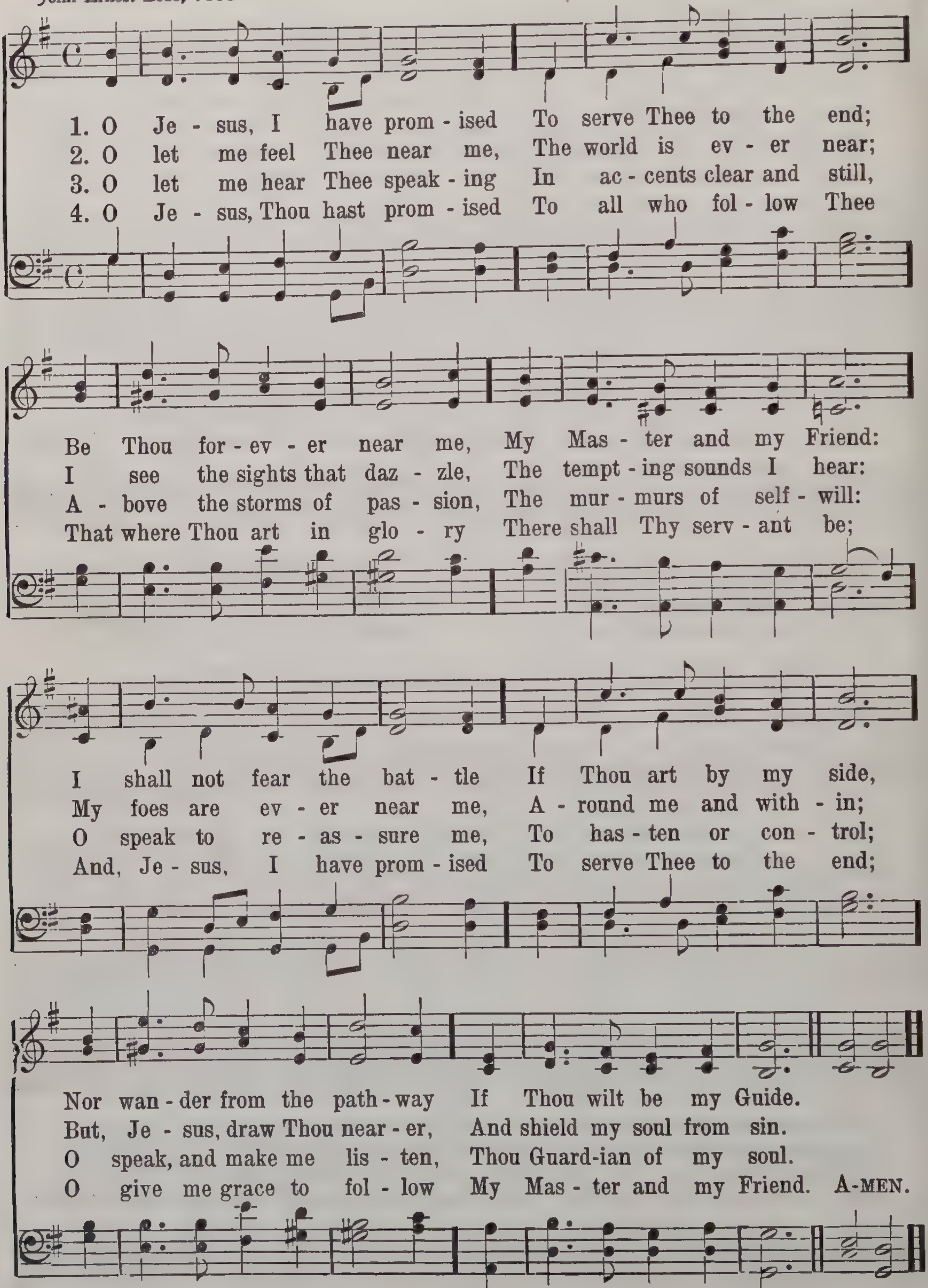
Lowell Mason, 1825
From a Gregorian Chant


1. O hap-py day, that stays my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God!
2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love!
3. 'Tis done, the great trans-ac-tion's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
4. High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow, That vow re-newed shall dai-ly hear,
Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Glad to o-bey the voice di-vine.
Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear. A-MEN.

186. O Jesus, I Have Promised

John Ernest Bode, 1868

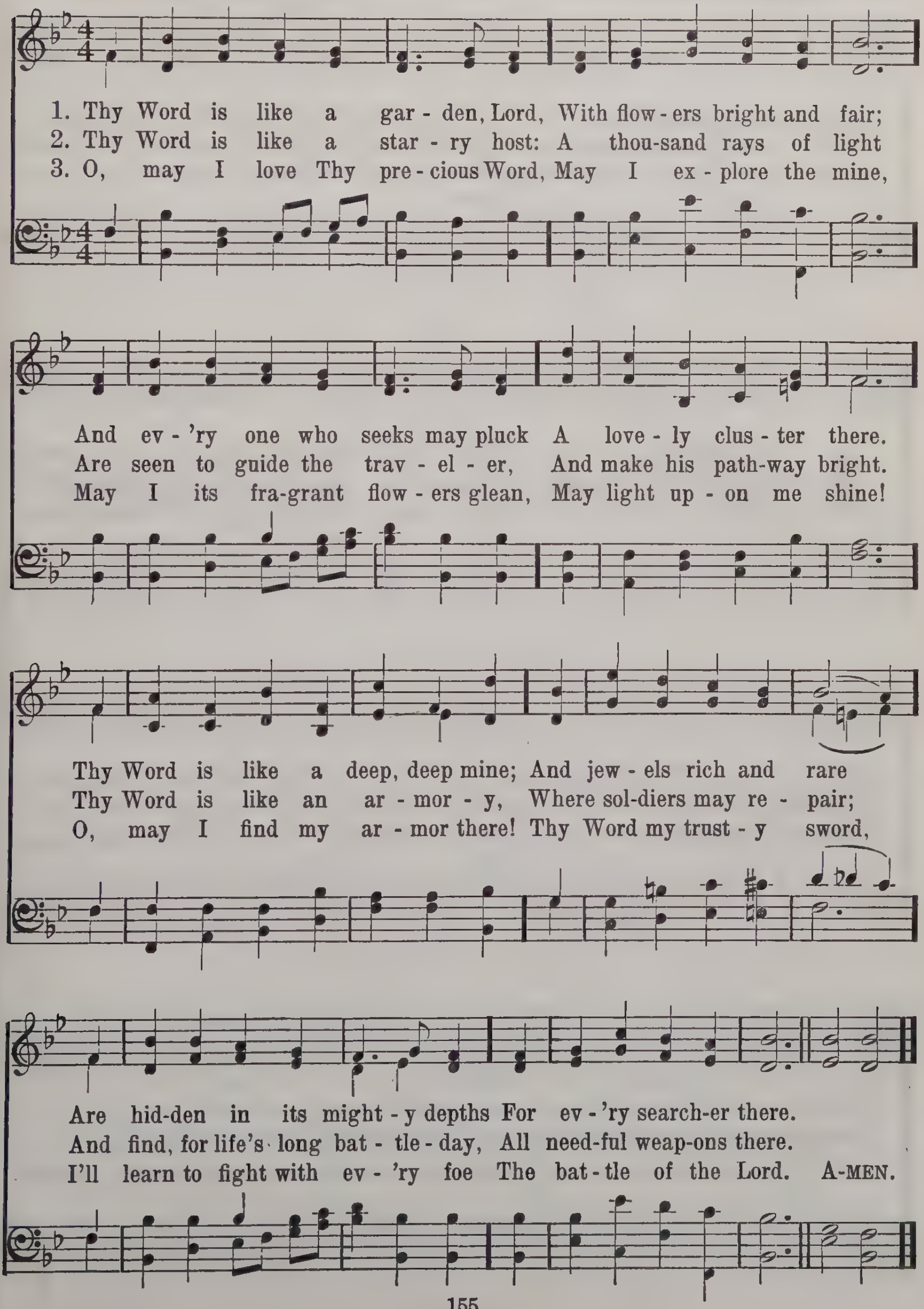
Arthur Henry Mann, 1881


1. O Jesus, I have promised To serve Thee to the end;
2. O let me feel Thee near me, The world is ever near;
3. O let me hear Thee speaking In accents clear and still,
4. O Jesus, Thou hast promised To all who follow Thee
Be Thou forever near me, My Master and my Friend:
I see the sights that dazzle, The tempting sounds I hear:
Above the storms of passion, The murmurs of self-will:
That where Thou art in glory There shall Thy servant be;
I shall not fear the battle If Thou art by my side,
My foes are ever near me, Around me and within;
O speak to reassure me, To hasten or control;
And, Jesus, I have promised To serve Thee to the end;
Nor wander from the pathway If Thou wilt be my Guide.
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer, And shield my soul from sin.
O speak, and make me listen, Thou Guardian of my soul.
O give me grace to follow My Master and my Friend. A-MEN.

187. Thy Word Is Like a Garden, Lord

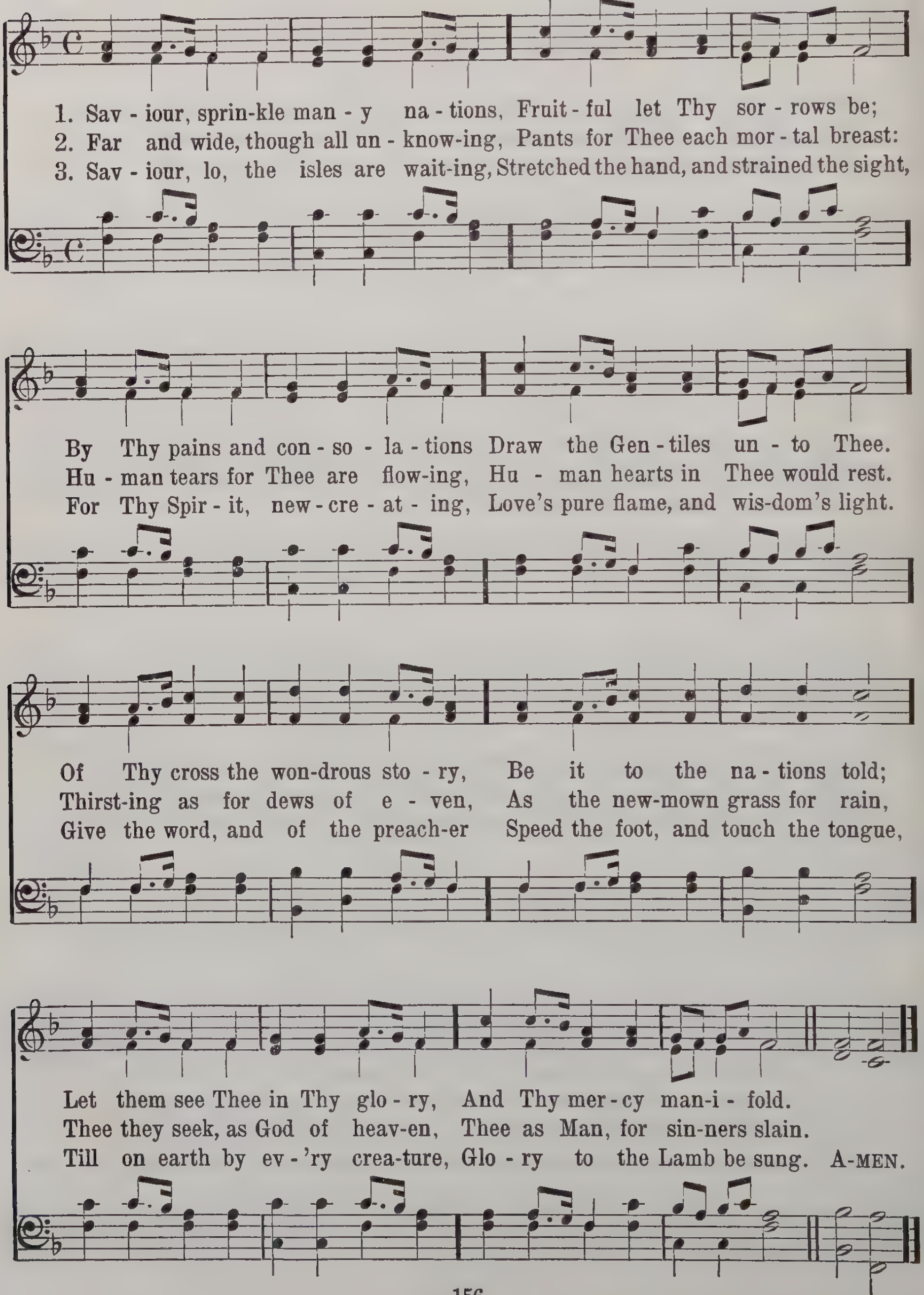
Edwin Hodder, 1868

Old English Melody


1. Thy Word is like a gar - den, Lord, With flow - ers bright and fair;
2. Thy Word is like a star - ry host: A thou-sand rays of light
3. O, may I love Thy pre - cious Word, May I ex - plore the mine,
And ev - 'ry one who seeks may pluck A love - ly clus - ter there.
Are seen to guide the trav - el - er, And make his path-way bright.
May I its fra-grant flow - ers glean, May light up - on me shine!
Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine; And jew - els rich and rare
Thy Word is like an ar - mor - y, Where sol-diers may re - pair;
O, may I find my ar - mor there! Thy Word my trust - y sword,
Are hid-den in its might - y depths For ev - 'ry search-er there.
And find, for life's long bat - tle - day, All need-ful weap-ons there.
I'll learn to fight with ev - 'ry foe The bat - tle of the Lord. A-MEN.

188. Saviour, Sprinkle Many Nations

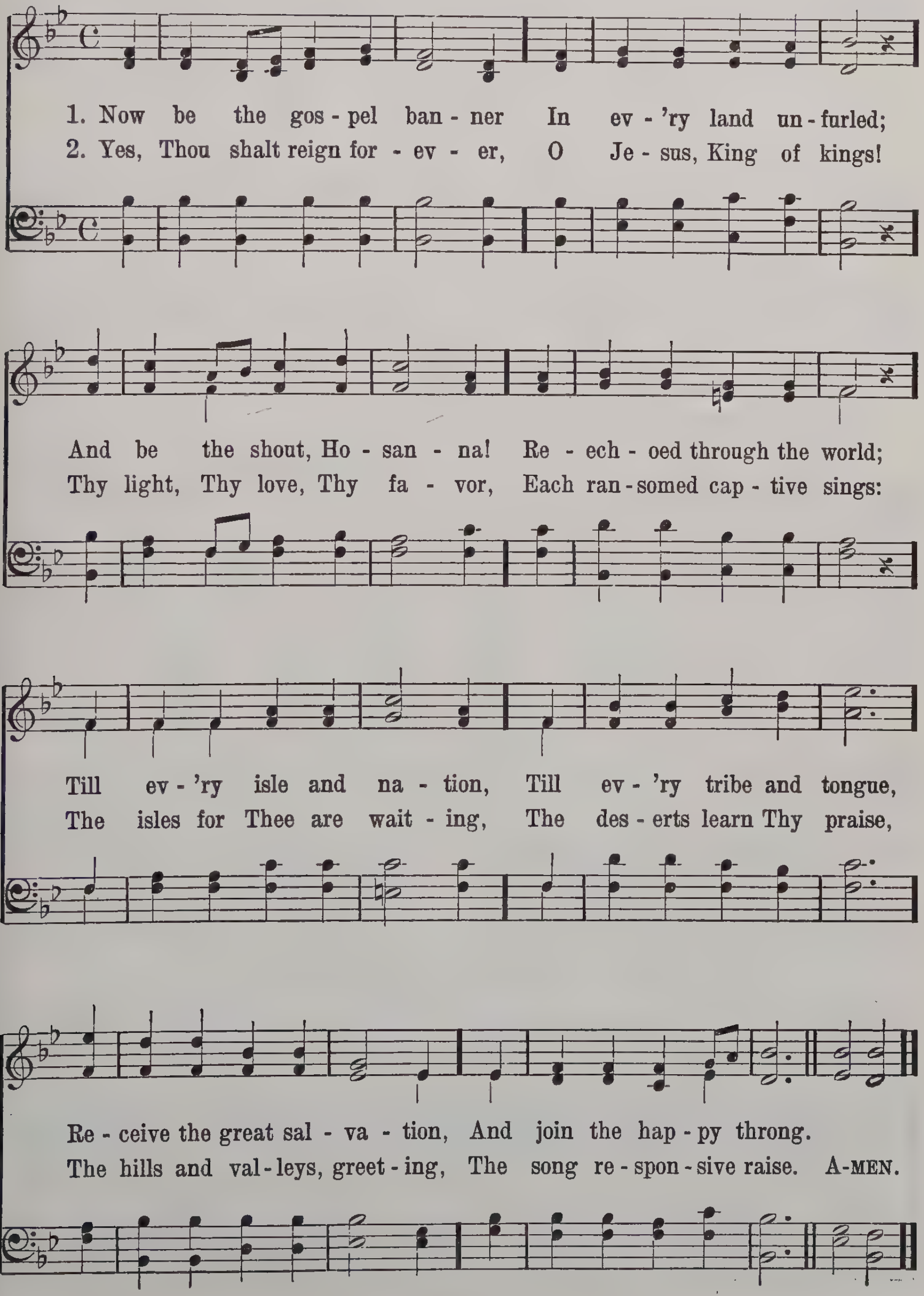
Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1851 Jean Jacques Rousseau, (1712-1778)


1. Sav - iour, sprin-kle man - y na - tions, Fruit - ful let Thy sor - rows be;
2. Far and wide, though all un - know-ing, Pants for Thee each mor - tal breast:
3. Sav - iour, lo, the isles are wait-ing, Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
By Thy pains and con - so - la - tions Draw the Gen - tiles un - to Thee.
Hu - man tears for Thee are flow-ing, Hu - man hearts in Thee would rest.
For Thy Spir - it, new - cre - at - ing, Love's pure flame, and wis-dom's light.
Of Thy cross the won-drous sto - ry, Be it to the na - tions told;
Thirst-ing as for dews of e - ven, As the new-mown grass for rain,
Give the word, and of the preach-er Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Let them see Thee in Thy glo - ry, And Thy mer - cy man-i - fold.
Thee they seek, as God of heav-en, Thee as Man, for sin-ners slain.
Till on earth by ev - 'ry crea-ture, Glo - ry to the Lamb be sung. A-MEN.

189. Now Be the Gospel Banner

Thomas Hastings, 1831

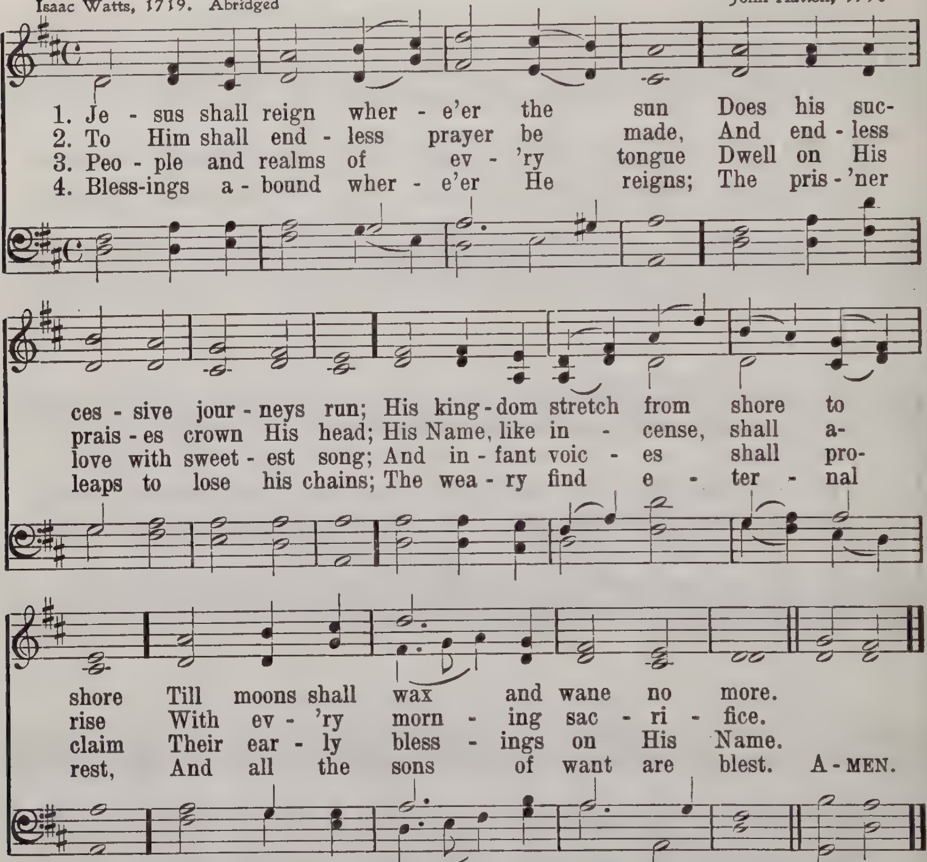
Johan Christian Fredrick Haeffner, 1808


1. Now be the gospel banner In ev'ry land unfurled;
And be the shout, Hosanna! Re-echoed through the world;
Till ev'ry isle and nation, Till ev'ry tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation, And join the happy throng.
2. Yes, Thou shalt reign forever, O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor, Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for Thee are waiting, The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and valleys, greeting, The song responsive raise. A-MEN.

190. Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun

Isaac Watts, 1719. Abridged

John Hatton, 1790


1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc-
2. To Him shall end - less prayer be made, And end - less
3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His
4. Bless-ings a - bound wher - e'er He reigns; The pris - 'ner
ces - sive jour - neys run; His king - dom stretch from shore to
prais - es crown His head; His Name, like in - cense, shall a-
love with sweet - est song; And in - fant voic - es shall pro-
leaps to lose his chains; The wea - ry find e - ter - nal
shore Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His Name.
rest, And all the sons of want are blest. A - MEN.

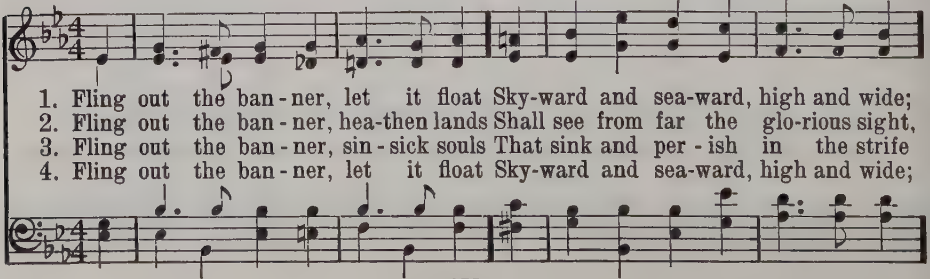
5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

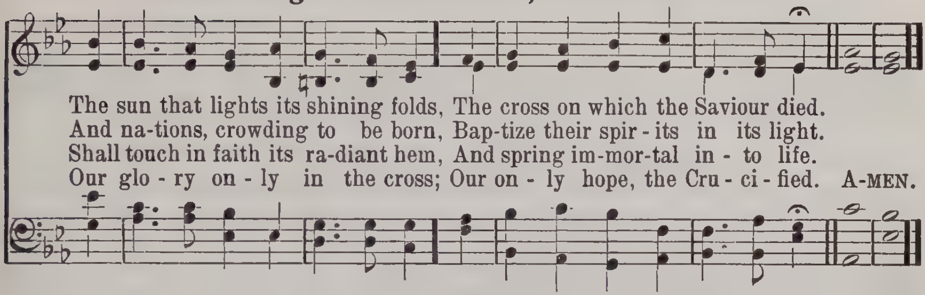
191. Fling Out the Banner, Let It Float

George W. Doane, 1848

John B. Calkin, 1872


1. Fling out the ban - ner, let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the ban - ner, hea-then lands Shall see from far the glo-rious sight,
3. Fling out the ban - ner, sin - sick souls That sink and per - ish in the strife
4. Fling out the ban - ner, let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;

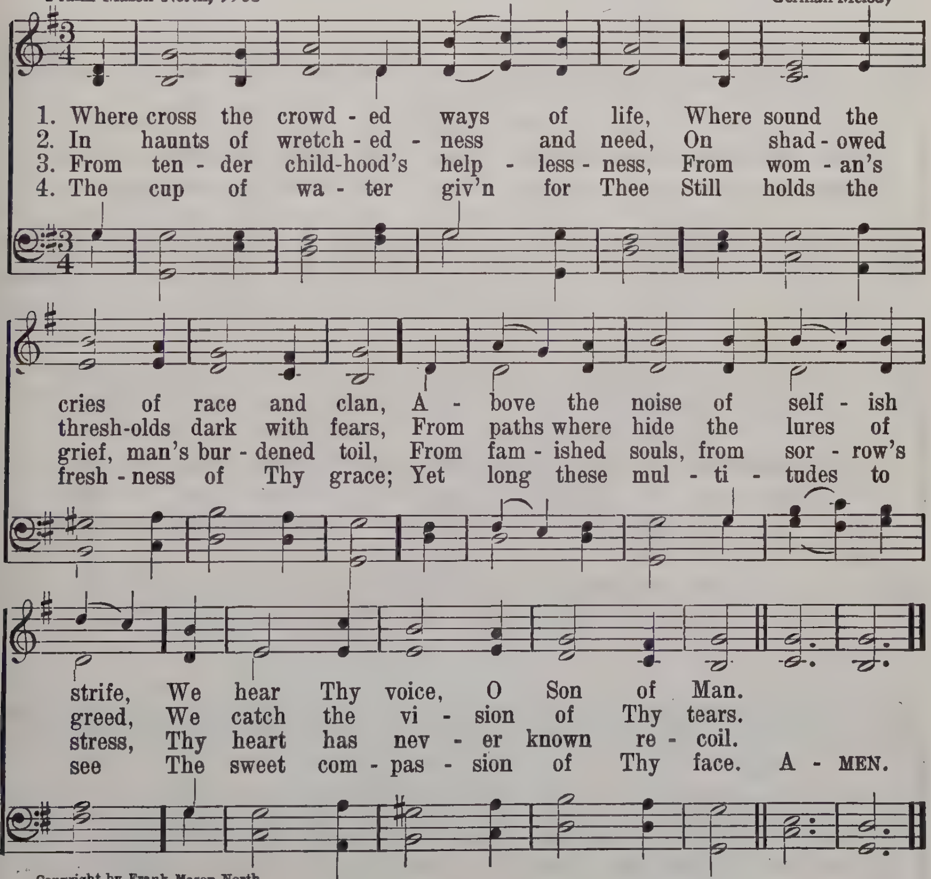
Fling Out the Banner, Let It Float


The sun that lights its shining folds, The cross on which the Saviour died.
And na-tions, crowding to be born, Bap-tize their spir - its in its light.
Shall touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in - to life.
Our glo - ry on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru - ci - fied. A-MEN.

192. Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life

Frank Mason North, 1905

German Melody


1. Where cross the crowd - ed ways of life, Where sound the
2. In haunts of wretch - ed - ness and need, On shad - owed
3. From ten - der child-hood's help - less - ness, From wom - an's
4. The cup of wa - ter giv'n for Thee Still holds the
cries of race and clan, A - bove the noise of self - ish
thresh-olds dark with fears, From paths where hide the lures of
grief, man's bur - dened toil, From fam - ished souls, from sor - row's
fresh - ness of Thy grace; Yet long these mul - ti - tudes to
strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man.
greed, We catch the vi - sion of Thy tears.
stress, Thy heart has nev - er known re - coil.
see The sweet com - pas - sion of Thy face. A - MEN.

Copyright by Frank Mason North

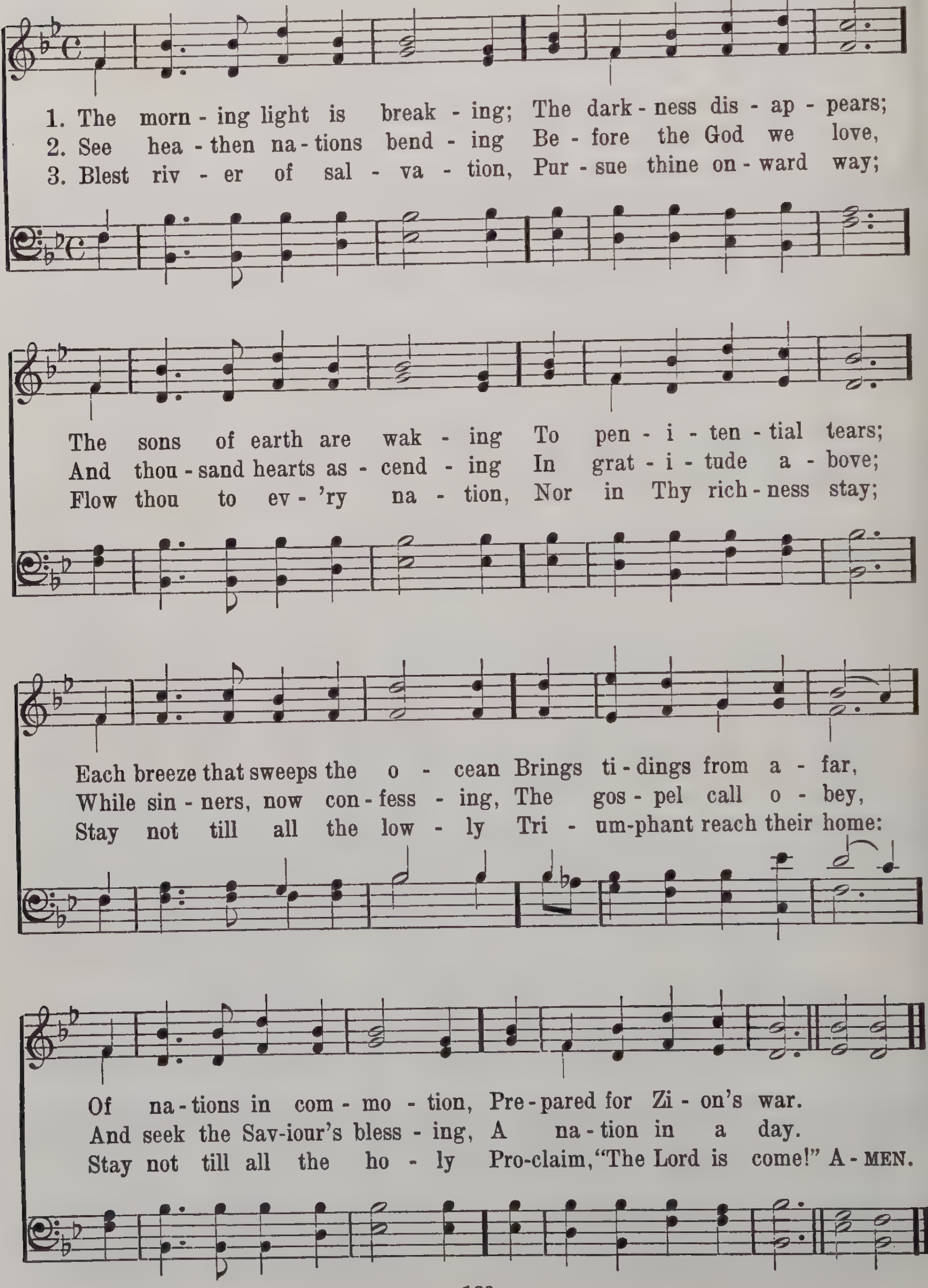
5 O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to hear these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again;

6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,
And follow where Thy feet have trod;
Till glorious from Thy heaven above
Shall come the City of our God.

193. The Morning Light Is Breaking

Samuel Francis Smith, 1832

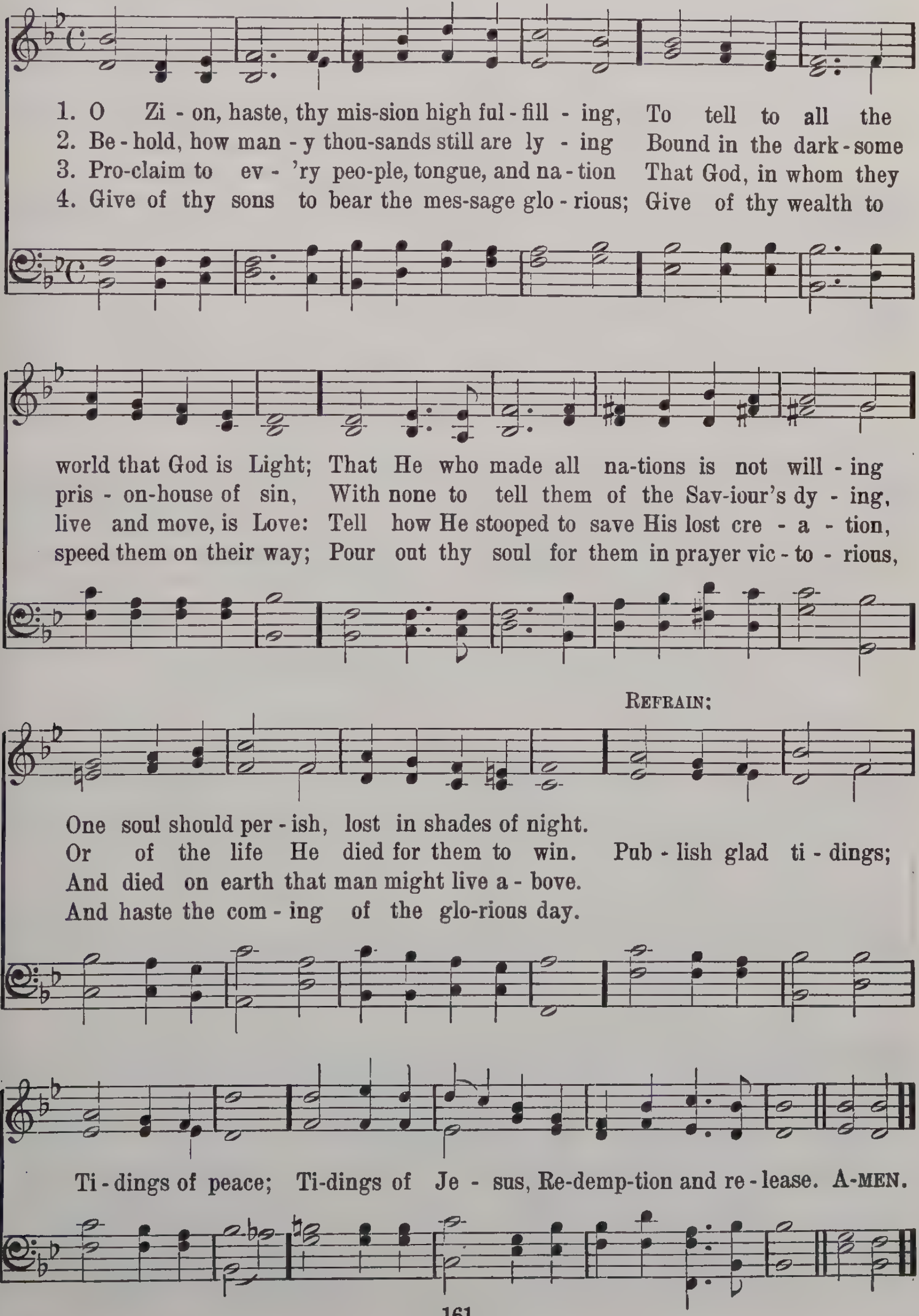
George James Webb, 1830


1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thine on - ward way;
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
And thou - sand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in Thy rich - ness stay;
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far,
While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel call o - bey,
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - um-phant reach their home:
Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
And seek the Sav-iour's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
Stay not till all the ho - ly Pro-claim, "The Lord is come!" A - MEN.

194. O Zion, Haste, Thy Mission High Fulfilling

Mary Ann Thomson, 1870

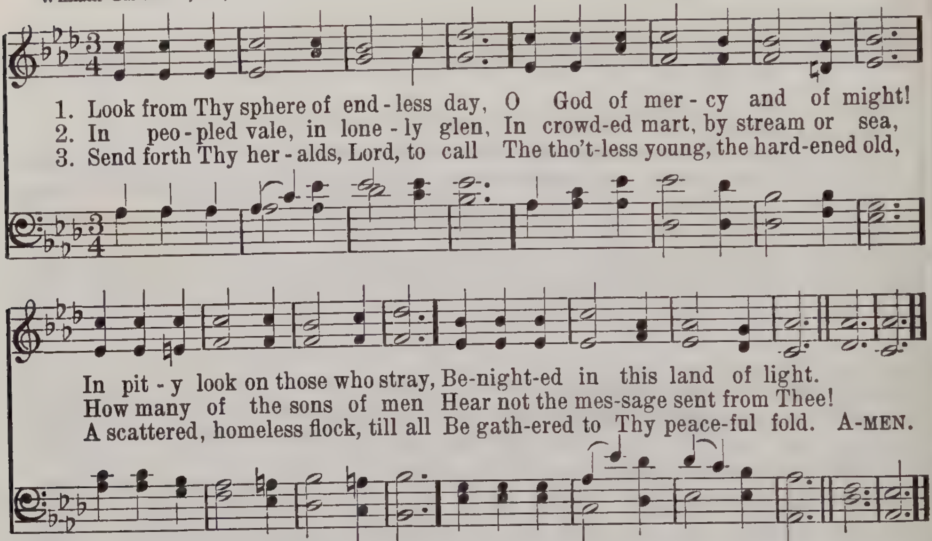
James Walch, 1875


1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold, how man - y thou-sands still are ly - ing Bound in the dark - some
3. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue, and na - tion That God, in whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo - rious; Give of thy wealth to
world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-iour's dy - ing,
live and move, is Love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious,
REFRAIN:
One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win.
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
And haste the com - ing of the glo-rious day.
Pub - lish glad ti - dings;
Ti - dings of peace; Ti-dings of Je - sus, Re-demp-tion and re - lease. A-MEN.

195. Look from Thy Sphere of Endless Day

William Cullen Bryant, 1840, a.

William Boyd, 1864


1. Look from Thy sphere of end-less day, O God of mer-cy and of might!
2. In peo-pled vale, in lone-ly glen, In crowd-ed mart, by stream or sea,
3. Send forth Thy her-alds, Lord, to call The tho't-less young, the hard-ened old,
In pit-y look on those who stray, Be-night-ed in this land of light.
How many of the sons of men Hear not the mes-sage sent from Thee!
A scattered, homeless flock, till all Be gath-ered to Thy peace-ful fold. A-MEN.

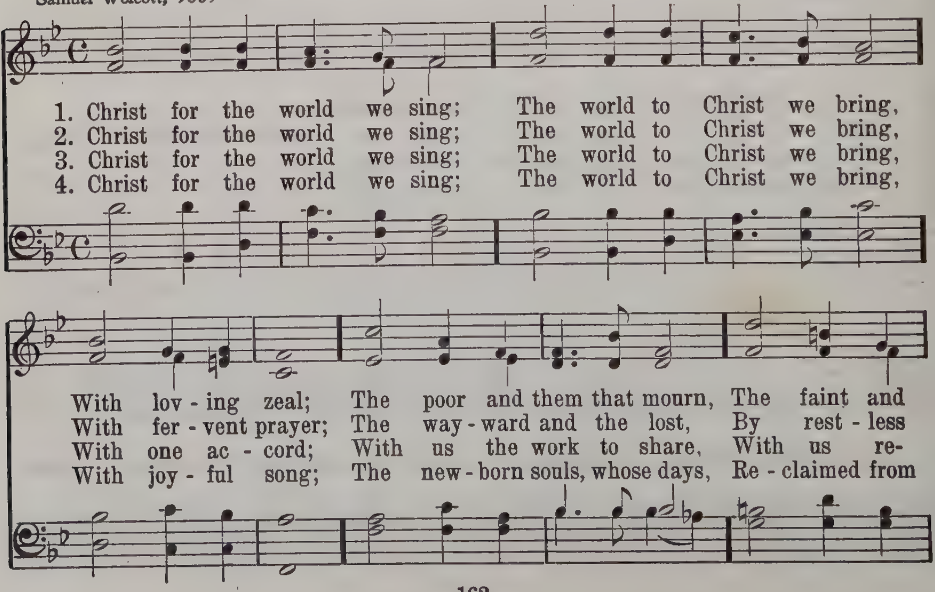
4 Send them Thy mighty Word, to speak
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes,—a dreary scene,
That fills with sadness as we gaze,—
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

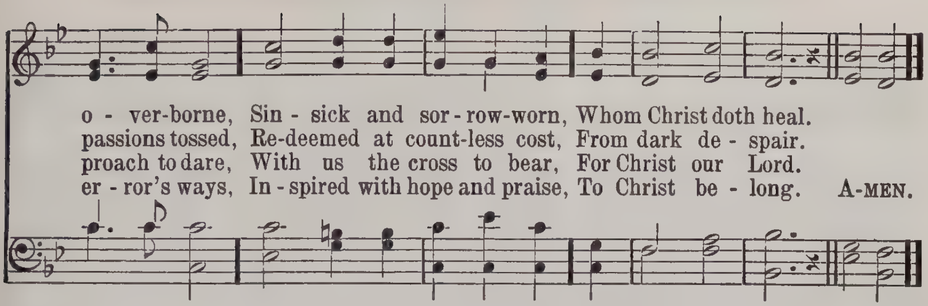
196. Christ for the World We Sing

Samuel Wolcott, 1869

J. P. E. Hartman


1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring,
2. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring,
3. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring,
4. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring,
With lov-ing zeal; The poor and them that mourn, The faint and
With fer-vent prayer; The way-ward and the lost, By rest-less
With one ac-cord; With us the work to share, With us re-
With joy-ful song; The new-born souls, whose days, Re-claimed from

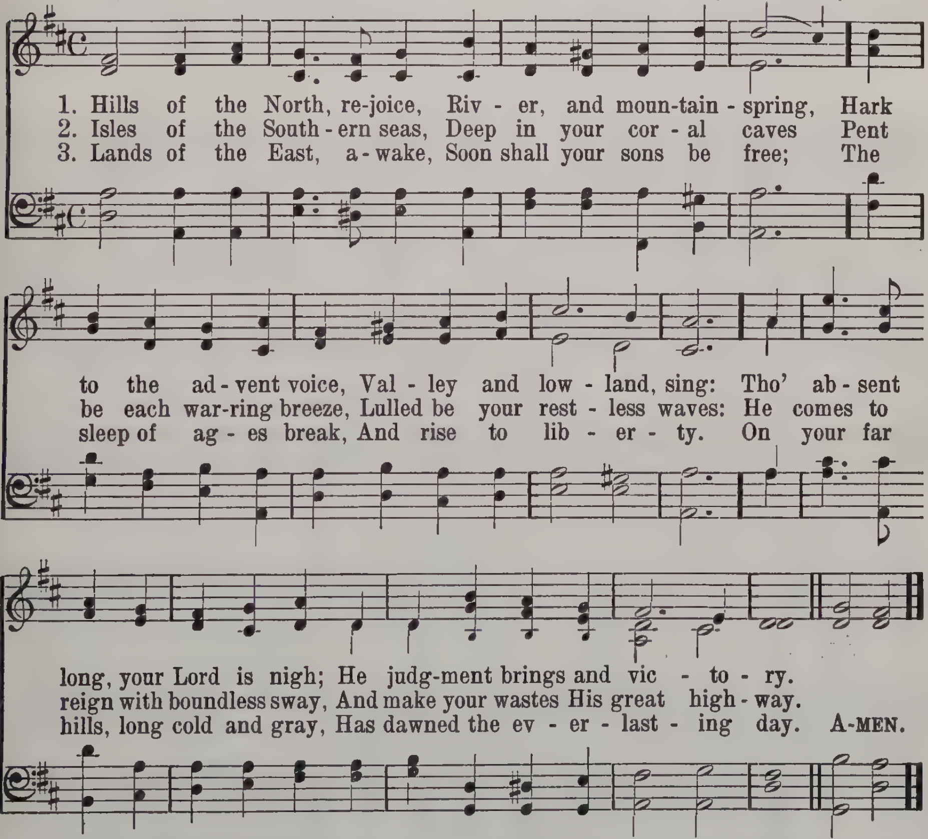
Christ for the World We Sing


o - ver-borne, Sin - sick and sor - row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.
passions tossed, Re-deemed at count-less cost, From dark de - spair.
proach to dare, With us the cross to bear, For Christ our Lord.
er - ror's ways, In - spired with hope and praise, To Christ be - long. A-MEN.

197. Hills of the North, Rejoice

F. Oakley, 1890

Arthur Seymour Sullivan, 1872


1. Hills of the North, re-joice, Riv - er, and moun-tain - spring, Hark to the ad - vent voice, Val - ley and low - land, sing: Tho' ab - sent long, your Lord is nigh; He judg-ment brings and vic - to - ry.
2. Isles of the South - ern seas, Deep in your cor - al caves Pent be each war-ring breeze, Lulled be your rest - less waves: He comes to reign with boundless sway, And make your wastes His great high - way.
3. Lands of the East, a - wake, Soon shall your sons be free; The sleep of ag - es break, And rise to lib - er - ty. On your far hills, long cold and gray, Has dawned the ev - er - last - ing day. A-MEN.

4 Shores of the utmost West,
Ye that have waited long,
Unvisited, unblest,
Break forth to swelling song:
High raise the note, that Jesus died,
Yet lives and reigns, the Crucified.

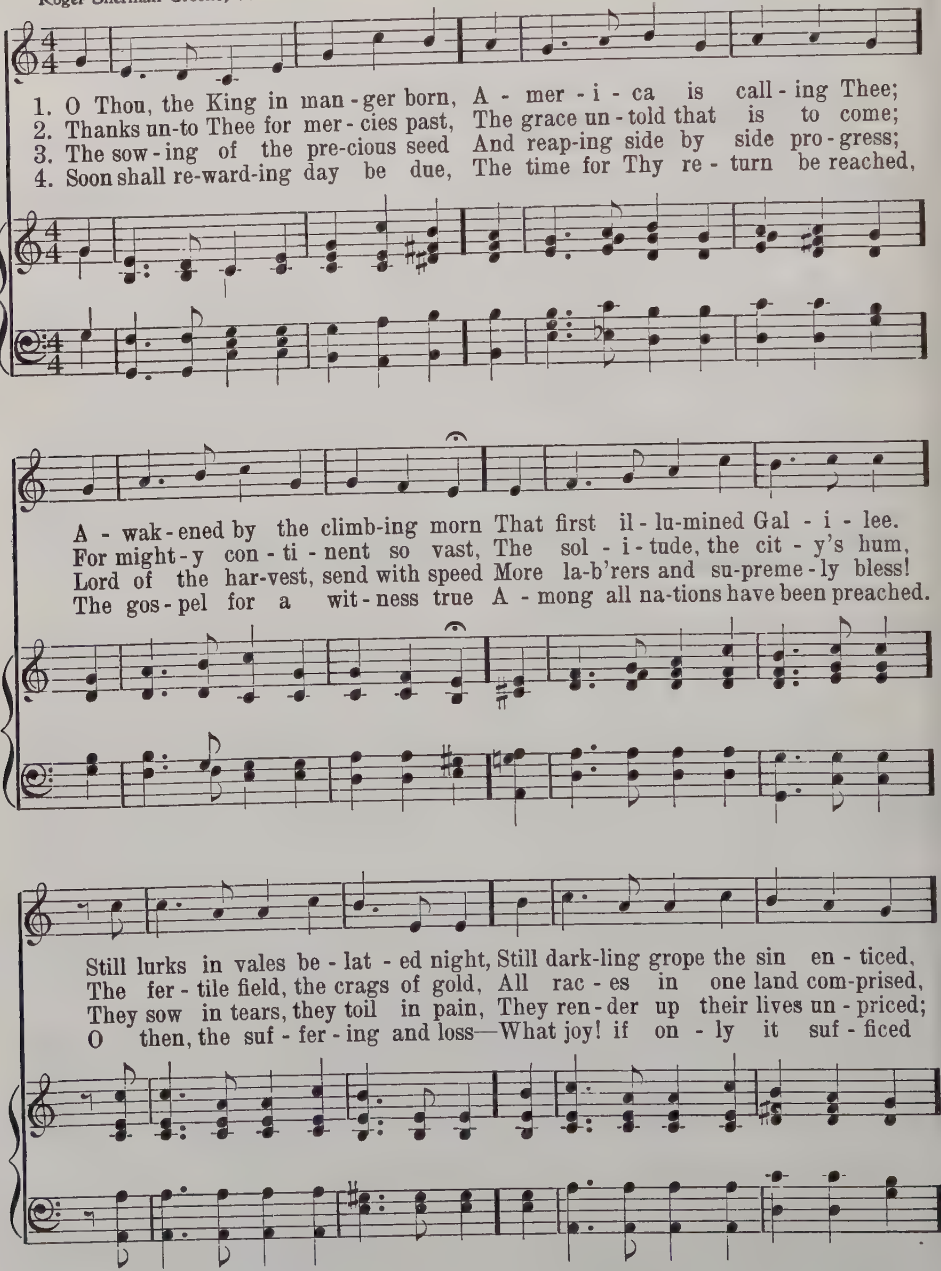
5 Shout, while ye journey home,
Songs be in every mouth:
Lo, from the North, we come,
From East, and West, and South.
City of God, the bond are free:
We come to live and reign in thee.

198. O Thou, the King in Manger Born

"AMERICA FOR CHRIST"

Roger Sherman Greene, 1906

Parker C. Palmer, 1906


1. O Thou, the King in man-ger born, A-mer-i-ca is call-ing Thee;
2. Thanks un-to Thee for mer-cies past, The grace un-told that is to come;
3. The sow-ing of the pre-cious seed And reap-ing side by side pro-gress;
4. Soon shall re-ward-ing day be due, The time for Thy re-turn be reached,
A-wak-ened by the climb-ing morn That first il-lu-mined Gal-i-lee.
For might-y con-ti-nent so vast, The sol-i-tude, the cit-y's hum,
Lord of the har-vest, send with speed More la-b'rers and su-preme-ly bless!
The gos-pel for a wit-ness true A-mong all na-tions have been preached.
Still lurks in vales be-lat-ed night, Still dark-ling grope the sin en-ticed,
The fer-tile field, the crags of gold, All rac-es in one land com-prised,
They sow in tears, they toil in pain, They ren-der up their lives un-priced;
O then, the suf-fer-ing and loss—What joy! if on-ly it suf-ficed

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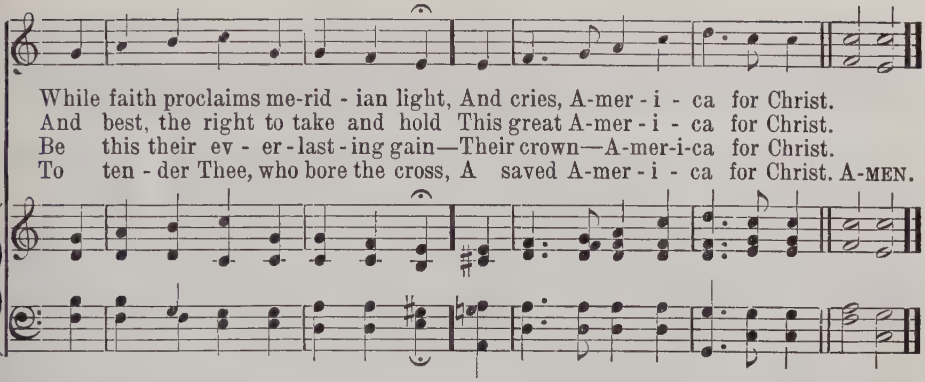
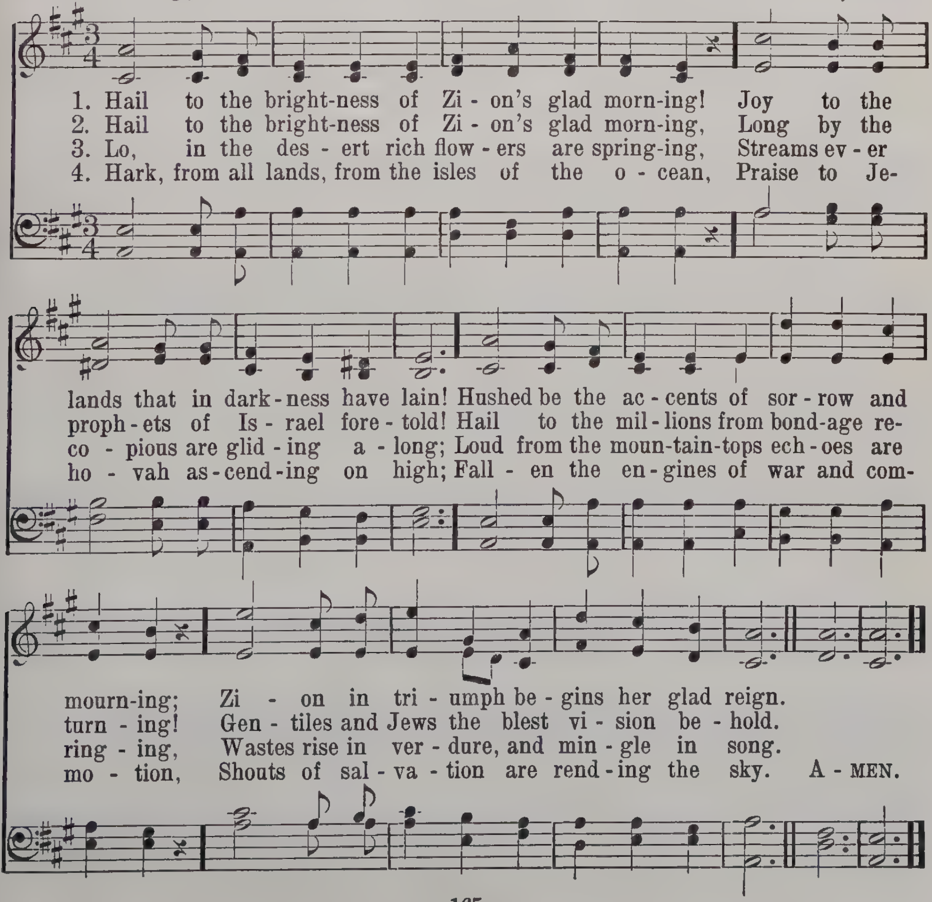
O Thou, the King in Manger Born


While faith proclaims me-rid - ian light, And cries, A-mer - i - ca for Christ.
And best, the right to take and hold This great A-mer - i - ca for Christ.
Be this their ev - er-last - ing gain—Their crown—A-mer-i-ca for Christ.
To ten - der Thee, who bore the cross, A saved A-mer - i - ca for Christ. A-MEN.

199. Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning!

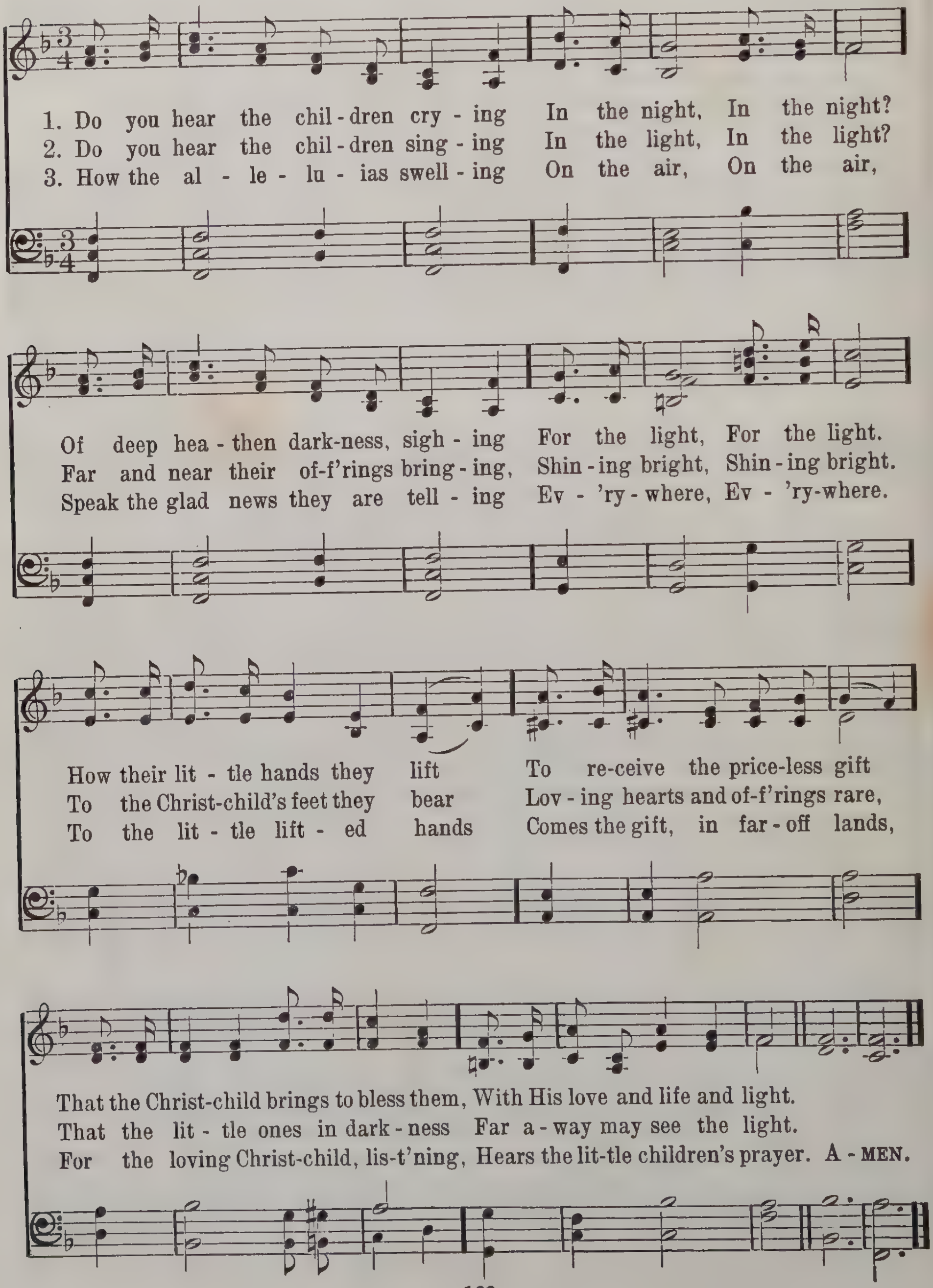
Thomas Hastings, 1832 — Lowell Mason, 1833


1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing! Joy to the
2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing, Long by the
3. Lo, in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring-ing, Streams ev - er
4. Hark, from all lands, from the isles of the o - cean, Praise to Je-
lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hushed be the ac - cents of sor - row and
proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told! Hail to the mil - lions from bond-age re-
co - pious are glid - ing a - long; Loud from the moun-tain-tops ech - oes are
ho - vah as-cend-ing on high; Fall - en the en - gines of war and com-
mourn-ing; Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her glad reign.
turn - ing! Gen - tiles and Jews the blest vi - sion be - hold.
ring - ing, Wastes rise in ver - dure, and min - gle in song.
mo - tion, Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky. A - MEN.

200. Do You Hear the Children Crying?

C. C. Rollitt

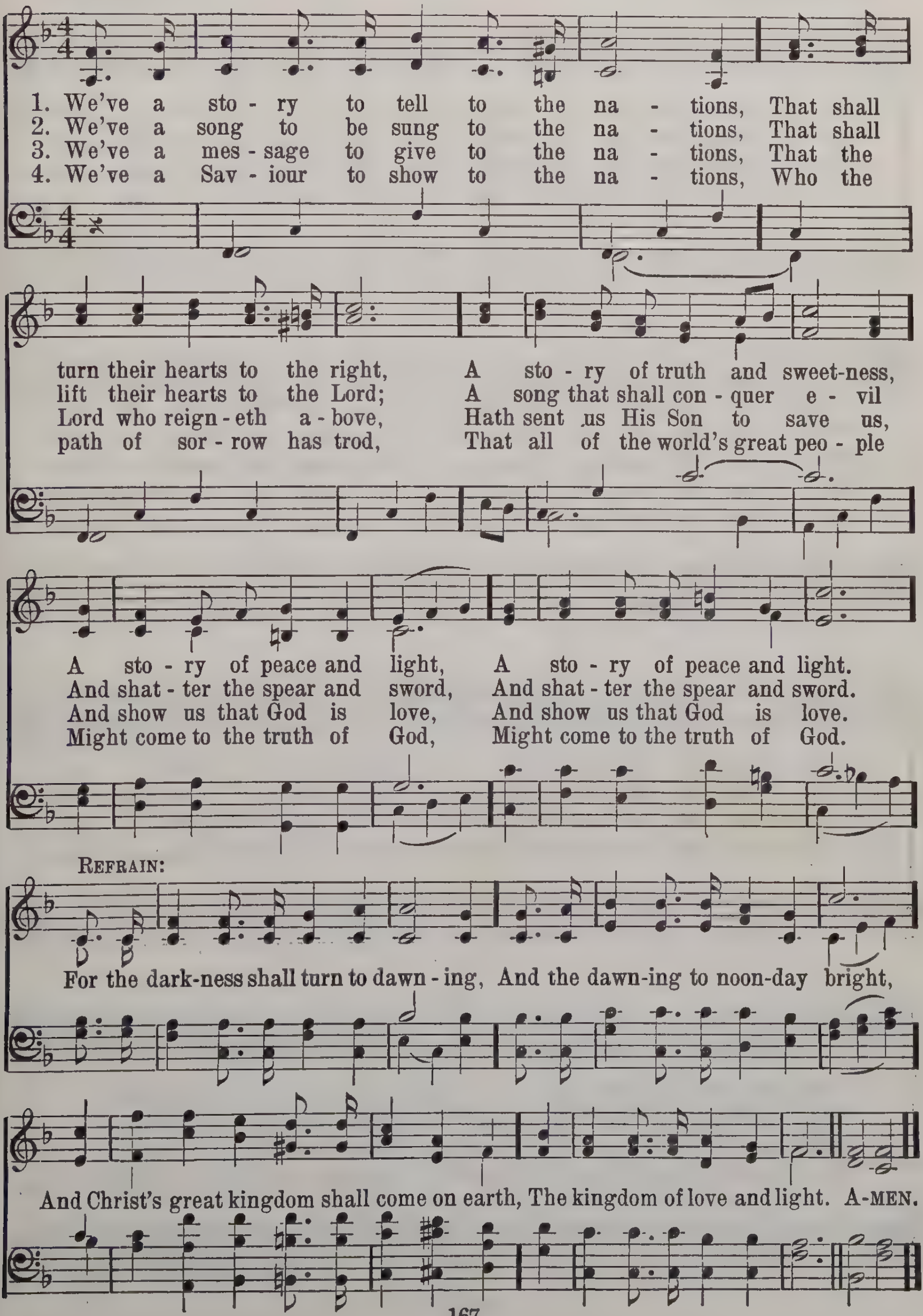
J. D. Herron


1. Do you hear the chil-dren cry-ing In the night, In the night?
2. Do you hear the chil-dren sing-ing In the light, In the light?
3. How the al-le-lu-ias swell-ing On the air, On the air,
Of deep hea-then dark-ness, sigh-ing For the light, For the light.
Far and near their of-f'rings bring-ing, Shin-ing bright, Shin-ing bright.
Speak the glad news they are tell-ing Ev-'ry-where, Ev-'ry-where.
How their lit-tle hands they lift To re-ceive the price-less gift
To the Christ-child's feet they bear Lov-ing hearts and of-f'rings rare,
To the lit-tle lift-ed hands Comes the gift, in far-off lands,
That the Christ-child brings to bless them, With His love and life and light.
That the lit-tle ones in dark-ness Far a-way may see the light.
For the loving Christ-child, lis-t'ning, Hears the lit-tle children's prayer. A-MEN.

201. We've a Story to Tell to the Nations

Colin Sterne, 1896

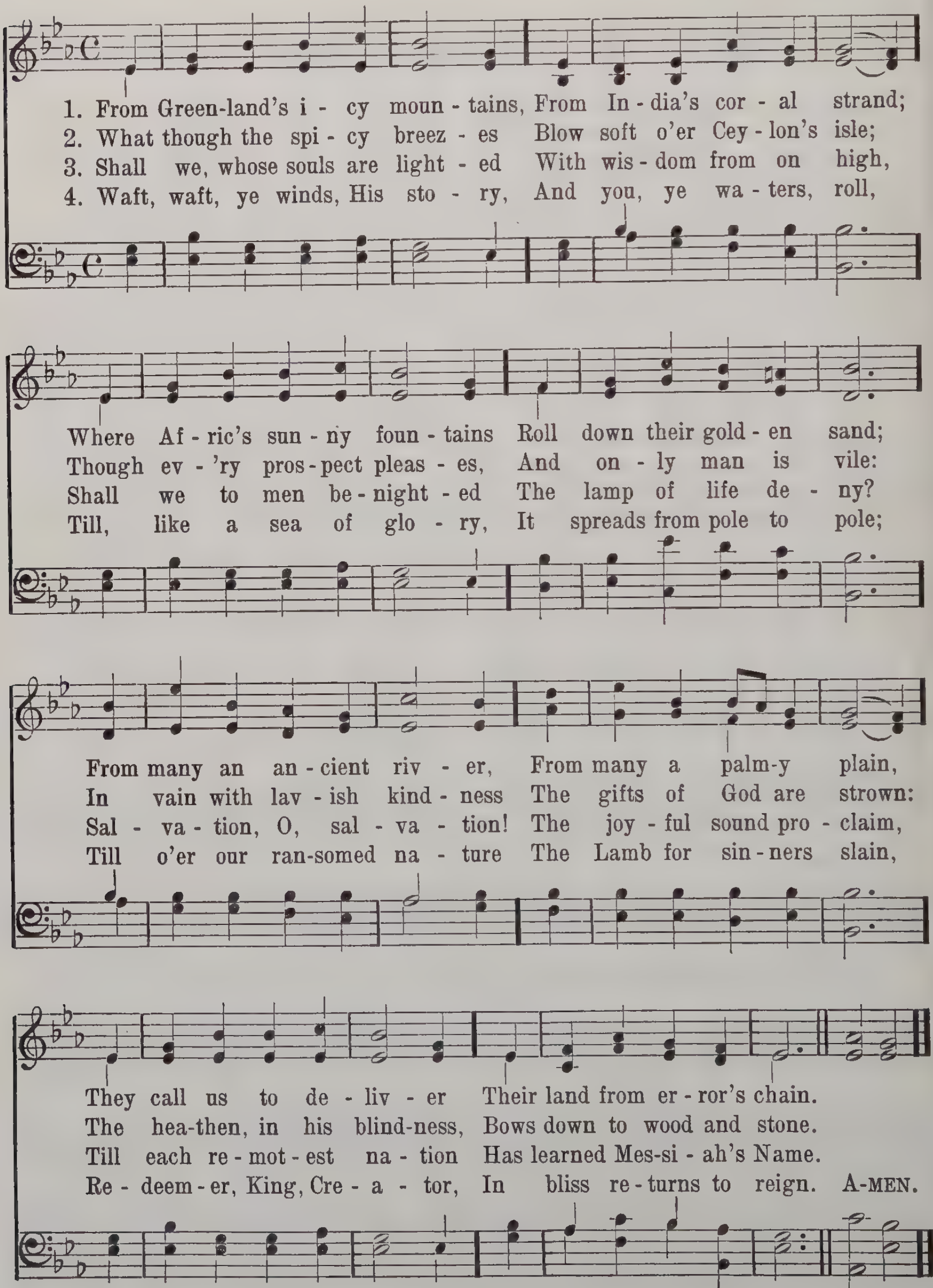
H. Ernest Nichol, 1896


1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and sweet-ness, A sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con - quer e - vil And shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord who reign - eth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us, And show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
4. We've a Sav - iour to show to the na - tions, Who the path of sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple Might come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God.
REFRAIN:
For the dark-ness shall turn to dawn - ing, And the dawn-ing to noon-day bright, And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The kingdom of love and light. A-MEN.

202. From Greenland's Icy Mountains

Reginald Heber, 1819

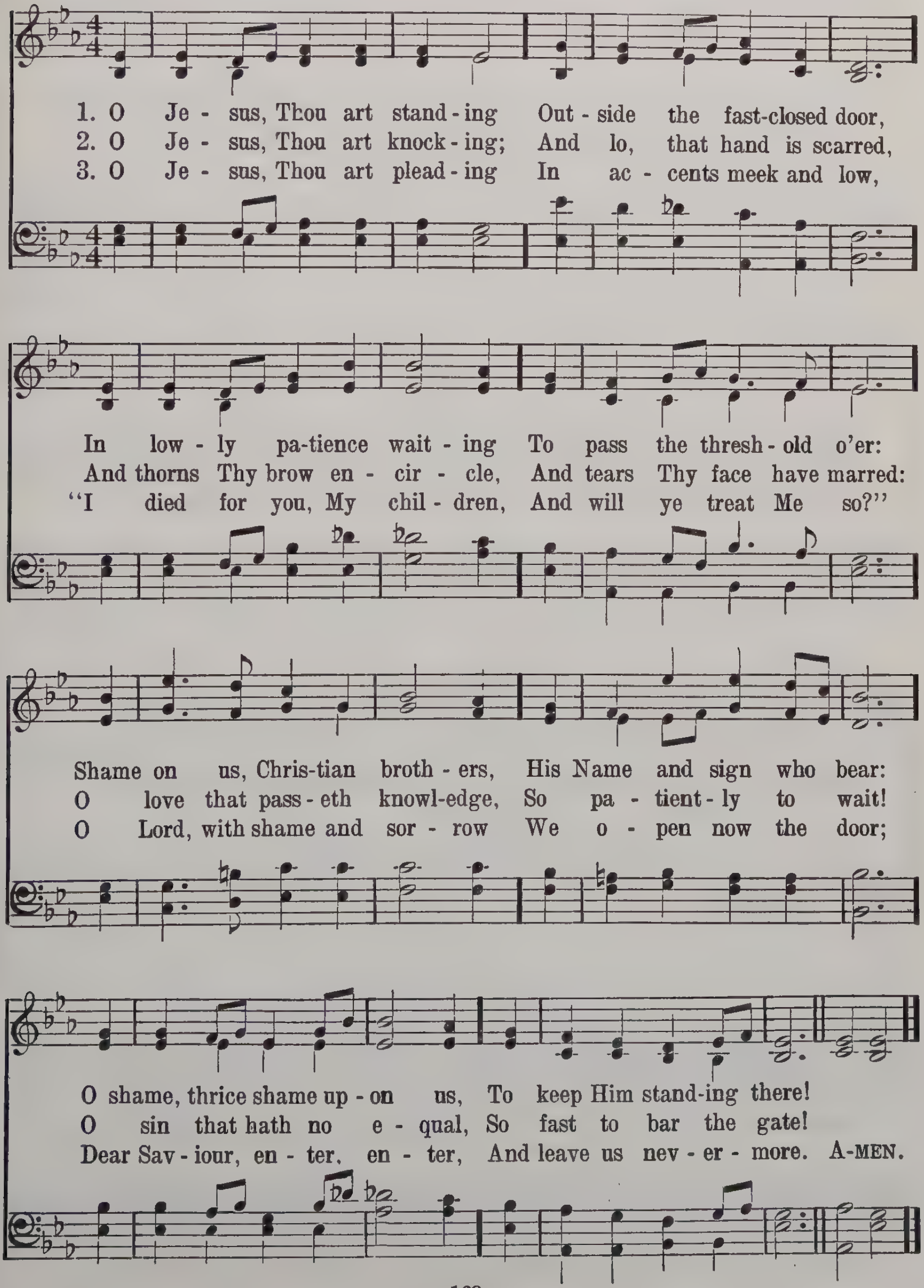
Lowell Mason, 1823


1. From Green-land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand;
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle;
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile:
Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown:
Sal - va - tion, O, sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The hea-then, in his blind-ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
Till each re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's Name.
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign. A-MEN.

203. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing

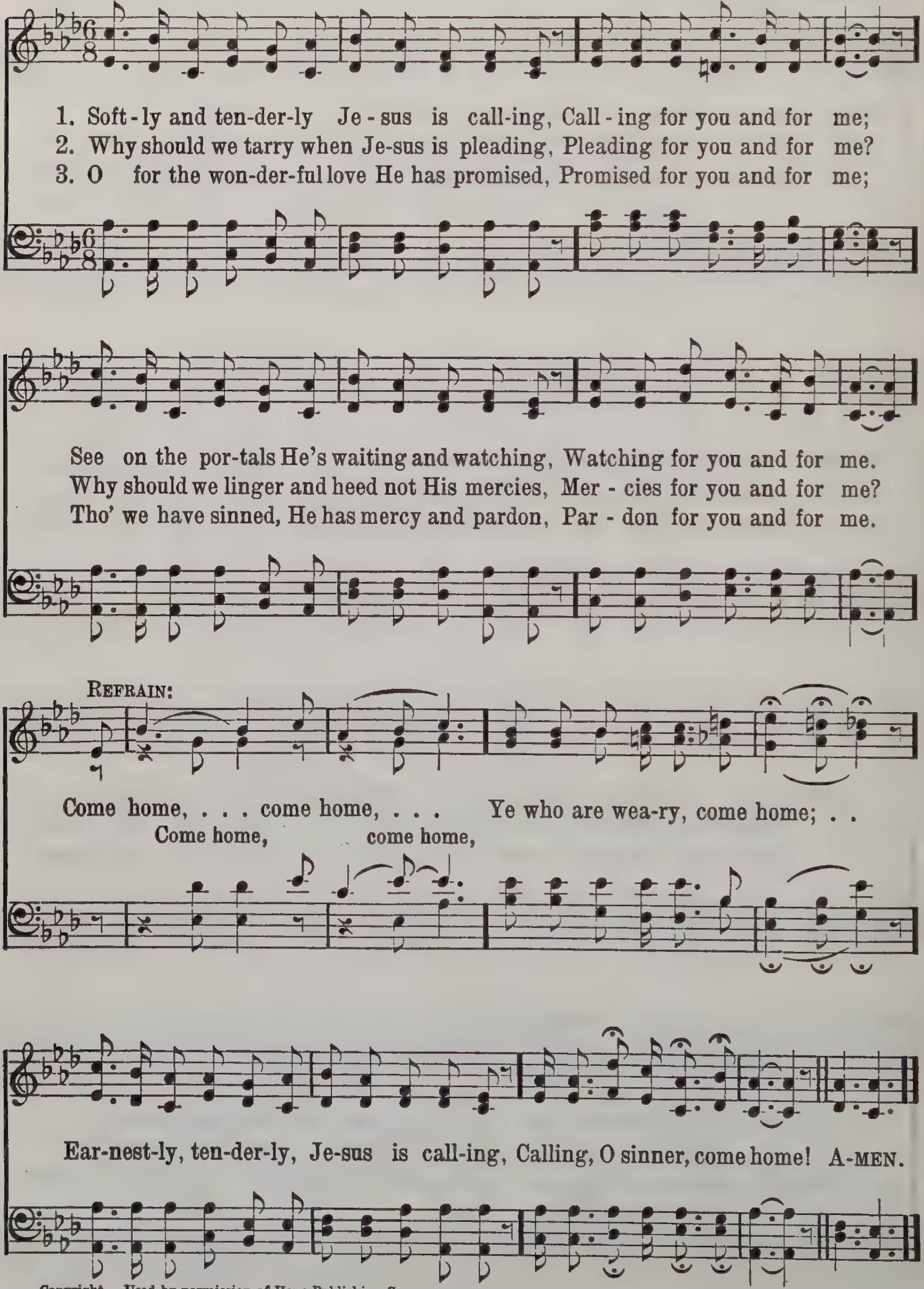
William Walsham How, 1867

Justin Heinrich Knecht, 1799
Adapted by Edward Husband, 1871


1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing; And lo, that hand is scarred,
3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low,
In low - ly pa-tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er:
And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred:
"I died for you, My chil - dren, And will ye treat Me so?"
Shame on us, Chris-tian broth - ers, His Name and sign who bear:
O love that pass - eth knowl-edge, So pa - tient - ly to wait!
O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door;
O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand-ing there!
O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more. A-MEN.

204. Softly and Tenderly Jesus Is Calling

Will L. Thompson, 1880 Will L. Thompson, 1880


1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. O for the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;
See on the por-tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.
REFRAIN:
Come home, . . . come home, . . . Ye who are wea-ry, come home; . .
Come home, come home,
Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Calling, O sinner, come home! A-MEN.

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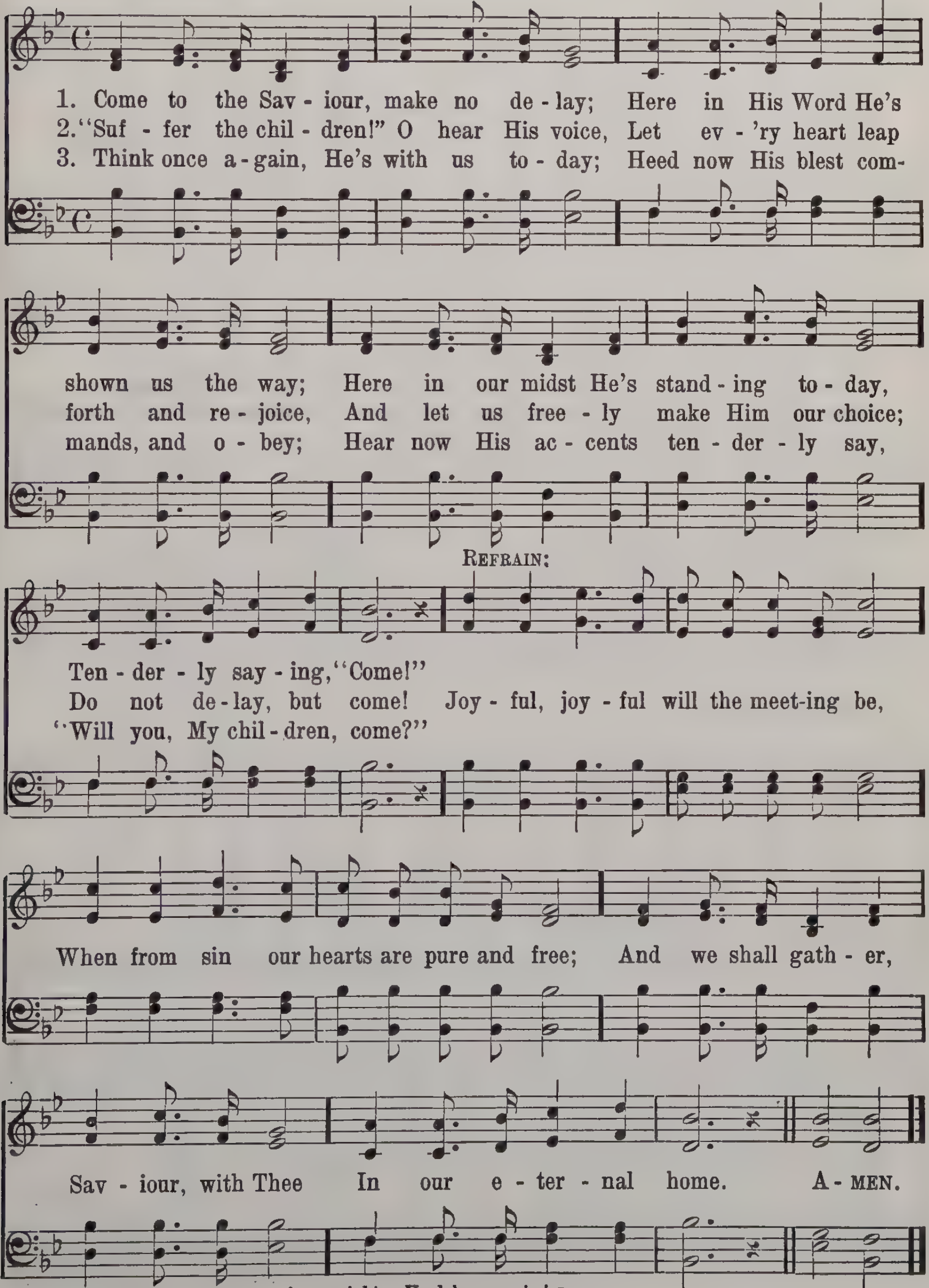
205. Come to the Saviour, Make No Delay

George Frederick Root, 1870 George Frederick Root, 1870


1. Come to the Sav - iour, make no de - lay; Here in His Word He's shown us the way; Here in our midst He's stand - ing to - day, Ten - der - ly say - ing, "Come!"
2. "Suf - fer the chil - dren!" O hear His voice, Let ev - 'ry heart leap forth and re - joice, And let us free - ly make Him our choice; Do not de - lay, but come!
3. Think once a - gain, He's with us to - day; Heed now His blest com- mands, and o - bey; Hear now His ac - cents ten - der - ly say, "Will you, My chil - dren, come?"
Refrain:
Joy - ful, joy - ful will the meet-ing be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free; And we shall gath - er, Sav - iour, with Thee In our e - ter - nal home.
A - men.

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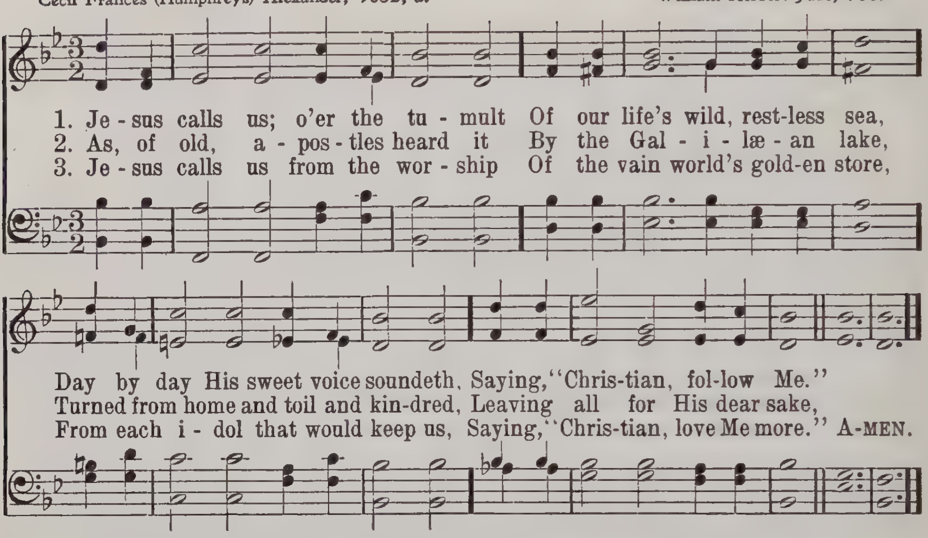
206. Jesus Calls Us; O'er the Tumult

Cecil Frances (Humphreys) Alexander, 1852, a.
William Herbert Jude, 1887

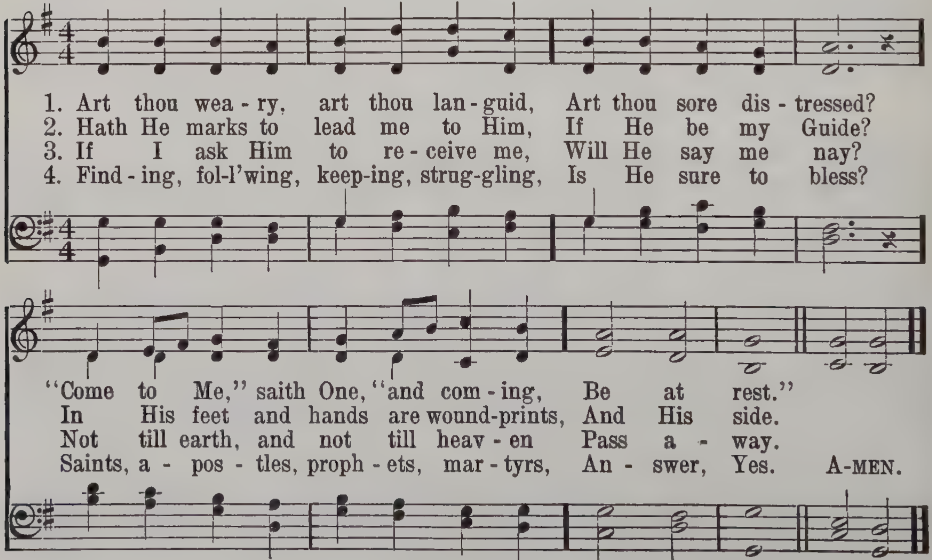

1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. As, of old, a - pos - tles heard it By the Gal - i - læ - an lake,
3. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold-en store,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Chris-tian, fol-low Me."
Turned from home and toil and kin-dred, Leaving all for His dear sake,
From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Chris-tian, love Me more." A-MEN.

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

207. Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid?

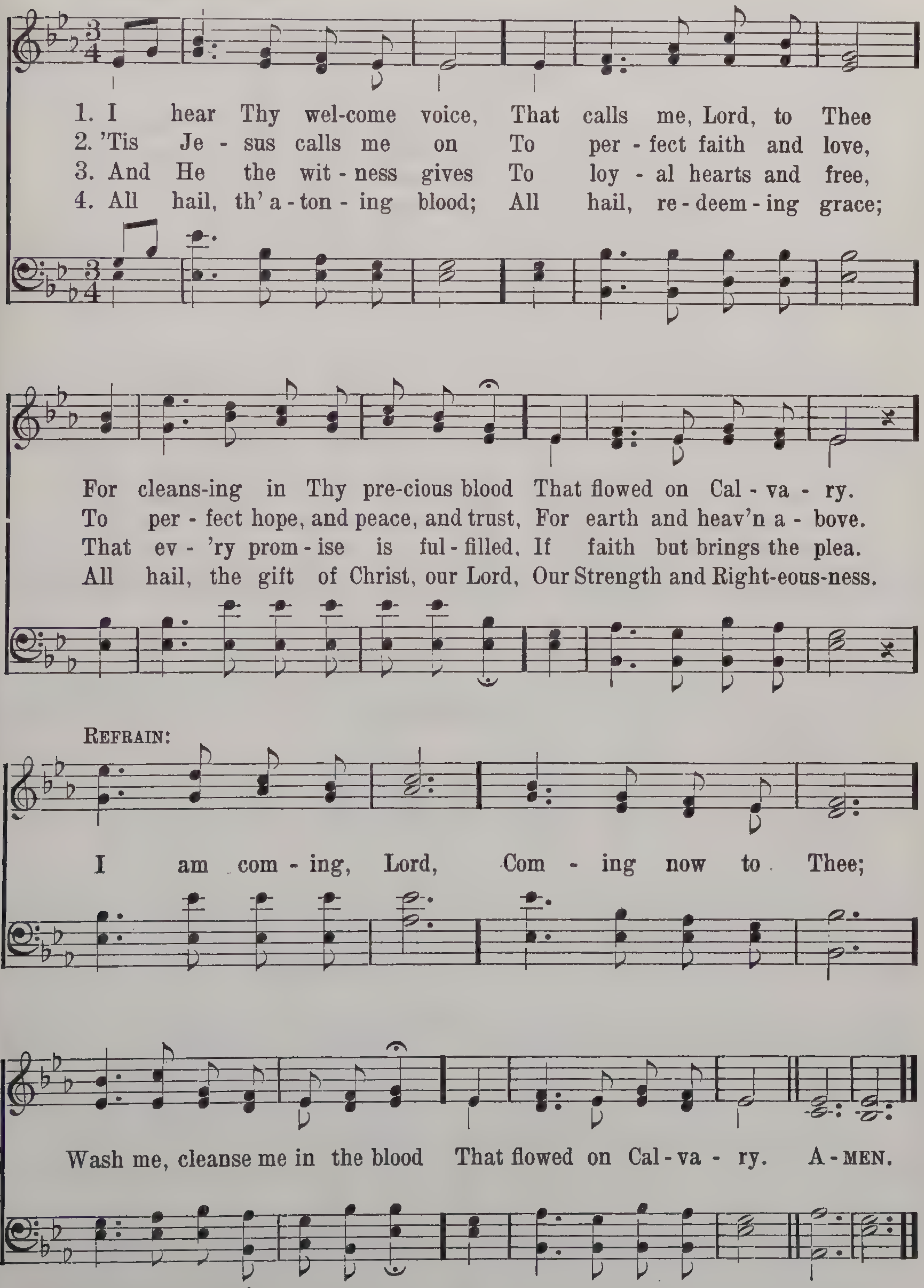
Greek Hymn
Tr. by John M. Neale, 1862
Henry W. Baker, 1868


1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tressed?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?
3. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?
4. Find - ing, fol-l'wing, keep-ing, strug-gling, Is He sure to bless?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."
In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side.
Not till earth, and not till heav - en Pass a - way.
Saints, a - pos - tles, proph - ets, mar - tyrs, An - swer, Yes. A-MEN.

208. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice

Lewis Hartsough, 1872

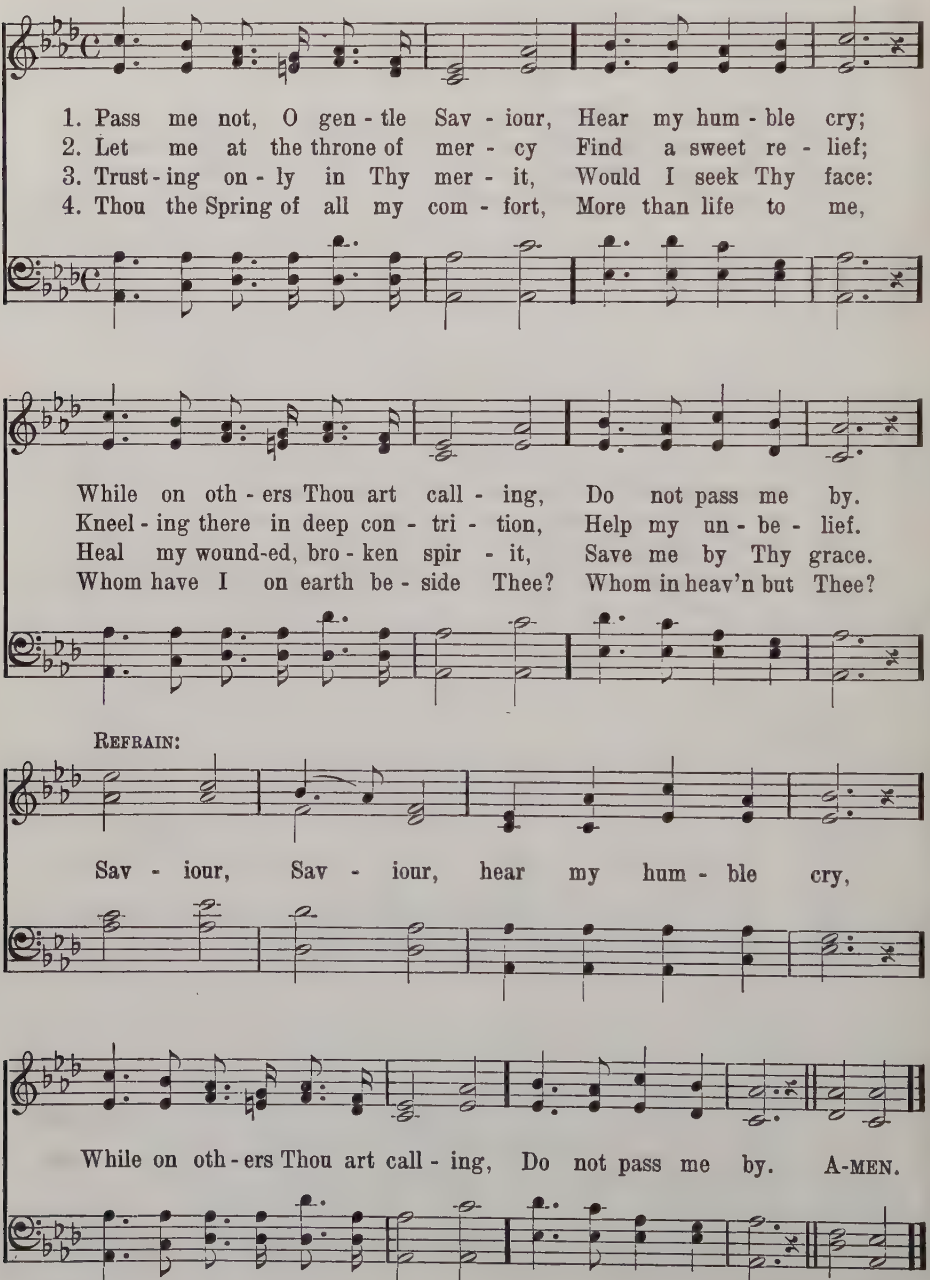
Lewis Hartsough, 1872


1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee
2. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love,
3. And He the wit - ness gives To loy - al hearts and free,
4. All hail, th' a - ton - ing blood; All hail, re - deem - ing grace;
For cleans-ing in Thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
To per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.
That ev - 'ry prom - ise is ful - filled, If faith but brings the plea.
All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Right-eous-ness.
REFRAIN:
I am com - ing, Lord, Com - ing now to Thee;
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
A - MEN.

Copyright, 1900, by L. Hartsough.

209. Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour

Frances Jane (Crosby) Van Alstyne, 1870 William Howard Doane, 1870

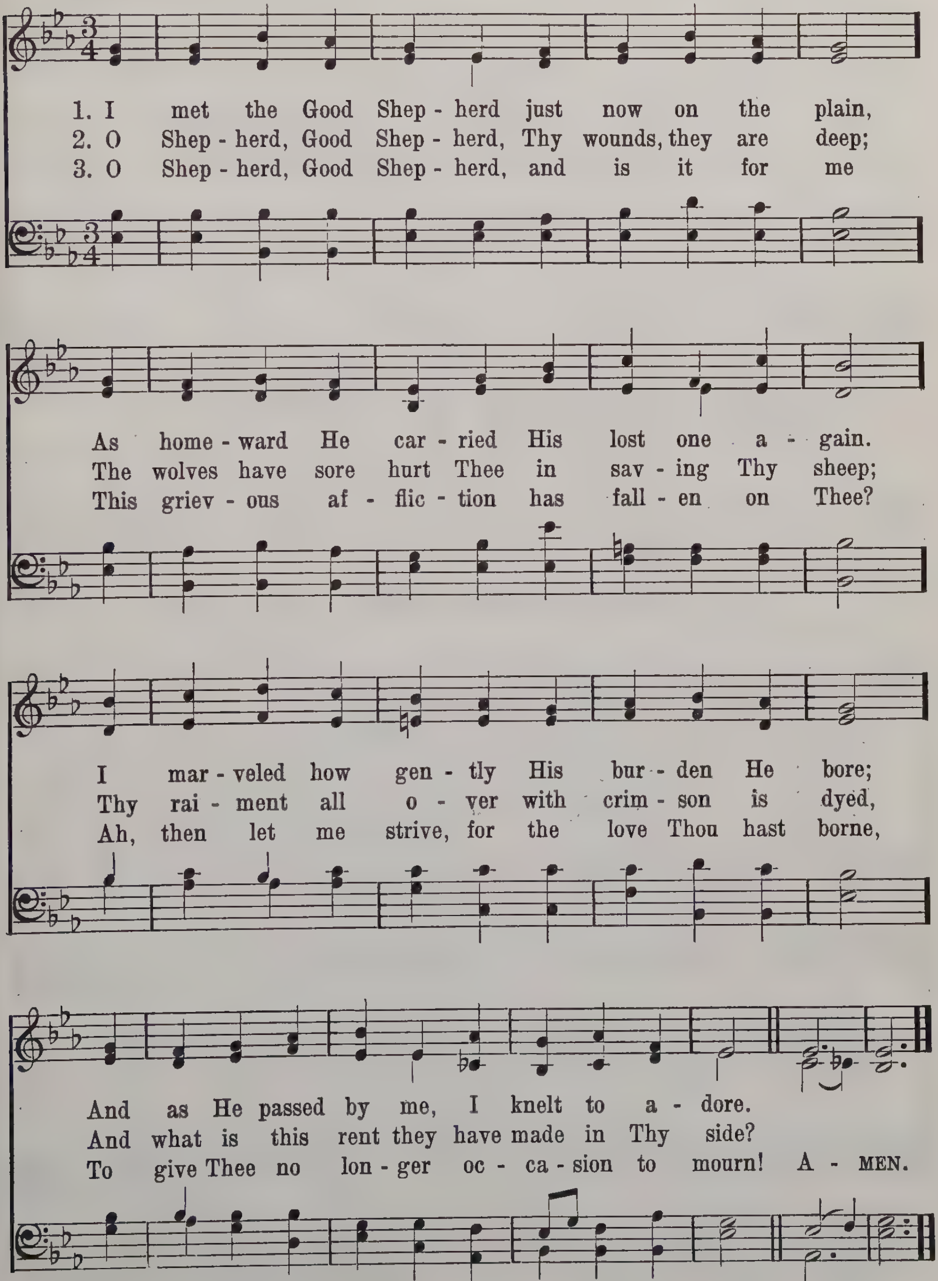

1. Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, Hear my humble cry;
2. Let me at the throne of mercy Find a sweet relief;
3. Trusting only in Thy merit, Would I seek Thy face:
4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me,
While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.
Kneeling there in deep contrition, Help my unbelief.
Heal my wounded, broken spirit, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth beside Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?
Refrain:
Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.
A-MEN.

Copyright, 1871 and 1899, by W. H. Doane.

210. I Met the Good Shepherd

Edward Caswall, (1814-1878)

Lucia May Smith, 1918


1. I met the Good Shep-herd just now on the plain,
2. O Shep-herd, Good Shep-herd, Thy wounds, they are deep;
3. O Shep-herd, Good Shep-herd, and is it for me
As home-ward He car-ried His lost one a-gain.
The wolves have sore hurt Thee in sav-ing Thy sheep;
This griev-ous af-flic-tion has fall-en on Thee?
I mar-veled how gen-tly His bur-den He bore;
Thy rai-ment all o-ver with crim-son is dyed,
Ah, then let me strive, for the love Thou hast borne,
And as He passed by me, I knelt to a-dore.
And what is this rent they have made in Thy side?
To give Thee no lon-ger oc-ca-sion to mourn! A-MEN.

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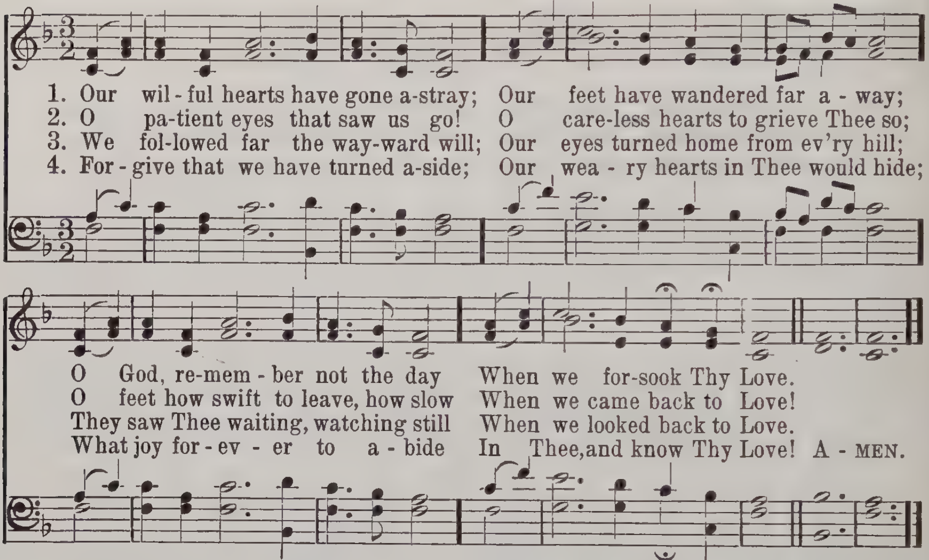
211. Our Wilful Hearts Have Gone Astray

Louis F. Benson, 1897
Ernest Edwin Ryden, 4th stanza, 1928

Traditional
Arr. by F. S. Hastings and Clarence Dickinson


1. Our wil-ful hearts have gone a-stray; Our feet have wandered far a-way;
2. O pa-tient eyes that saw us go! O care-less hearts to grieve Thee so;
3. We fol-lowed far the way-ward will; Our eyes turned home from ev'ry hill;
4. For-give that we have turned a-side; Our wea-ry hearts in Thee would hide;
O God, re-mem-ber not the day When we for-sook Thy Love.
O feet how swift to leave, how slow When we came back to Love!
They saw Thee waiting, watching still When we looked back to Love.
What joy for-ev-er to a-bide In Thee, and know Thy Love! A-MEN.

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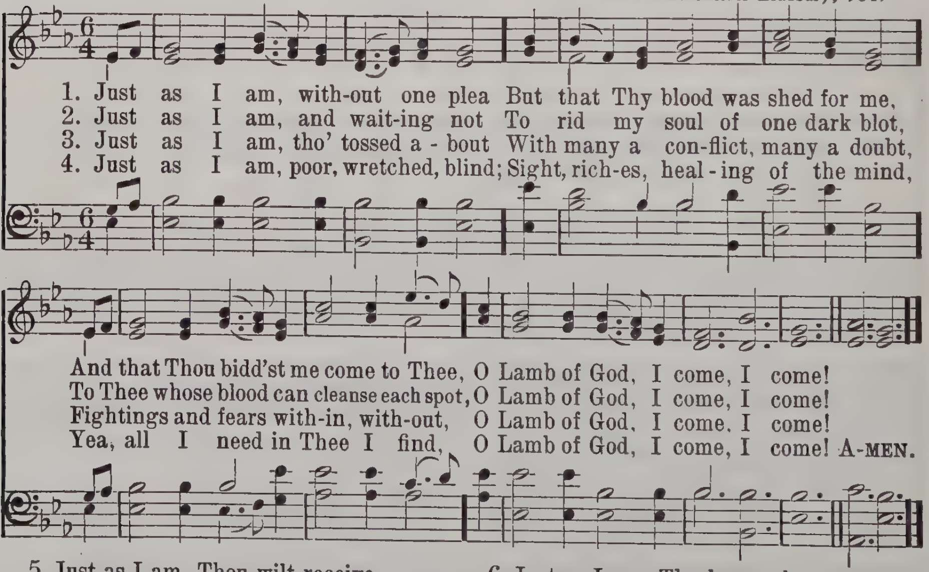
212. Just As I Am, without One Plea

Charlotte Elliott, 1836

William Batchelder Bradbury, 1849


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Fightings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee I find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come! A-MEN.

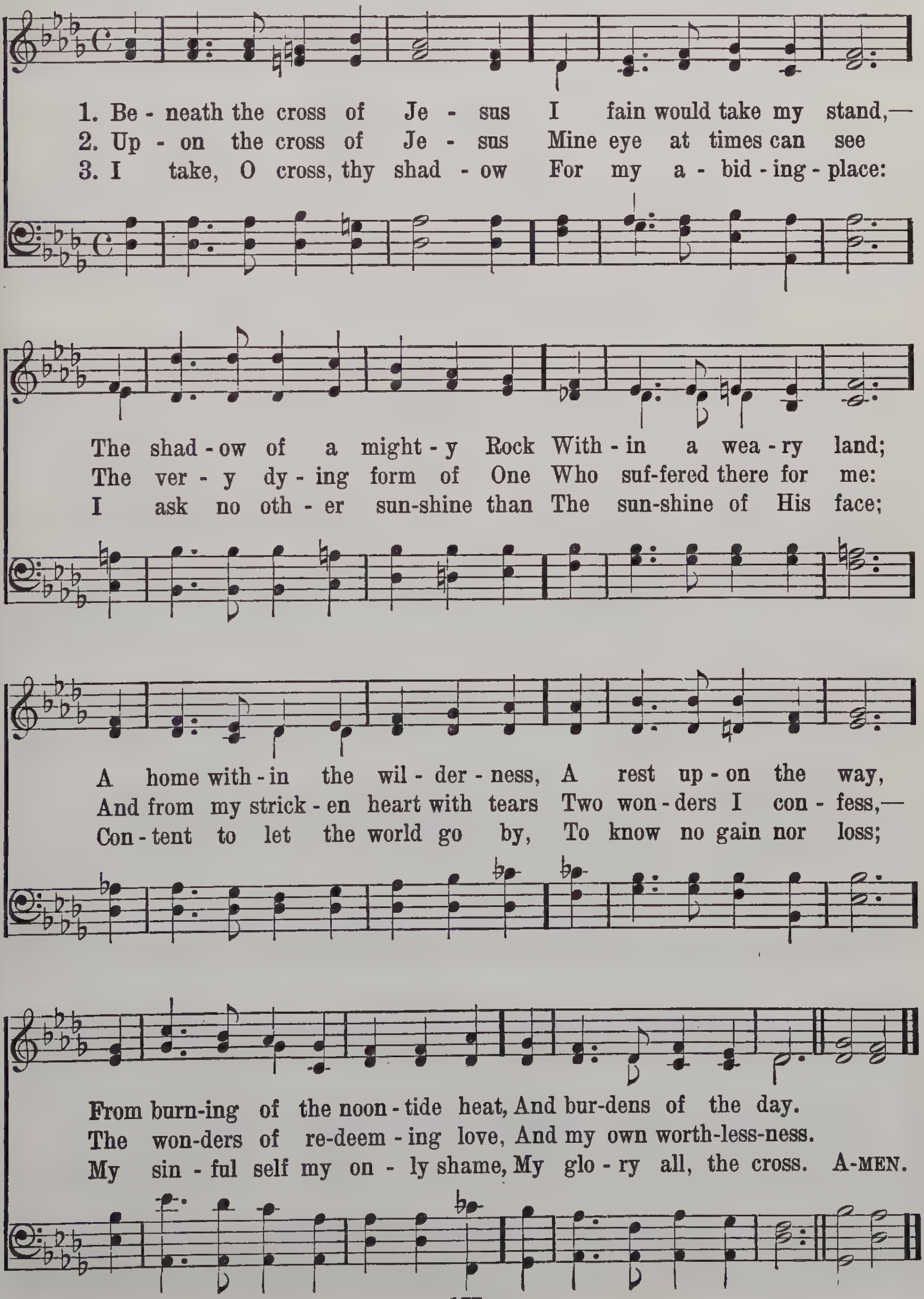
5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe;
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

6 Just as I am; Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

213. Beneath the Cross of Jesus

Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane, 1872

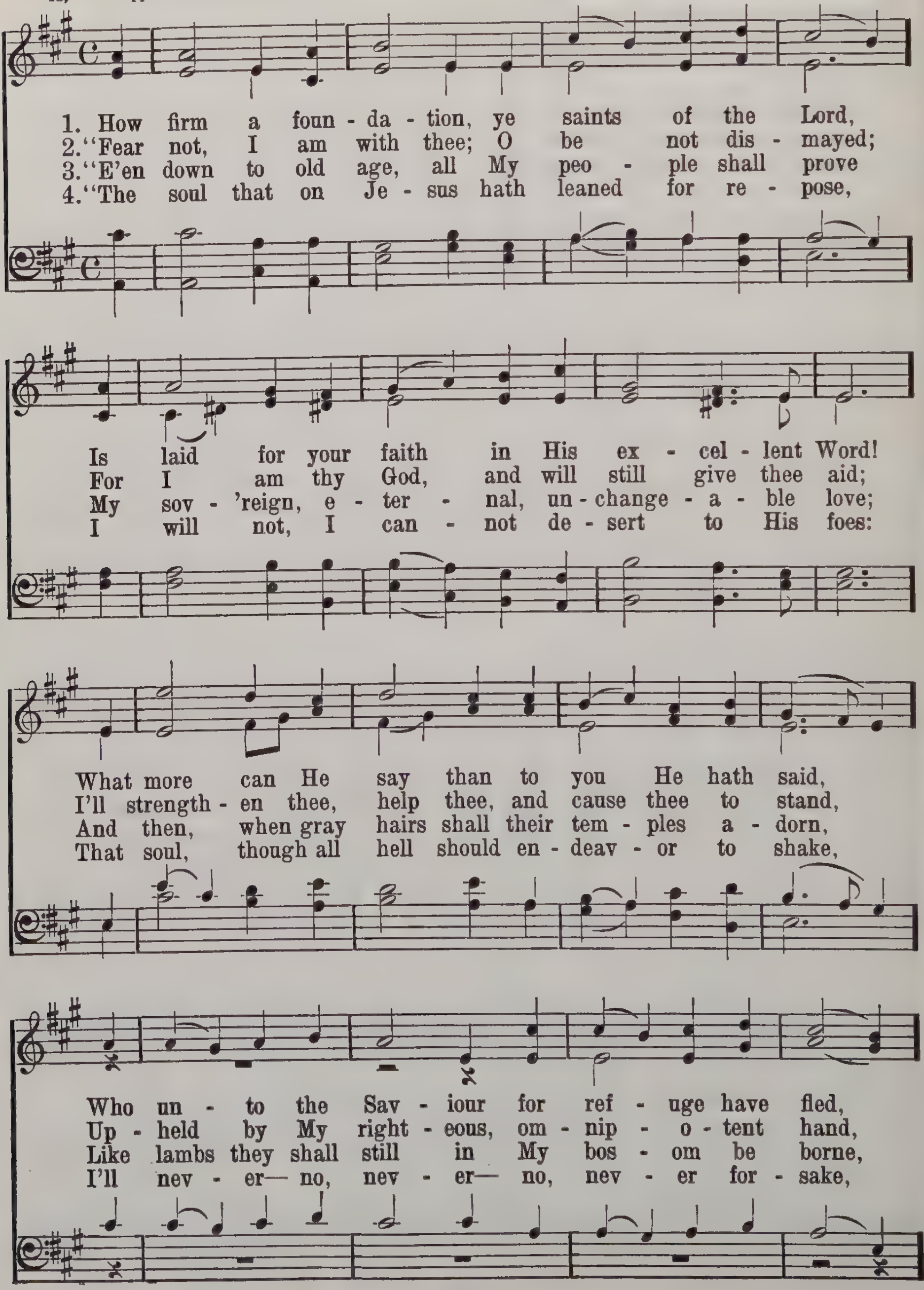
Frederick Charles Maker, 1881


1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,—
2. Up - on the cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing - place:
The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;
The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf-fered there for me:
I ask no oth - er sun-shine than The sun-shine of His face;
A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
And from my strick - en heart with tears Two won - ders I con - fess,—
Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss;
From burn-ing of the noon - tide heat, And bur-dens of the day.
The won-ders of re-deem - ing love, And my own worth-less-ness.
My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all, the cross. A-MEN.

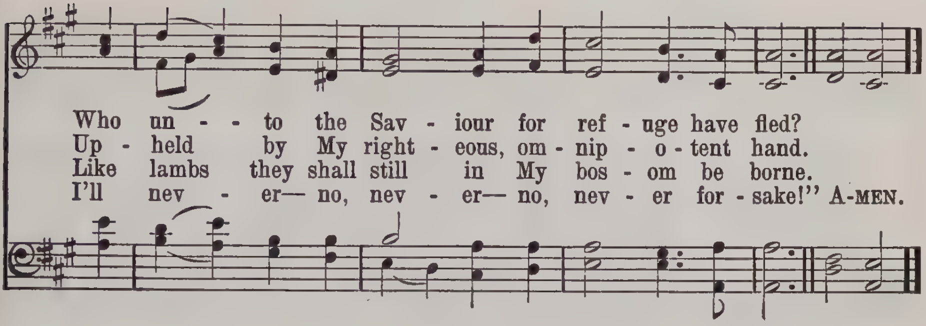
214. How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord

"K," in Rippon's Selection, 1787

John F. Wade's Cantus Diversi, 1751


1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord,
2. "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dis - mayed;
3. "E'en down to old age, all My peo - ple shall prove
4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose,
Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent Word!
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
My sov - 'reign, e - ter - nal, un - change - a - ble love;
I will not, I can - not de - sert to His foes:
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
I'll strength - en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
And then, when gray hairs shall their tem - ples a - dorn,
That soul, though all hell should en - deav - or to shake,
Who un - to the Sav - iour for ref - uge have fled,
Up - held by My right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand,
Like lambs they shall still in My bos - om be borne,
I'll nev - er— no, nev - er— no, nev - er for - sake,

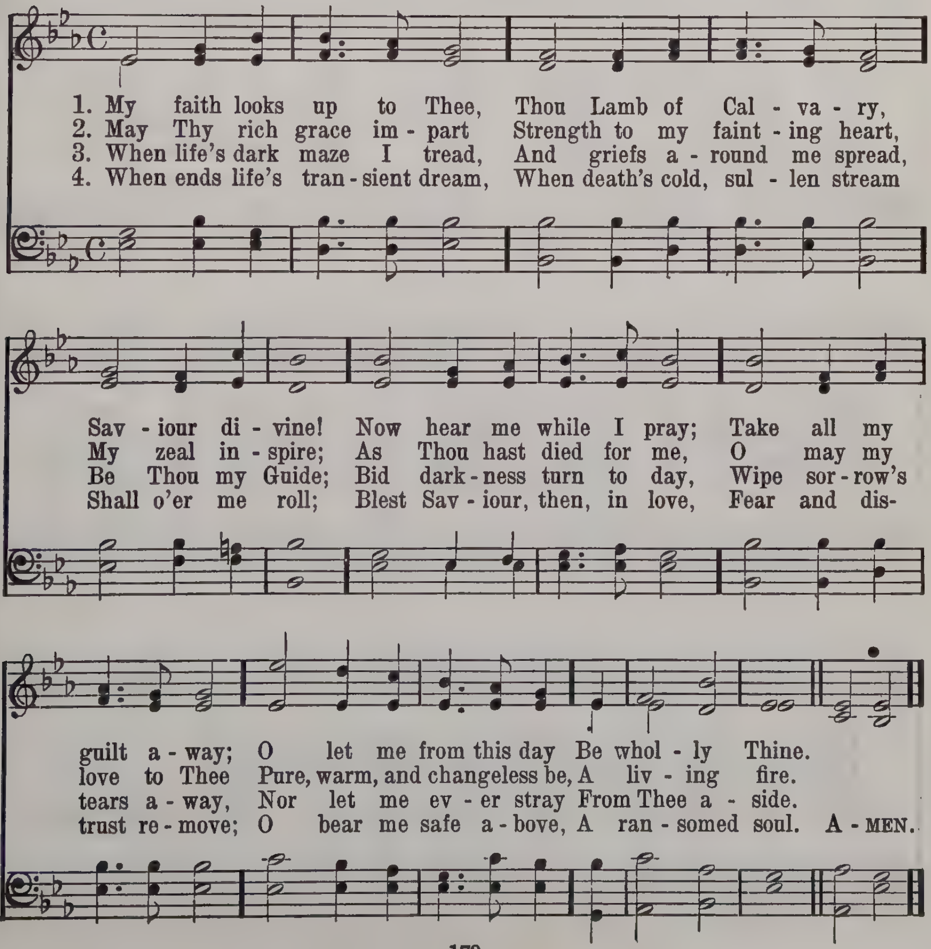
How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord


Who un - - to the Sav - iour for ref - uge have fled?
Up - held by My right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
Like lambs they shall still in My bos - om be borne.
I'll nev - er— no, nev - er— no, nev - er for - sake!" A-MEN.

215. My Faith Looks Up to Thee

Ray Palmer, 1830

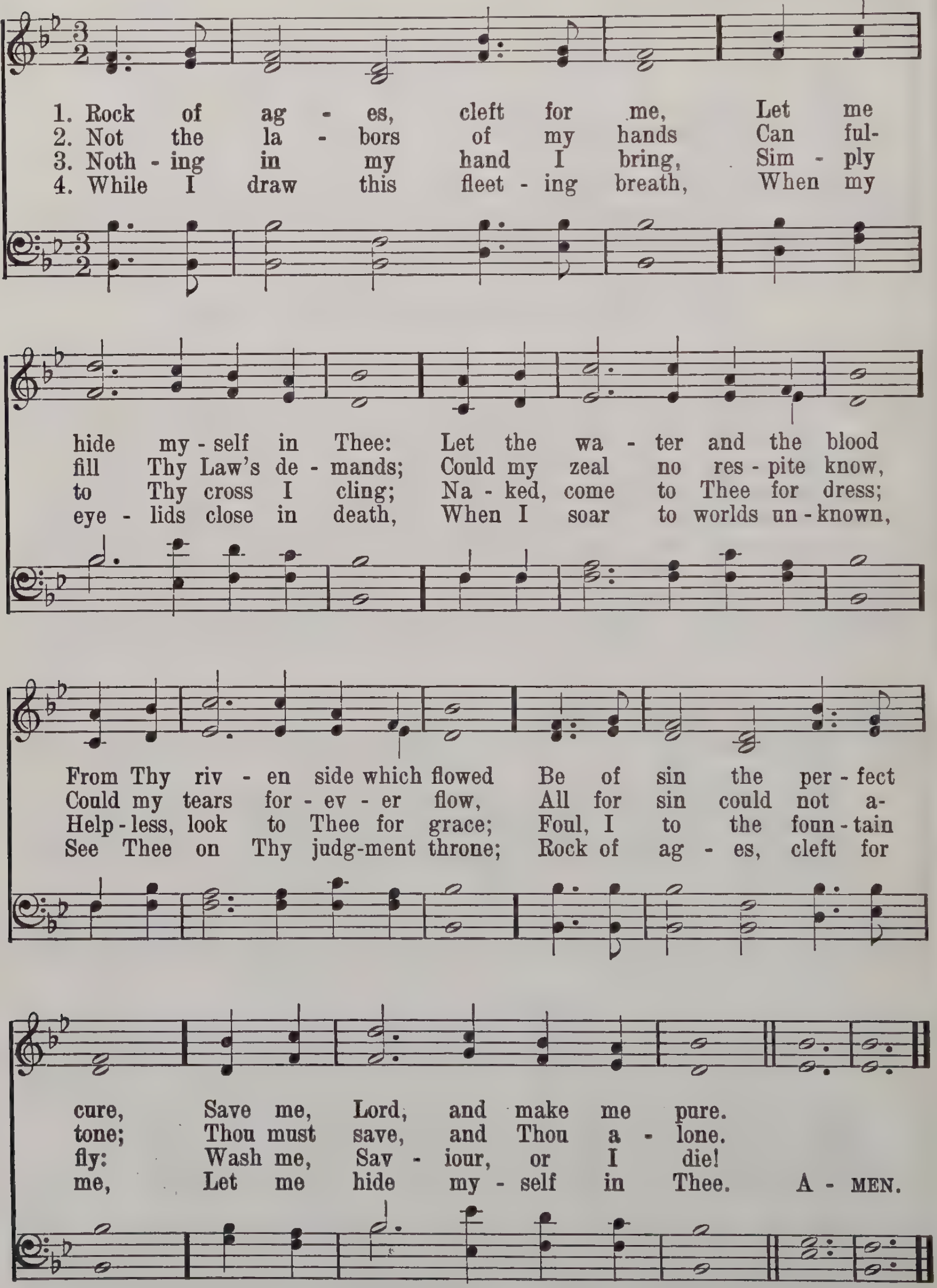
Lowell Mason, 1832


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. When life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream
Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - iour, then, in love, Fear and dis-
guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul. A - MEN.

216. Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1776, a.

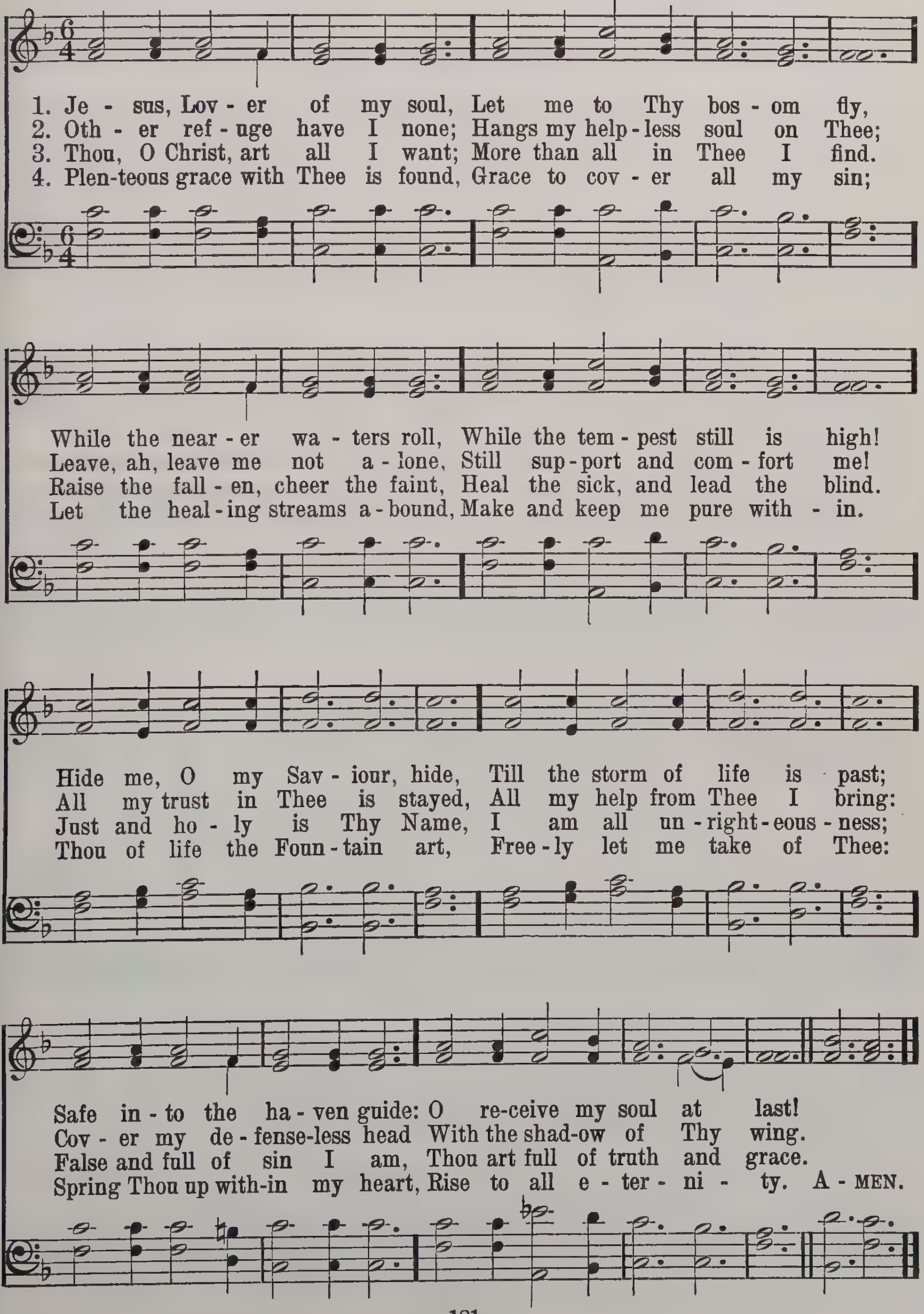
Thomas Hastings, 1830


1. Rock of ag - es, cleft for me, Let me
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful-
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my
hide my - self in Thee: Let the wa - ter and the blood
fill Thy Law's de - mands; Could my zeal no res - pite know,
to Thy cross I cling; Na - ked, come to Thee for dress;
eye - lids close in death, When I soar to worlds un - known,
From Thy riv - en side which flowed Be of sin the per - fect
Could my tears for - ev - er flow, All for sin could not a-
Help - less, look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to the foun - tain
See Thee on Thy judg-ment throne; Rock of ag - es, cleft for
cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.
tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
fly: Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die!
me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.
A - MEN.

217. Jesus, Lover of My Soul

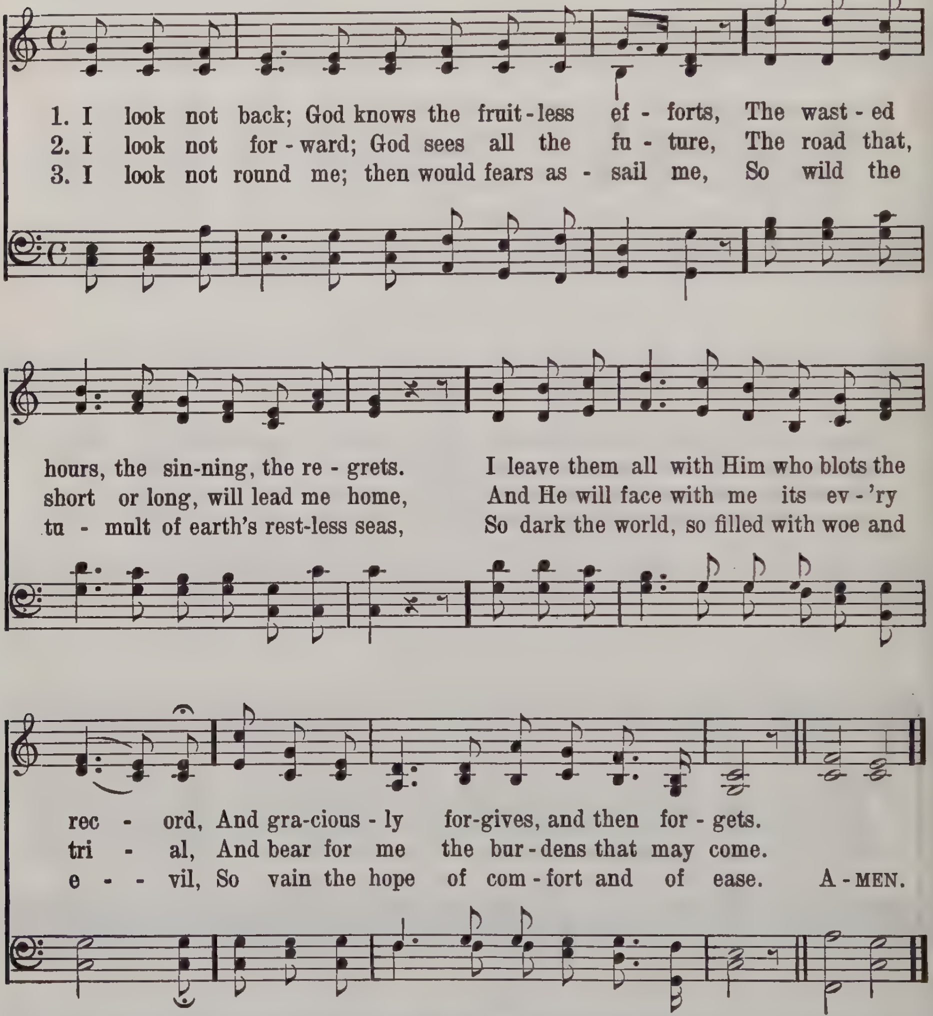
Charles Wesley, 1740

Simeon Butler Marsh, 1834


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find.
4. Plen-teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me!
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in.
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust in Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring:
Just and ho - ly is Thy Name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
Thou of life the Foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide: O re-ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

218. I Look Not Back

Annie Johnson Flint
Oskar Ahnfelt, (1813–1882)


1. I look not back; God knows the fruit-less ef - forts, The wast - ed
2. I look not for - ward; God sees all the fu - ture, The road that,
3. I look not round me; then would fears as - sail me, So wild the
hours, the sin-ning, the re - grets. I leave them all with Him who blots the
short or long, will lead me home, And He will face with me its ev - 'ry
tu - mult of earth's rest-less seas, So dark the world, so filled with woe and
rec - ord, And gra-cious - ly for-gives, and then for - gets.
tri - al, And bear for me the bur - dens that may come.
e - - vil, So vain the hope of com - fort and of ease. A - MEN.

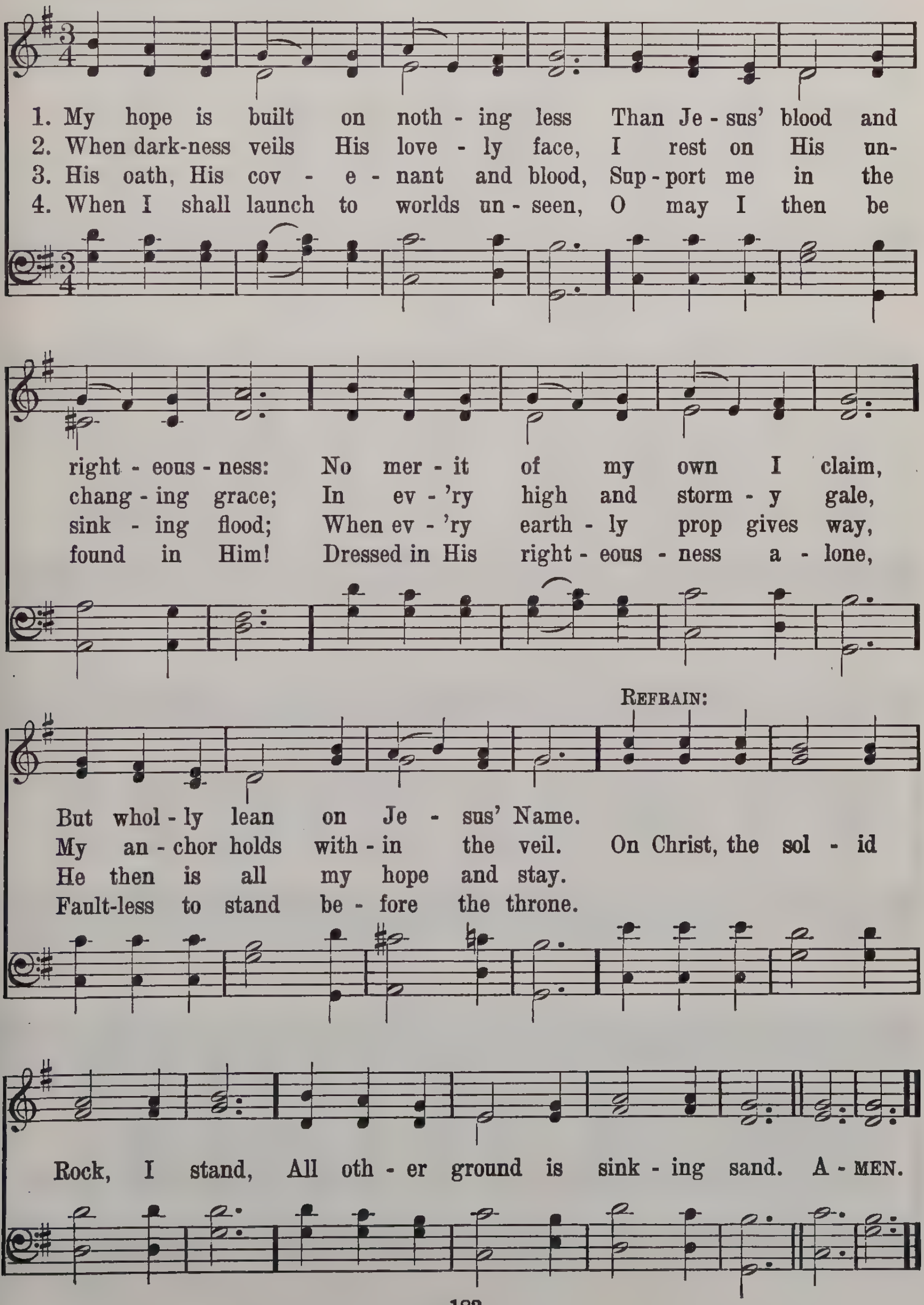
4 I look not inward; that would make me wretched;
For I have naught on which to stay my trust.
Nothing I see save failures and shortcomings,
And weak endeavors, crumbling into dust.

5 But I look up—into the face of Jesus,
For there my heart can rest, my fears are stilled;
And there is joy, and love, and light for darkness,
And perfect peace, and every hope fulfilled.

219. My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less

Edward Mote, 1836

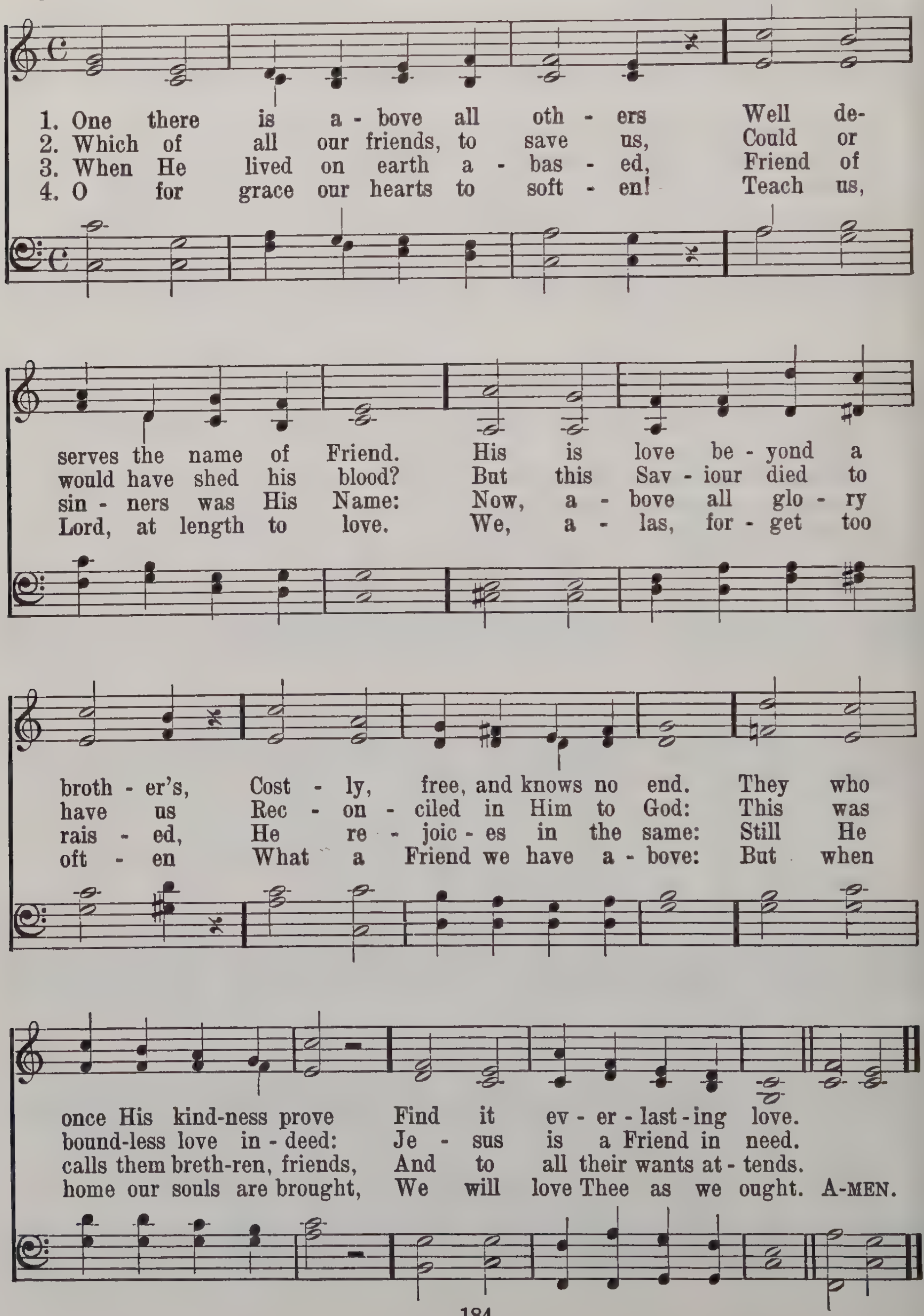
Henri Fredrick Hemy, 1865
Altered by James George Walton, 1871


1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and
2. When dark-ness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un-
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant and blood, Sup - port me in the
4. When I shall launch to worlds un - seen, O may I then be
right - eous - ness: No mer - it of my own I claim,
chang - ing grace; In ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale,
sink - ing flood; When ev - 'ry earth - ly prop gives way,
found in Him! Dressed in His right - eous - ness a - lone,
But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' Name.
My an - chor holds with - in the veil.
He then is all my hope and stay.
Fault-less to stand be - fore the throne.
REFRAIN:
On Christ, the sol - id
Rock, I stand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand. A - MEN.

220. One There Is above All Others

John Newton, 1799

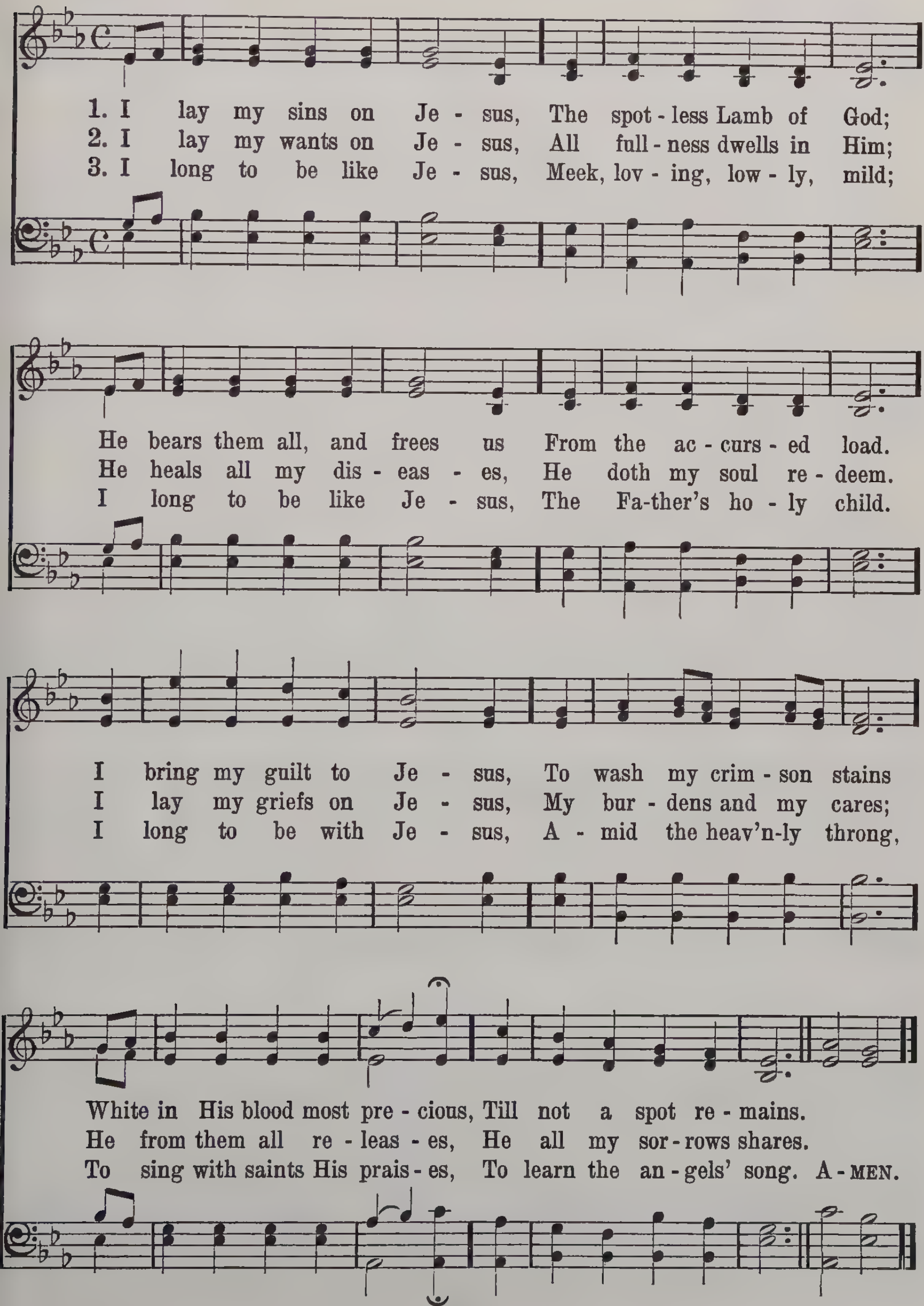
Anton Peter Berggren, (1801–1880)


1. One there is a-bove all oth-ers Well de-
2. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or
3. When He lived on earth a-bas-ed, Friend of
4. O for grace our hearts to soft-en! Teach us,
serves the name of Friend. His is love be-yond a
would have shed his blood? But this Sav-iour died to
sin-ners was His Name: Now, a-bove all glo-ry
Lord, at length to love. We, a-las, for-get too
broth-er's, Cost-ly, free, and knows no end. They who
have us Rec-on-ciled in Him to God: This was
rais-ed, He re-joic-es in the same: Still He
oft-en What a Friend we have a-bove: But when
once His kind-ness prove Find it ev-er-last-ing love.
bound-less love in-deed: Je-sus is a Friend in need.
calls them breth-ren, friends, And to all their wants at-tends.
home our souls are brought, We will love Thee as we ought. A-MEN.

221. I Lay My Sins on Jesus

Horatius Bonar, 1843. Abridged

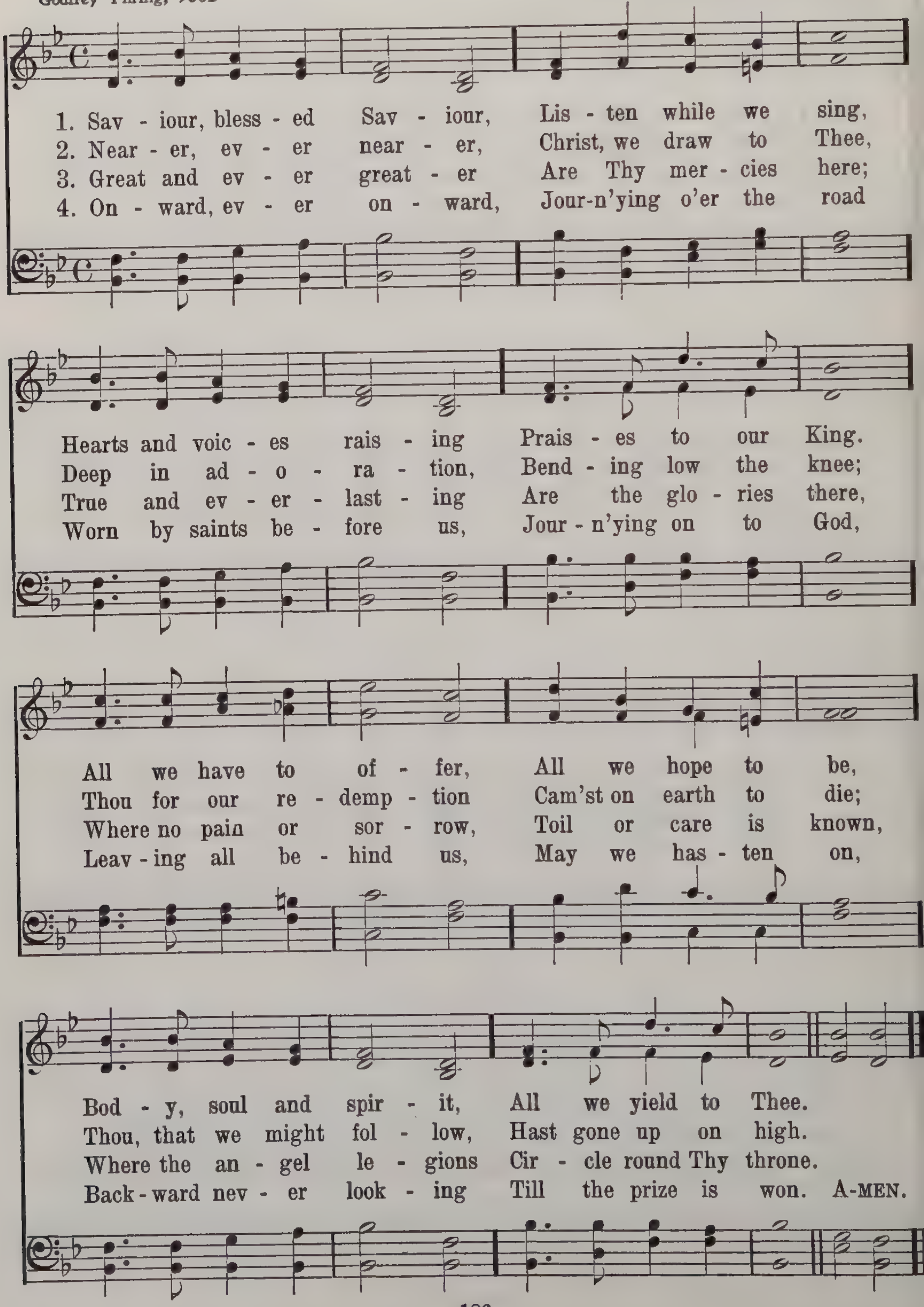
Greek Melody


1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
2. I lay my wants on Je - sus, All full - ness dwells in Him;
3. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild;
He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load.
He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem.
I long to be like Je - sus, The Fa-ther's ho - ly child.
I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains
I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares;
I long to be with Je - sus, A - mid the heav'n-ly throng,
White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.
He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - rows shares.
To sing with saints His prais - es, To learn the an - gels' song. A - MEN.

222. Saviour, Blessed Saviour

Godfrey Thring, 1862

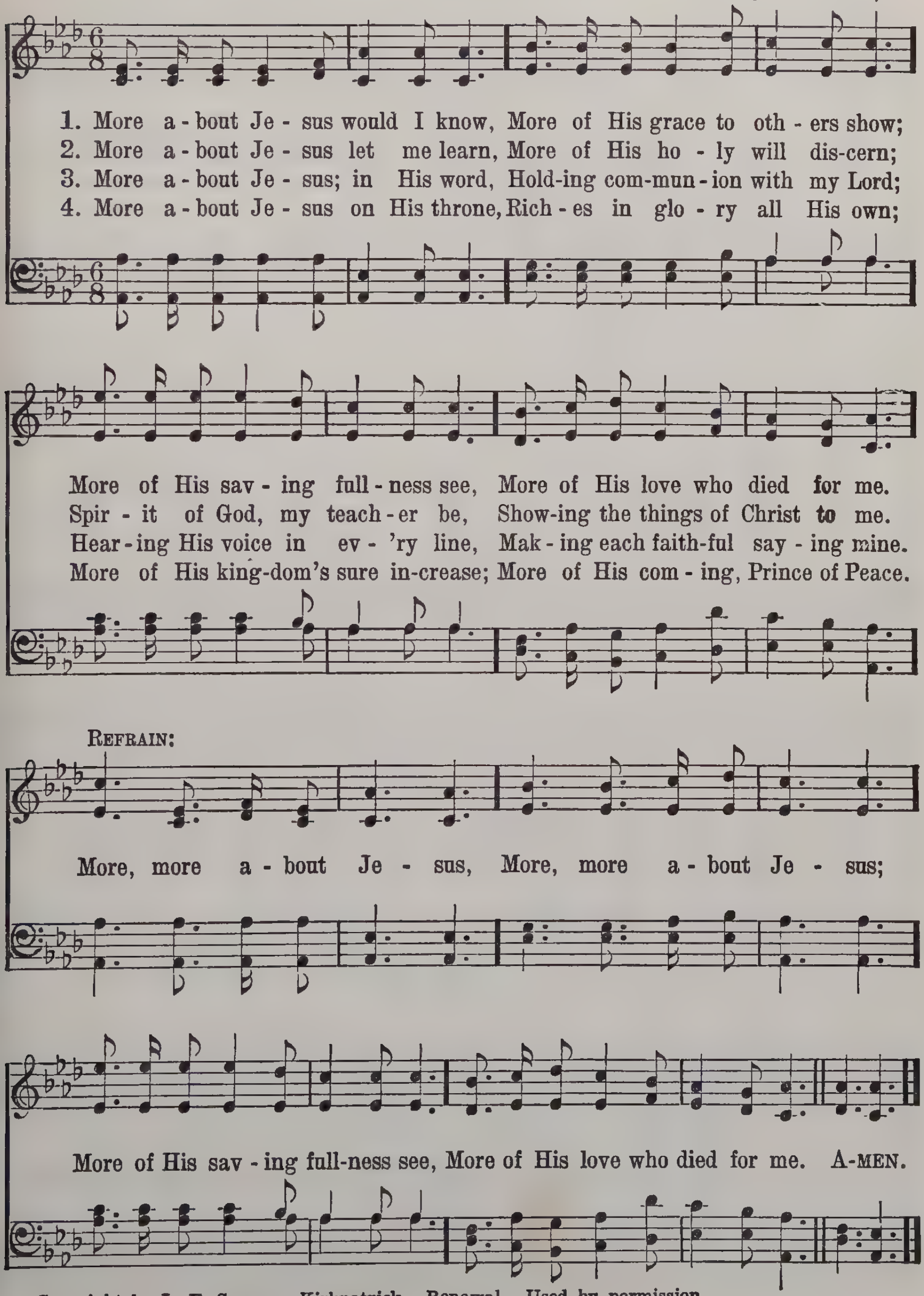
Marchel Davis, about 1848


1. Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour, Lis - ten while we sing,
2. Near - er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to Thee,
3. Great and ev - er great - er Are Thy mer - cies here;
4. On - ward, ev - er on - ward, Jour-n'ying o'er the road
Hearts and voic - es rais - ing Prais - es to our King.
Deep in ad - o - ra - tion, Bend - ing low the knee;
True and ev - er - last - ing Are the glo - ries there,
Worn by saints be - fore us, Jour - n'ying on to God,
All we have to of - fer, All we hope to be,
Thou for our re - demp - tion Cam'st on earth to die;
Where no pain or sor - row, Toil or care is known,
Leav - ing all be - hind us, May we has - ten on,
Bod - y, soul and spir - it, All we yield to Thee.
Thou, that we might fol - low, Hast gone up on high.
Where the an - gel le - gions Cir - cle round Thy throne.
Back - ward nev - er look - ing Till the prize is won. A-MEN.

223. More about Jesus Would I Know

E. E. Hewitt

Jno. R. Sweney


1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho-ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je-sus; in His word, Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je-sus on His throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all His own;
More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir-it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev-'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say-ing mine.
More of His king-dom's sure in-crease; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.
REFRAIN:
More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus;
More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me. A-MEN.

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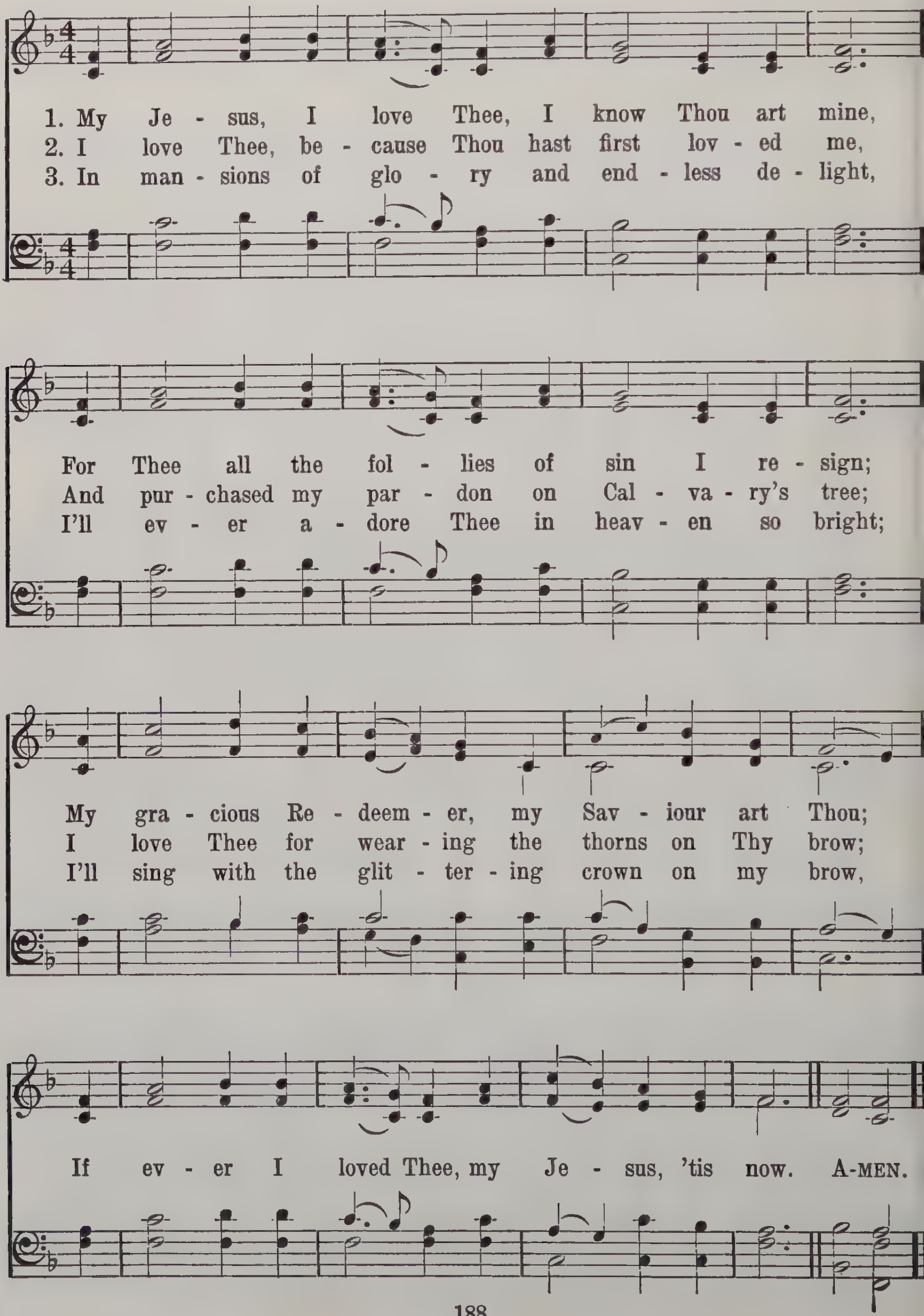
224. My Jesus, I Love Thee

Author Unknown

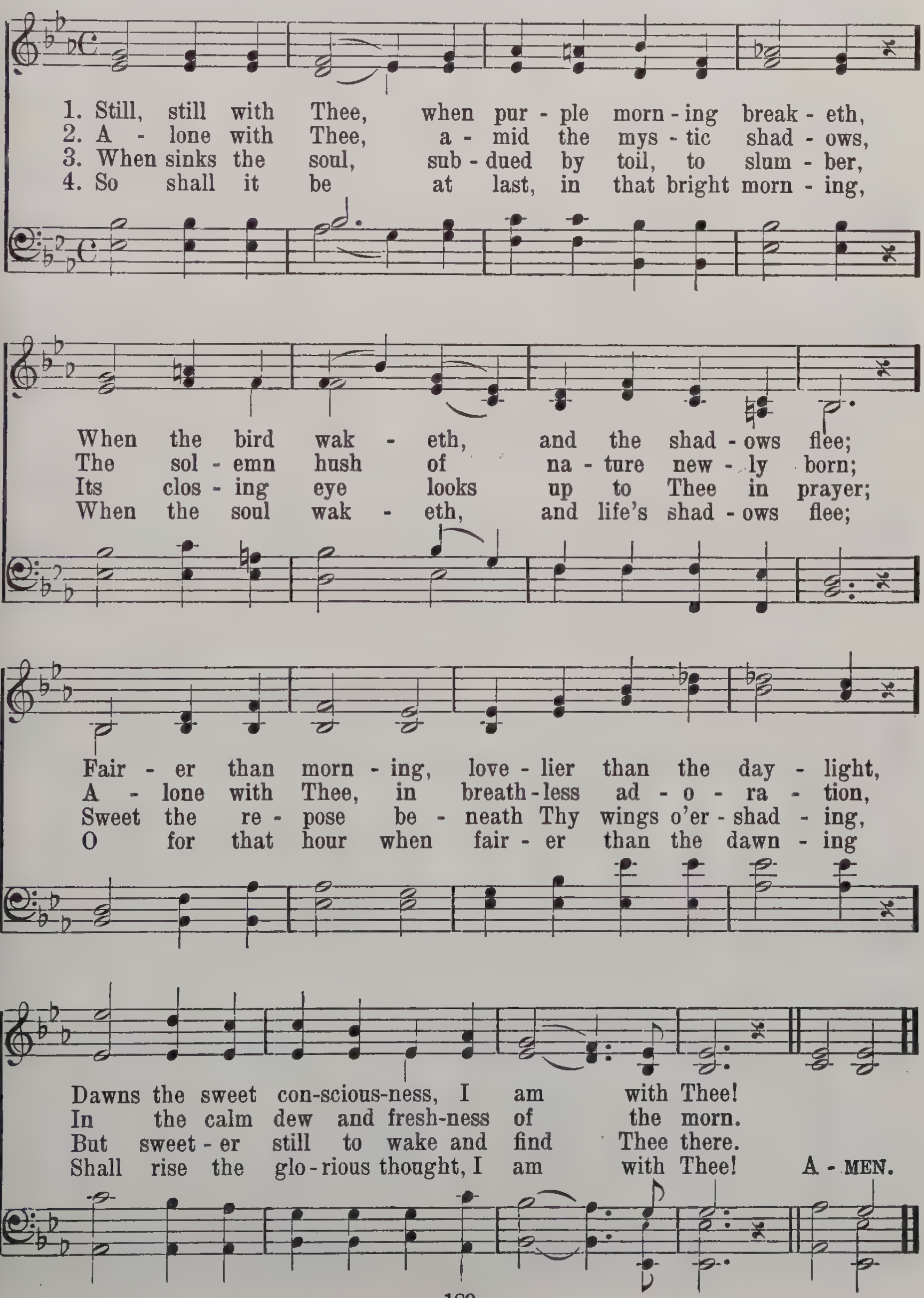
Adoniram J. Gordon, (1836-1895)


1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
3. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,
For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;
My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou;
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
A-MEN.

225. Still, Still with Thee, When Purple Morning Breaketh

Harriet Elizabeth (Beecher) Stowe, 1855

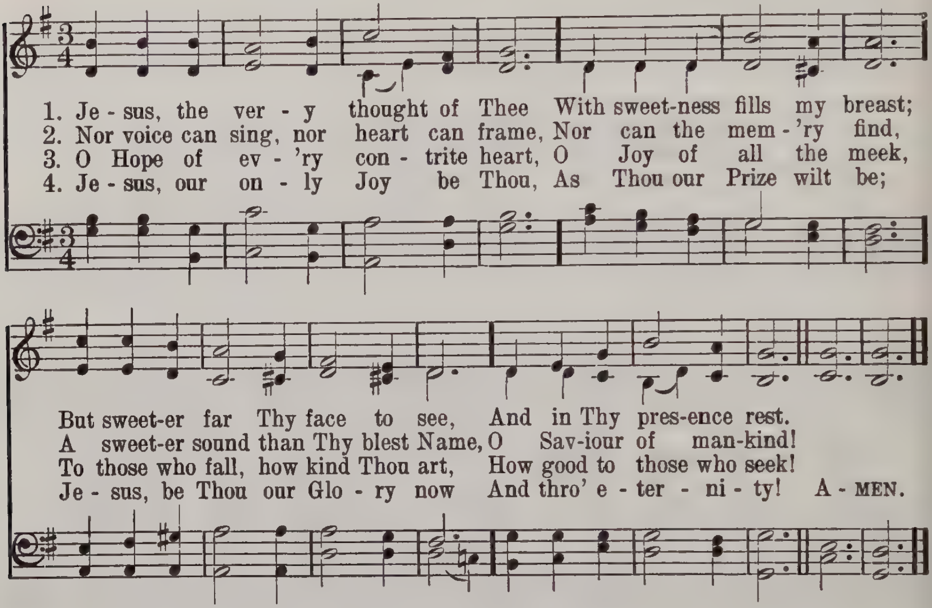
Franz Abt, (1819-1885)


1. Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth,
2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mys - tic shad - ows,
3. When sinks the soul, sub - dued by toil, to slum - ber,
4. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn - ing,
When the bird wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee;
The sol - emn hush of na - ture new - ly born;
Its clos - ing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
When the soul wak - eth, and life's shad - ows flee;
Fair - er than morn - ing, love - lier than the day - light,
A - lone with Thee, in breath - less ad - o - ra - tion,
Sweet the re - pose be - neath Thy wings o'er - shad - ing,
O for that hour when fair - er than the dawn - ing
Dawns the sweet con-scious-ness, I am with Thee!
In the calm dew and fresh-ness of the morn.
But sweet - er still to wake and find Thee there.
Shall rise the glo - rious thought, I am with Thee!
A - MEN.

226. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

Bernard of Clairvaux, (1091-1153)

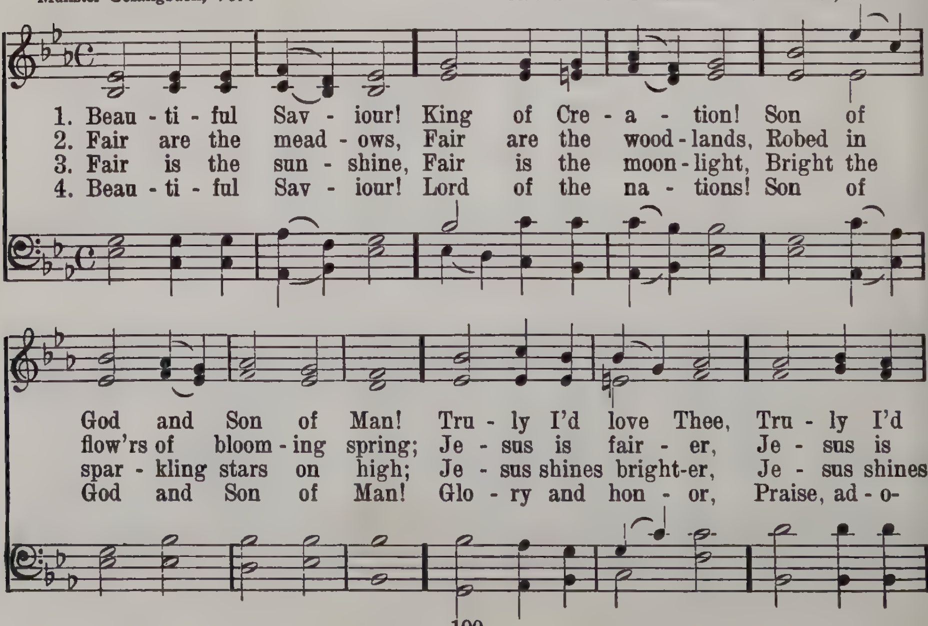
John Bacchus Dykes, 1866


1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find,
3. O Hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O Joy of all the meek,
4. Je - sus, our on - ly Joy be Thou, As Thou our Prize wilt be;
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Thy blest Name, O Sav-iour of man-kind!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art, How good to those who seek!
Je - sus, be Thou our Glo - ry now And thro' e - ter - ni - ty! A - MEN.

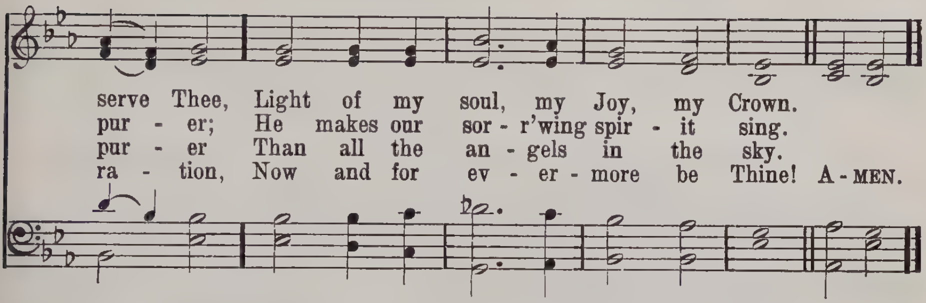
227. Beautiful Saviour! King of Creation

Münster Gesangbuch, 1677

Silesian Folksong
Hoffmann von Fallersleben's Volkslieder, 1842


1. Beau - ti - ful Sav - iour! King of Cre - a - tion! Son of
2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair are the wood - lands, Robed in
3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair is the moon - light, Bright the
4. Beau - ti - ful Sav - iour! Lord of the na - tions! Son of
God and Son of Man! Tru - ly I'd love Thee, Tru - ly I'd
flow'rs of bloom - ing spring; Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is
spar - kling stars on high; Je - sus shines bright-er, Je - sus shines
God and Son of Man! Glo - ry and hon - or, Praise, ad - o-

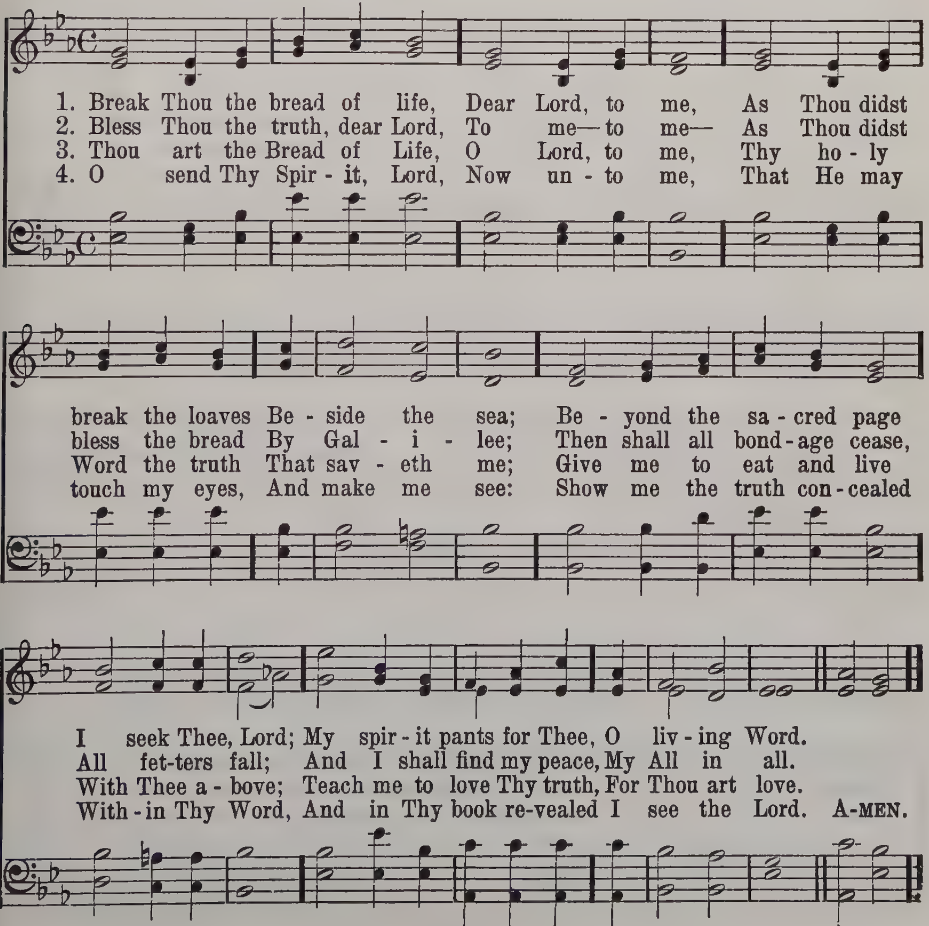
Beautiful Saviour! King of Creation


serve Thee, Light of my soul, my Joy, my Crown.
pur - er; He makes our sor - r'wing spir - it sing.
pur - er Than all the an - gels in the sky.
ra - tion, Now and for ev - er - more be Thine! A - MEN.

228. Break Thou the Bread of Life

Mary A. Lathbury, 1880

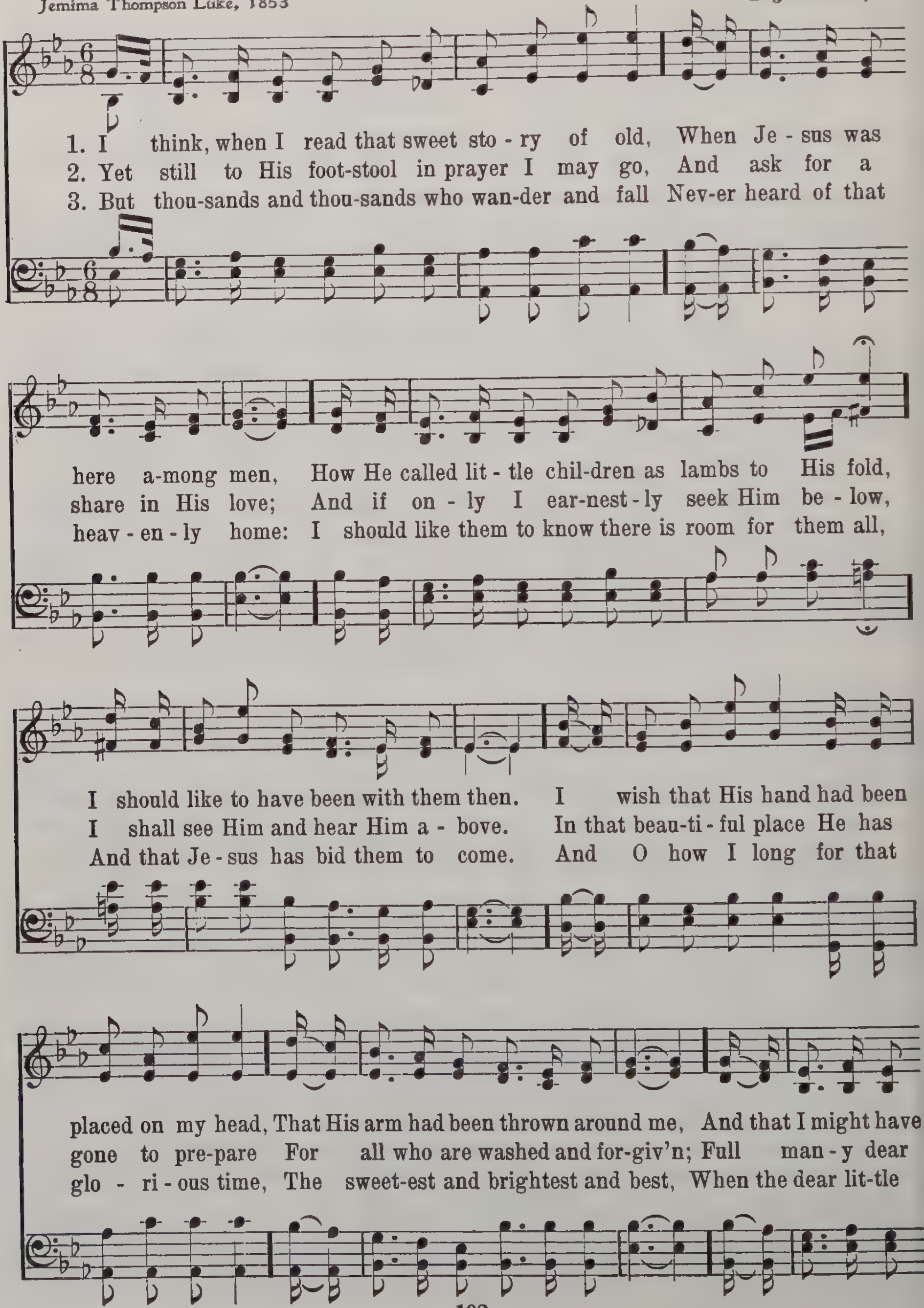
William F. Sherwin, 1877


1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me— As Thou didst
3. Thou art the Bread of Life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly
4. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me, That He may
break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond - age cease,
Word the truth That sav - eth me; Give me to eat and live
touch my eyes, And make me see: Show me the truth con - cealed
I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
All fet-ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.
With Thee a - bove; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.
With - in Thy Word, And in Thy book re-vealed I see the Lord. A-MEN.

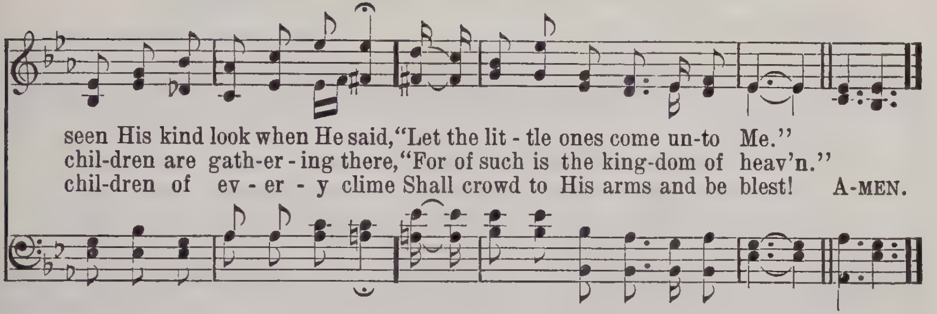
229. I Think, When I Read That Sweet Story of Old

Jemima Thompson Luke, 1853

English Melody

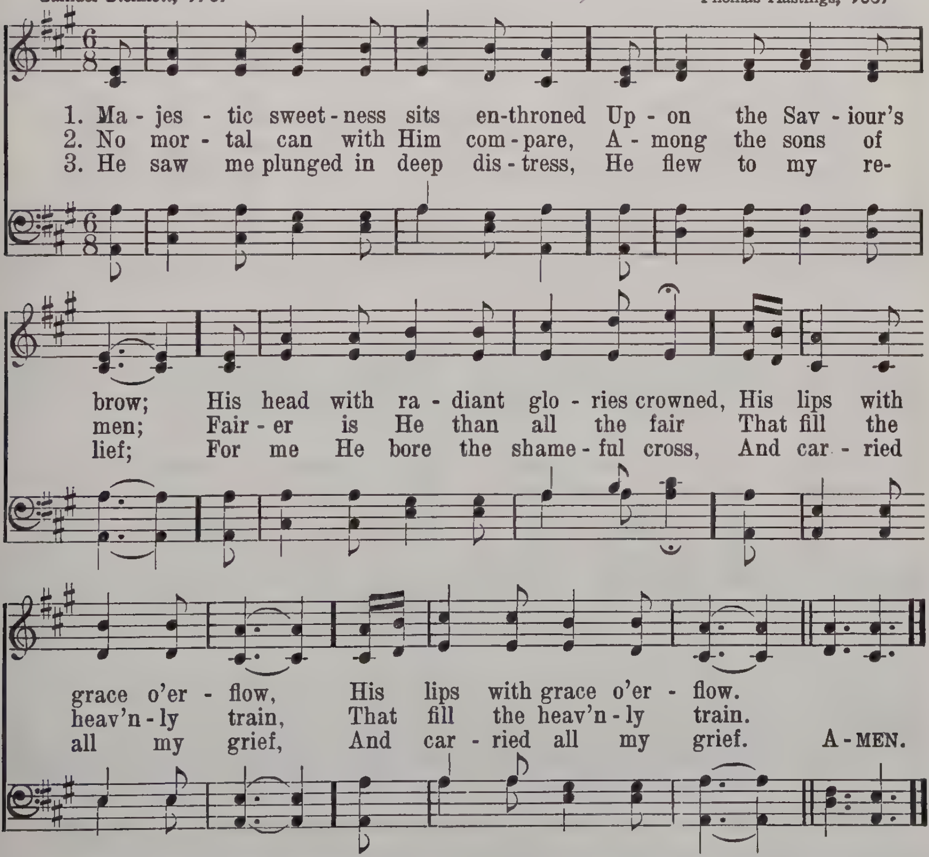

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was
2. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a
3. But thou-sands and thou-sands who wan-der and fall Nev-er heard of that
here a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold,
share in His love; And if on - ly I ear-nest - ly seek Him be - low,
heav - en - ly home: I should like them to know there is room for them all,
I should like to have been with them then. I wish that His hand had been
I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove. In that beau-ti - ful place He has
And that Je - sus has bid them to come. And O how I long for that
placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown around me, And that I might have
gone to pre-pare For all who are washed and for-giv'n; Full man - y dear
glo - ri - ous time, The sweet-est and brightest and best, When the dear lit-tle

I Think, When I Read That Sweet Story of Old


seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un-to Me."
chil-dren are gath-er - ing there, "For of such is the king-dom of heav'n."
chil-dren of ev - er - y clime Shall crowd to His arms and be blest! A-MEN.

230. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned

Samuel Stennett, 1787 — Thomas Hastings, 1837


1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en-throned Up - on the Sav - iour's brow; His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair That fill the heav'n - ly train, That fill the heav'n - ly train.
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, He flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross, And car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.
A - MEN.

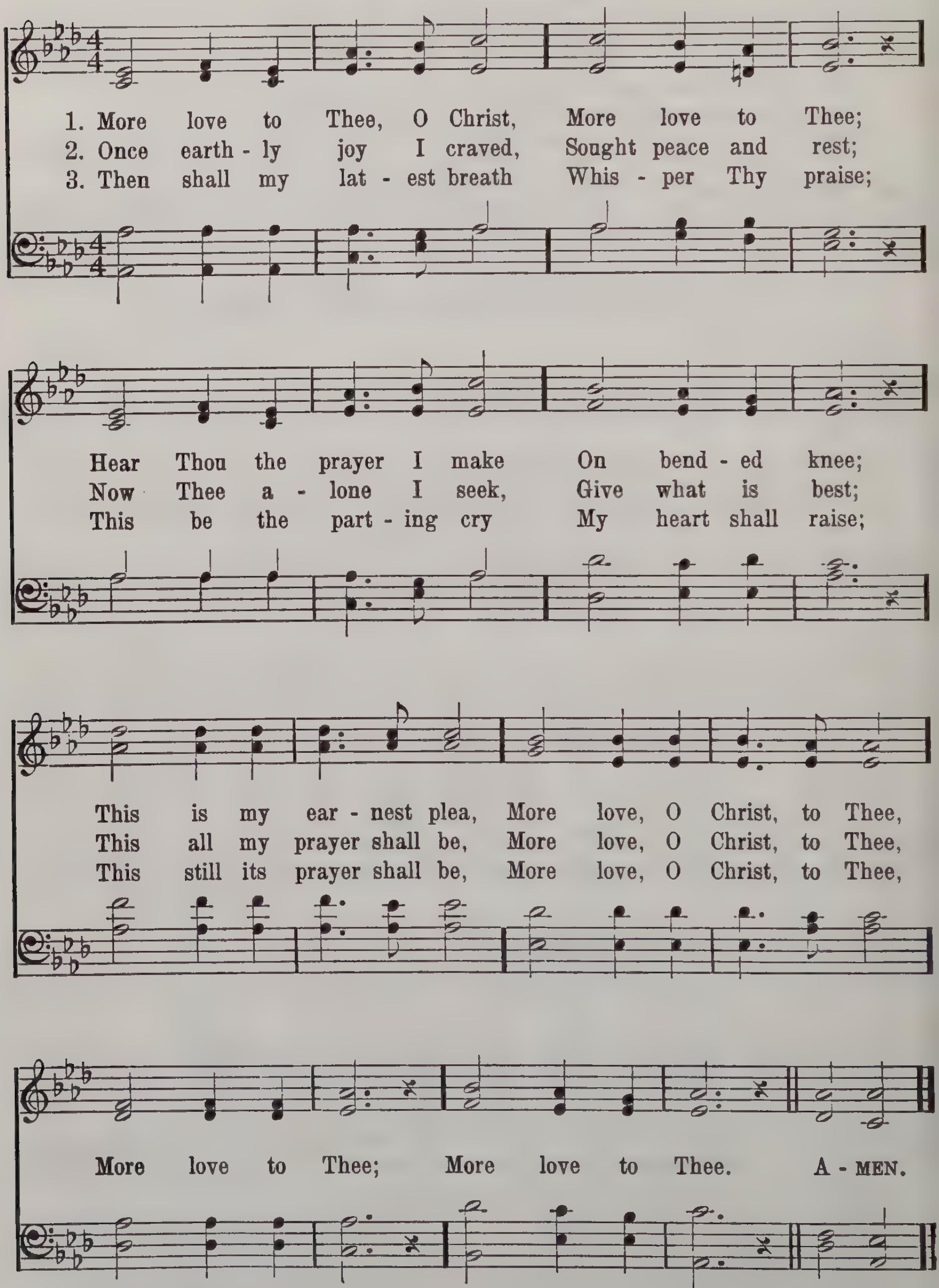
4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

231. More Love to Thee, O Christ

Elizabeth Prentiss, 1856

William Howard Doane, (1832–1915)


1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee;
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest;
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise;
Hear Thou the prayer I make On bend - ed knee;
Now Thee a - lone I seek, Give what is best;
This be the part - ing cry My heart shall raise;
This is my ear - nest plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee,
This all my prayer shall be, More love, O Christ, to Thee,
This still its prayer shall be, More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee; More love to Thee.
A - MEN.

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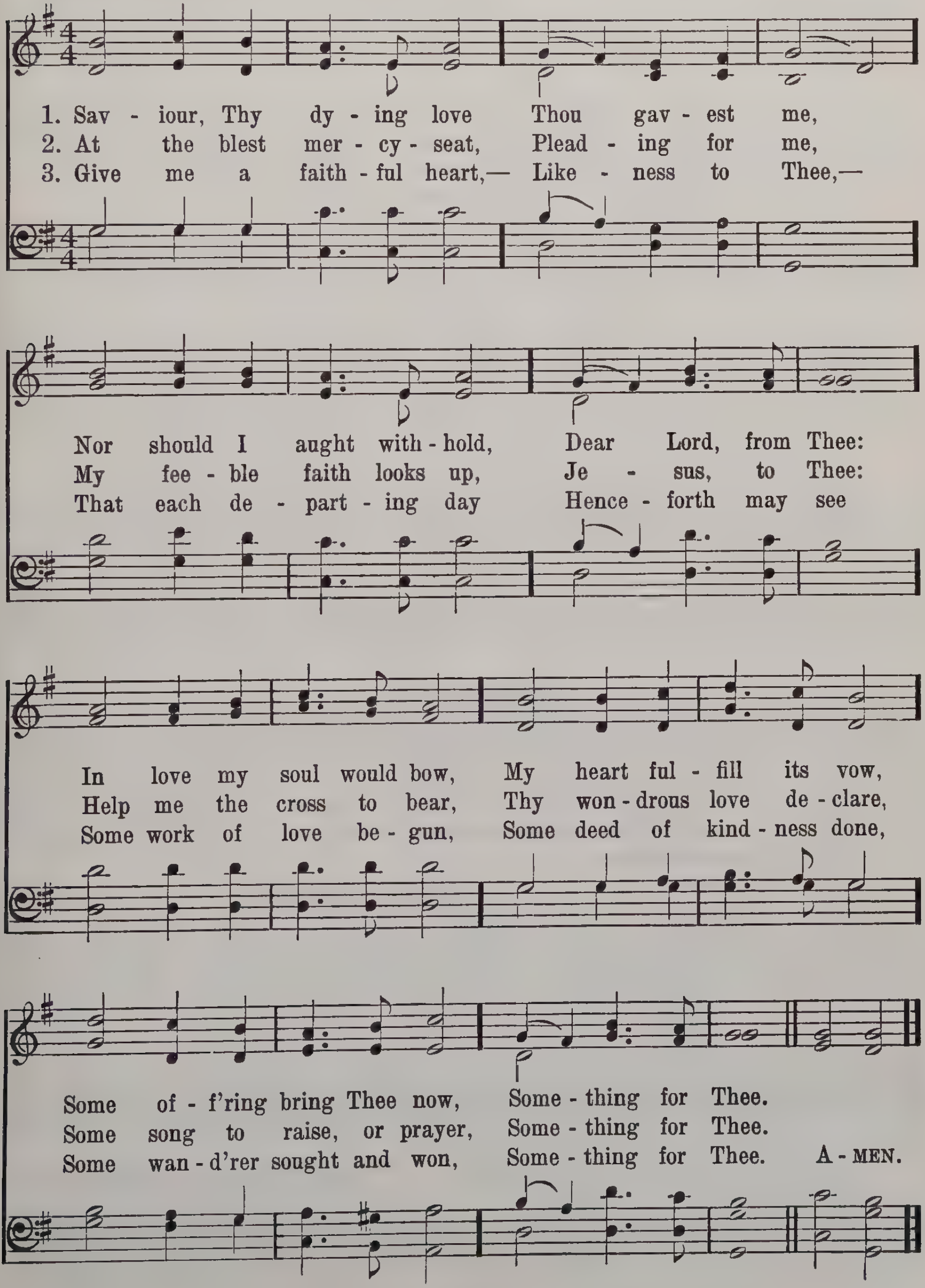
232. Saviour, Thy Dying Love

Sylvanus Dryden Phelps, 1862 Robert Lowry, (1826-1899)


1. Saviour, Thy dying love Thou gavest me,
2. At the blest mercy-seat, Pleading for me,
3. Give me a faithful heart,— Likeness to Thee,—
Nor should I aught withhold, Dear Lord, from Thee:
My feeble faith looks up, Jesus, to Thee:
That each departing day Henceforth may see
In love my soul would bow, My heart fulfill its vow,
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare,
Some work of love begun, Some deed of kindness done,
Some offring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
Some wan-d'rer sought and won, Something for Thee. A-MEN.

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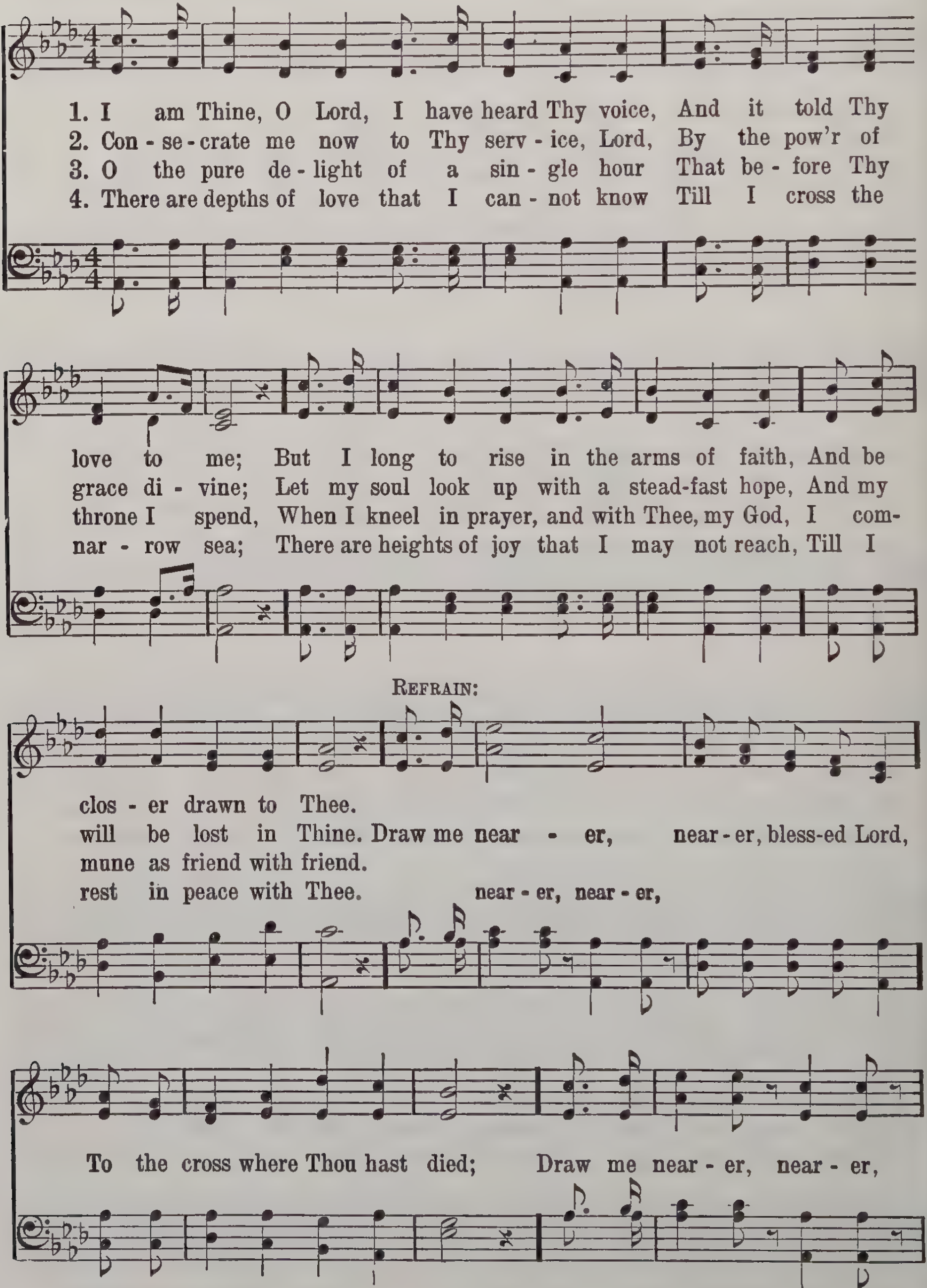
233. I Am Thine, O Lord

Fanny J. Crosby, (1823-1915)

William Howard Doane, (1832-1915)


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my
throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-
nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach, Till I
Refrain:
clos-er drawn to Thee.
will be lost in Thine.
mune as friend with friend.
rest in peace with Thee.
Draw me near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord,
near-er, near-er,
To the cross where Thou hast died;
Draw me near-er, near-er,

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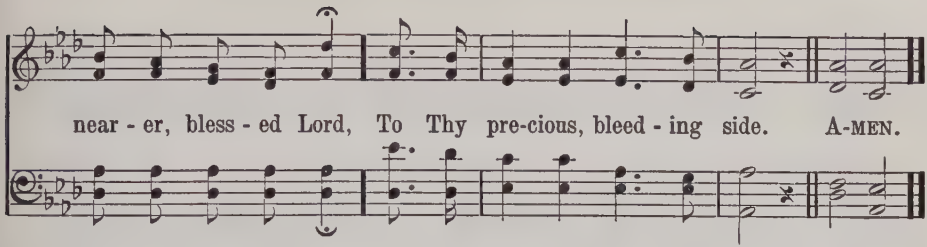
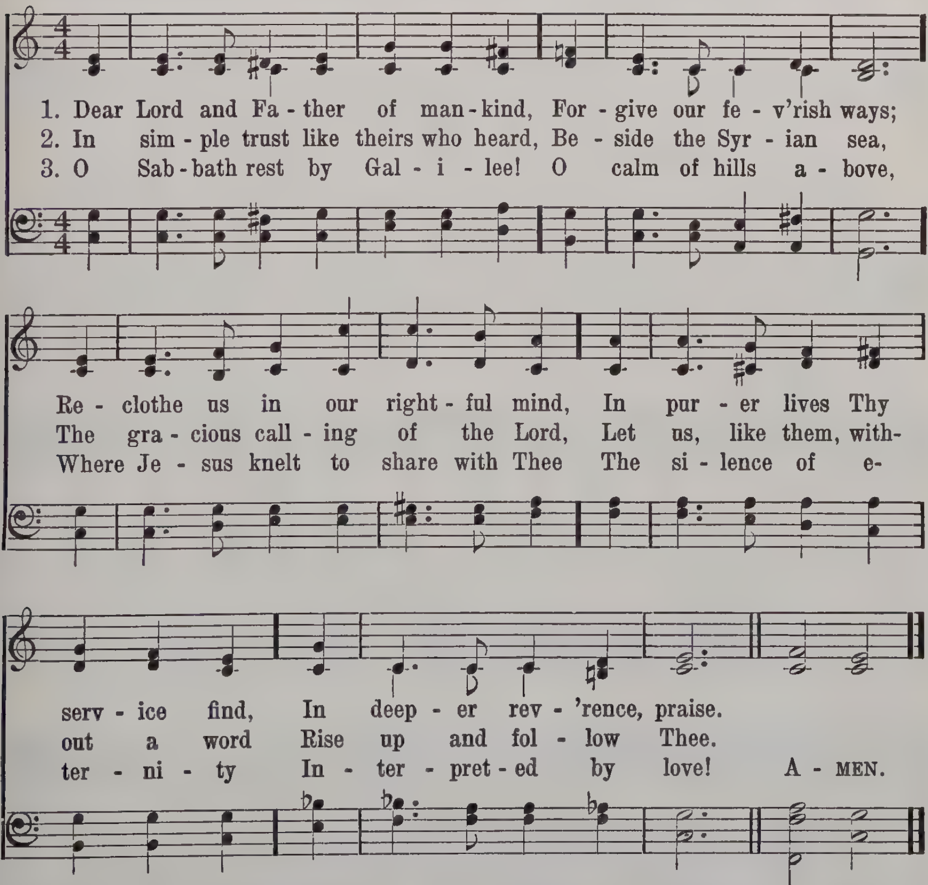
I Am Thine, O Lord


near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed - ing side. A-MEN.

234. Dear Lord and Father of Mankind

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1872 Frederick Charles Maker, 1887


1. Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, For - give our fe - v'rish ways;
2. In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, Be - side the Syr - ian sea,
3. O Sab - bath rest by Gal - i - lee! O calm of hills a - bove,
Re - clothe us in our right - ful mind, In pur - er lives Thy
The gra - cious call - ing of the Lord, Let us, like them, with-
Where Je - sus knelt to share with Thee The si - lence of e-
serv - ice find, In deep - er rev - 'rence, praise.
out a word Rise up and fol - low Thee.
ter - ni - ty In - ter - pret - ed by love! A - MEN.

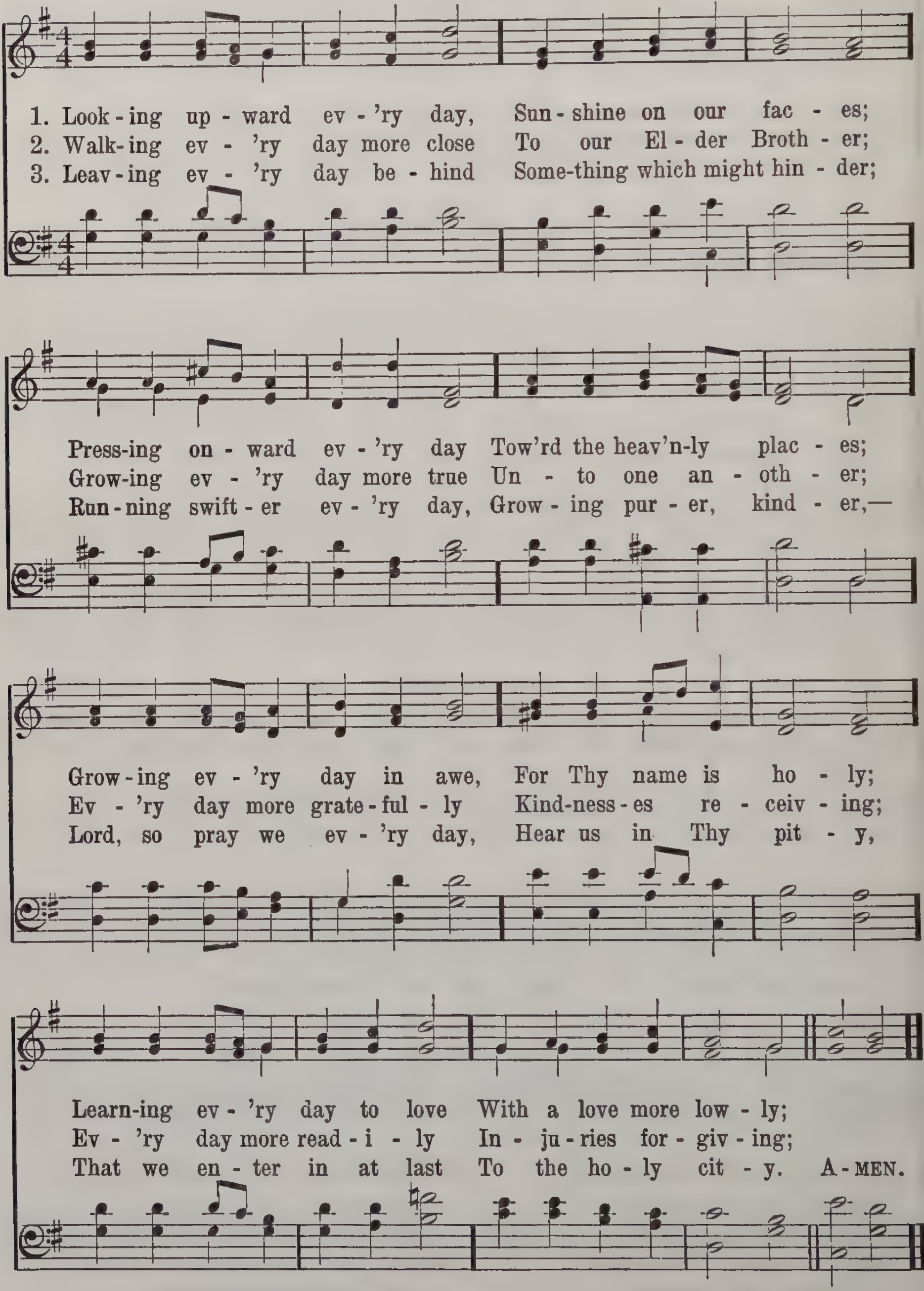
4 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

5 Breathe through the heat of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still, small voice of calm.

235. Looking Upward Every Day

Mary Butler, 1881

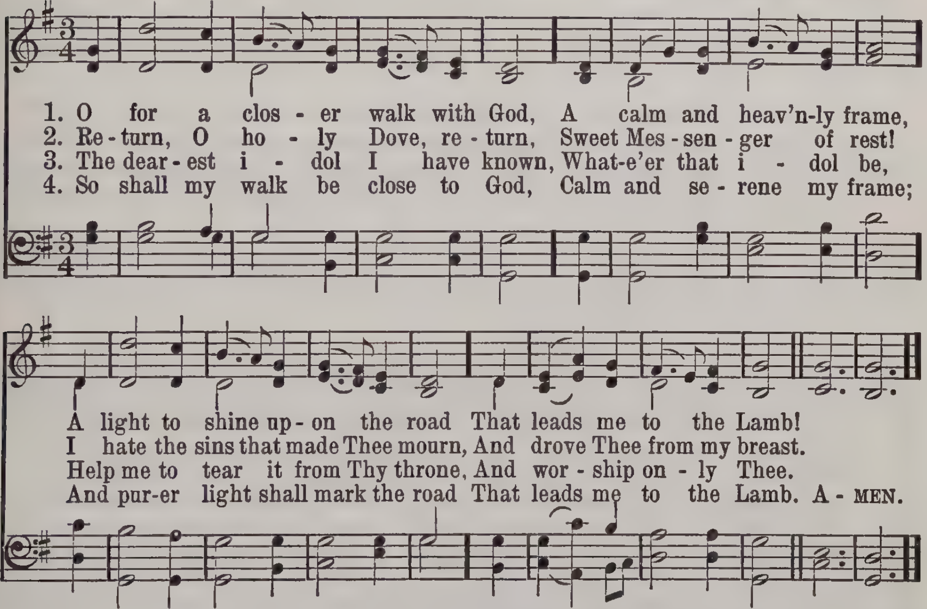
Arthur S. Sullivan, 1872


1. Look - ing up - ward ev - 'ry day, Sun - shine on our fac - es;
2. Walk - ing ev - 'ry day more close To our El - der Broth - er;
3. Leav - ing ev - 'ry day be - hind Some-thing which might hin - der;
Press-ing on - ward ev - 'ry day Tow'rd the heav'n-ly plac - es;
Grow-ing ev - 'ry day more true Un - to one an - oth - er;
Run - ning swift - er ev - 'ry day, Grow - ing pur - er, kind - er,—
Grow - ing ev - 'ry day in awe, For Thy name is ho - ly;
Ev - 'ry day more grate - ful - ly Kind-ness - es re - ceiv - ing;
Lord, so pray we ev - 'ry day, Hear us in Thy pit - y,
Learn-ing ev - 'ry day to love With a love more low - ly;
Ev - 'ry day more read - i - ly In - ju - ries for - giv - ing;
That we en - ter in at last To the ho - ly cit - y. A - MEN.

236. O for a Closer Walk with God

William Cowper, 1772, a.

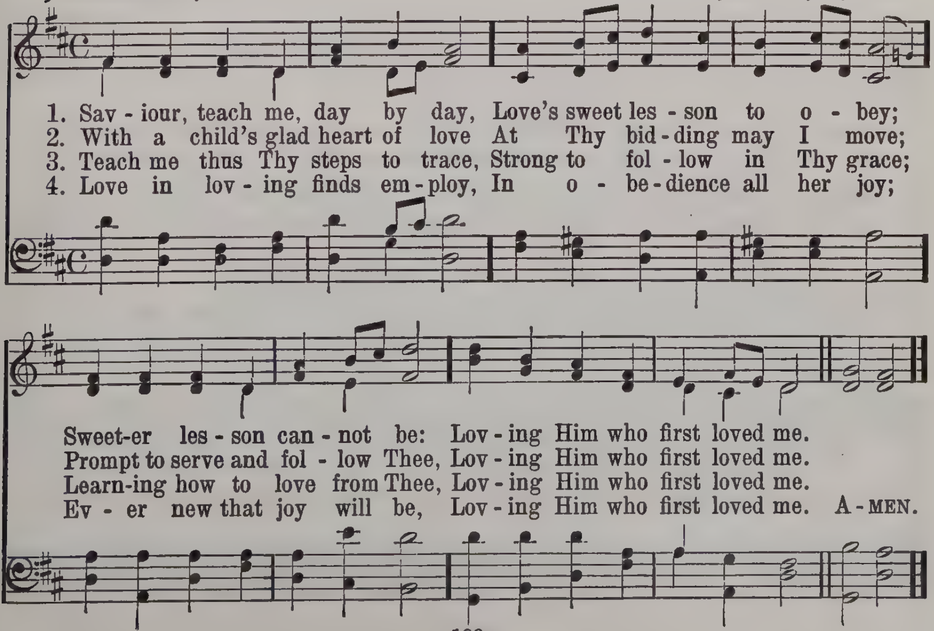
L. Devereux
Arranged by George Kingsley, 1839


1. O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame,
2. Return, O holy Dove, return, Sweet Messenger of rest!
3. The dearest idol I have known, What-e'er that idol be,
4. So shall my walk be close to God, Calm and serene my frame;
A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.
Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And worship only Thee.
And purer light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb. A-MEN.

237. Saviour, Teach Me, Day by Day

Jane Eliza Leeson, 1842

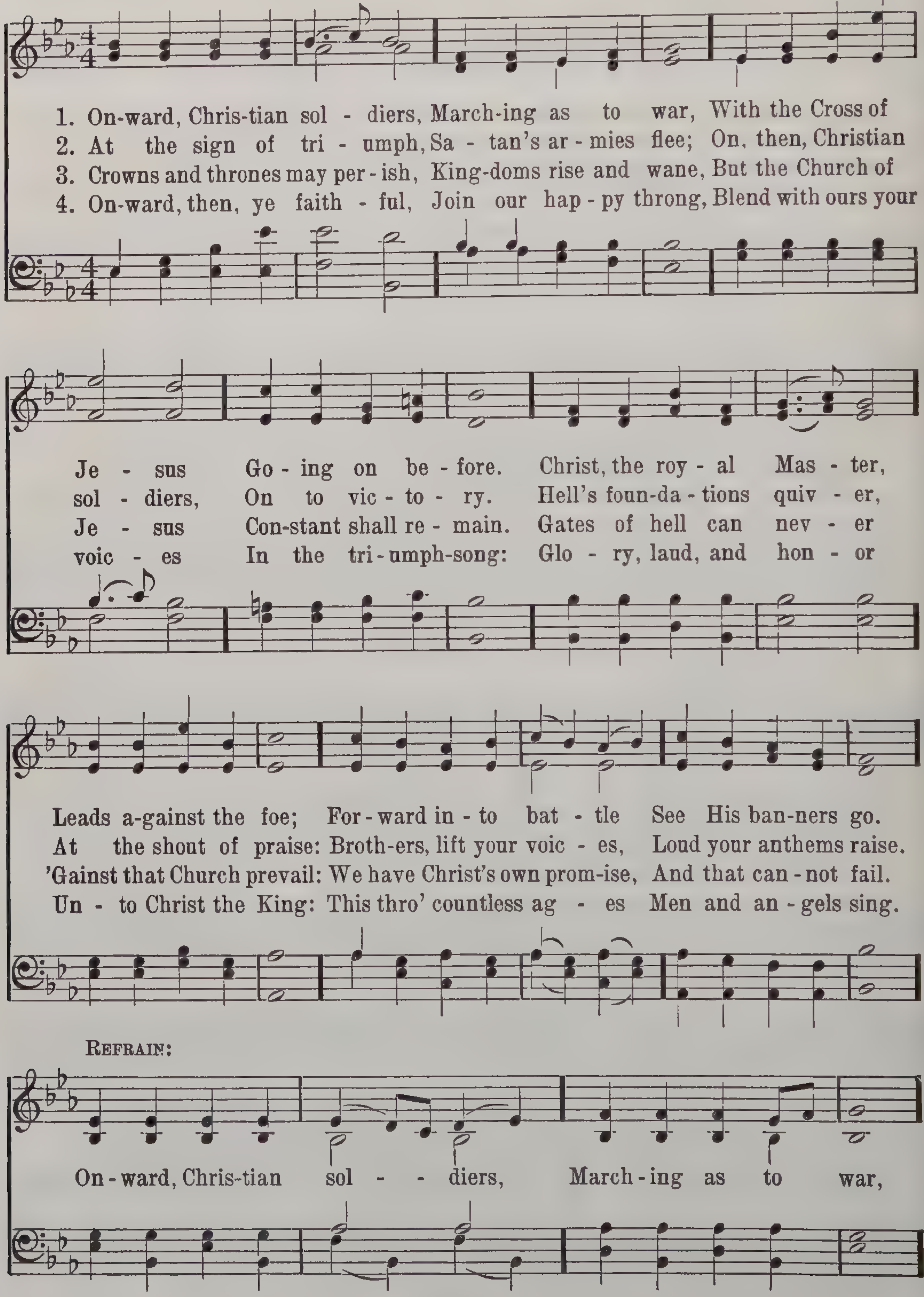
John B. Dykes, 1862


1. Saviour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet lesson to obey;
2. With a child's glad heart of love At Thy bidding may I move;
3. Teach me thus Thy steps to trace, Strong to follow in Thy grace;
4. Love in loving finds employ, In obedience all her joy;
Sweeter lesson cannot be: Loving Him who first loved me.
Prompt to serve and follow Thee, Loving Him who first loved me.
Learning how to love from Thee, Loving Him who first loved me.
Ever new that joy will be, Loving Him who first loved me. A-MEN.

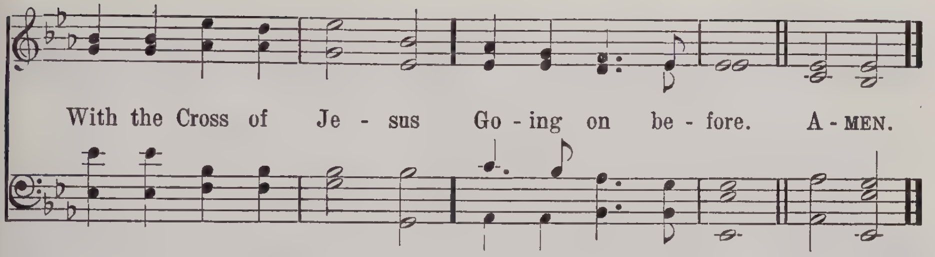
238. Onward, Christian Soldiers

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

Arthur Seymour Sullivan, 1872


1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the Cross of
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Sa - tan's ar - mies flee; On, then, Christian
3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On-ward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry. Hell's foun-da - tions quiv - er,
Je - sus Con-stant shall re - main. Gates of hell can nev - er
voic - es In the tri - umph-song: Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or
Leads a-gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle See His ban-ners go.
At the shout of praise: Broth-ers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise.
'Gainst that Church prevail: We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can - not fail.
Un - to Christ the King: This thro' countless ag - es Men and an - gels sing.
REFRAIN:
On - ward, Chris-tian sol - - diers, March - ing as to war,

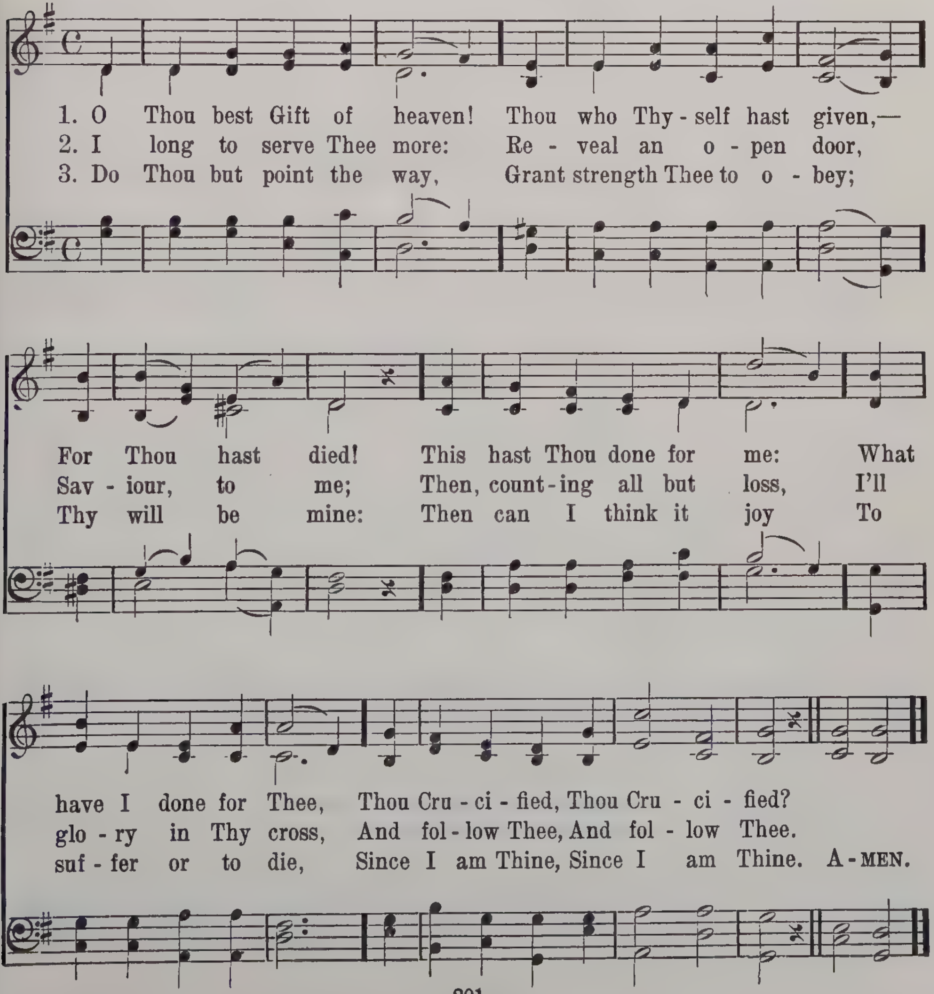
Onward, Christian Soldiers



239. O Thou Best Gift of Heaven!

Nicholls, 1837

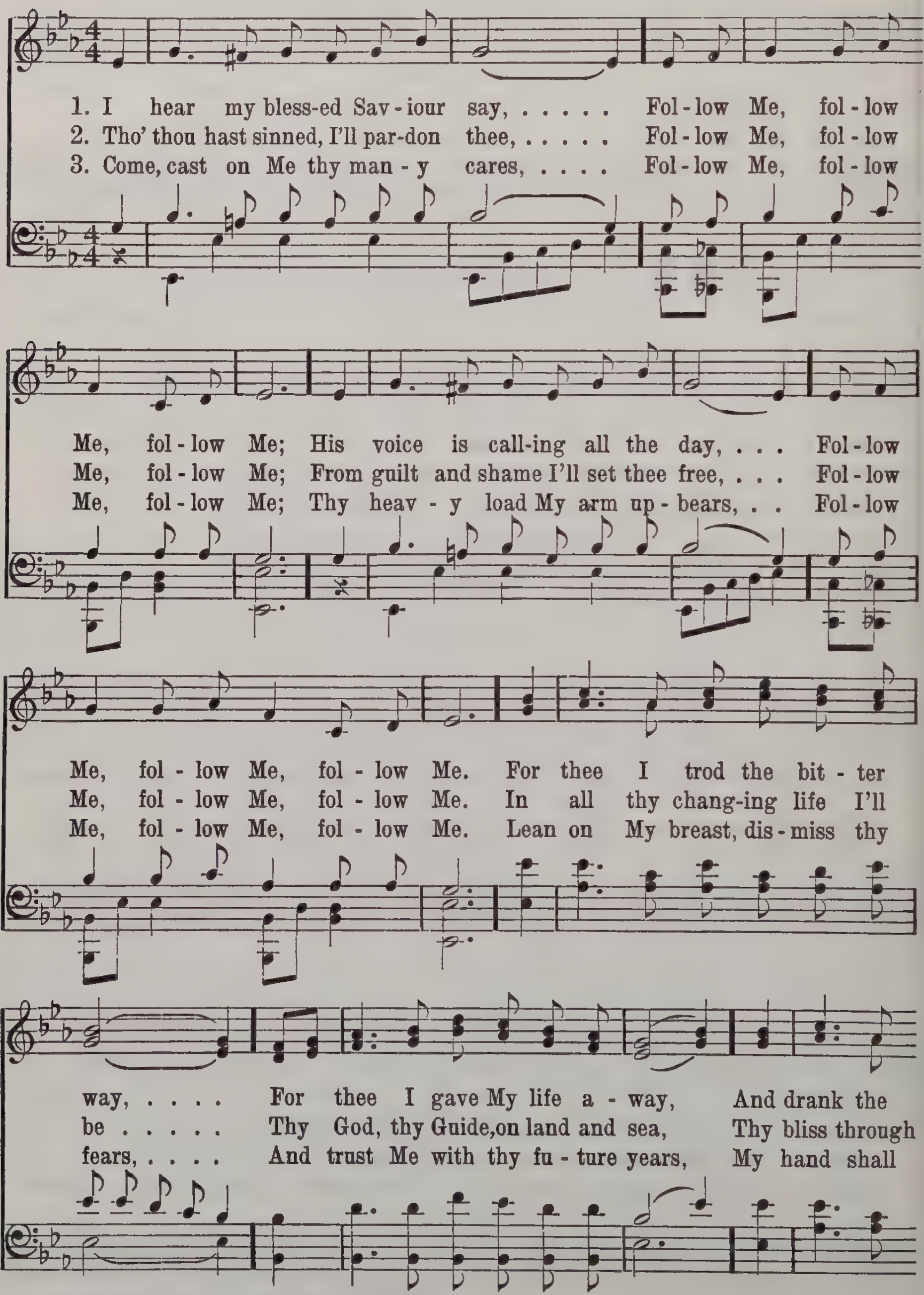
Peter Casper Krossing


1. O Thou best Gift of heaven! Thou who Thy - self hast given,—
2. I long to serve Thee more: Re - veal an o - pen door,
3. Do Thou but point the way, Grant strength Thee to o - bey;
For Thou hast died! This hast Thou done for me: What
Sav - iour, to me; Then, count - ing all but loss, I'll
Thy will be mine: Then can I think it joy To
have I done for Thee, Thou Cru - ci - fied, Thou Cru - ci - fied?
glo - ry in Thy cross, And fol - low Thee, And fol - low Thee.
suf - fer or to die, Since I am Thine, Since I am Thine. A - MEN.

240. I Hear My Blessed Saviour Say

Author Unknown

Harmonized by Herbert G. Tovey, 1923


1. I hear my bless-ed Sav-iour say, ... Fol-low Me, fol-low
2. Tho' thou hast sinned, I'll par-don thee, ... Fol-low Me, fol-low
3. Come, cast on Me thy man-y cares, ... Fol-low Me, fol-low
Me, fol-low Me; His voice is call-ing all the day, . . . Fol-low
Me, fol-low Me; From guilt and shame I'll set thee free, . . . Fol-low
Me, fol-low Me; Thy heav-y load My arm up-bears, . . Fol-low
Me, fol-low Me, fol-low Me. For thee I trod the bit-ter
Me, fol-low Me, fol-low Me. In all thy chang-ing life I'll
Me, fol-low Me, fol-low Me. Lean on My breast, dis-miss thy
way, ... For thee I gave My life a-way, And drank the
be . . . . . Thy God, thy Guide, on land and sea, Thy bliss through
fears, ... And trust Me with thy fu-ture years, My hand shall

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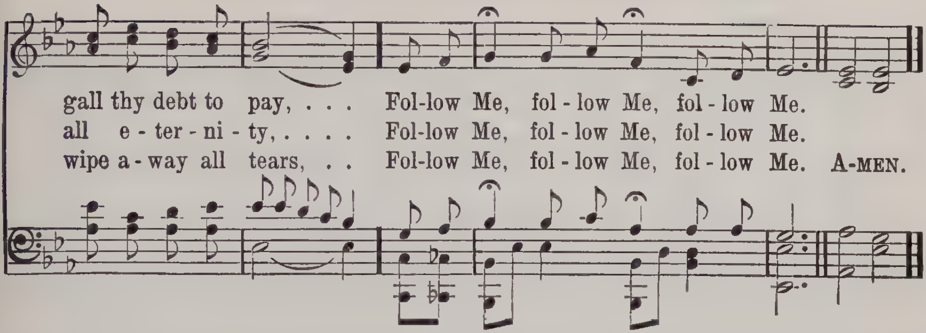
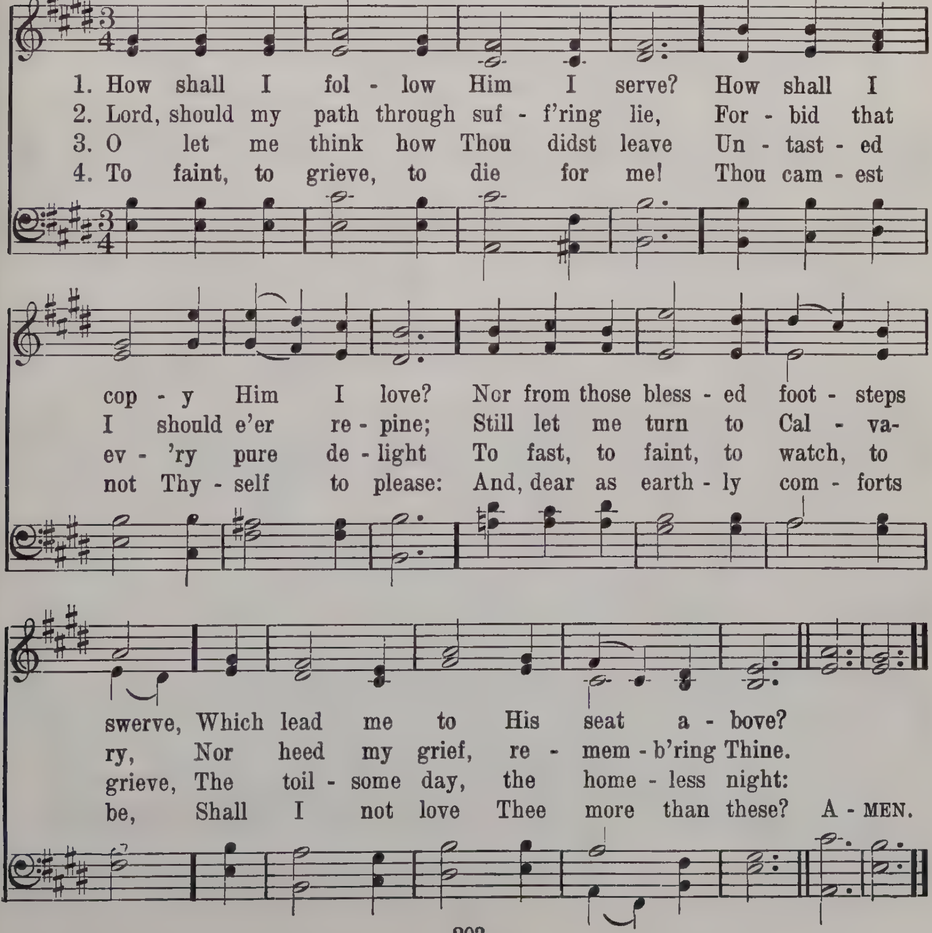
I Hear My Blessed Saviour Say


gall thy debt to pay, . . . Fol-low Me, fol-low Me, fol-low Me.
all e-ter-ni-ty, ... Fol-low Me, fol-low Me, fol-low Me.
wipe a-way all tears, . . Fol-low Me, fol-low Me, fol-low Me. A-MEN.

241. How Shall I Follow Him I Serve?

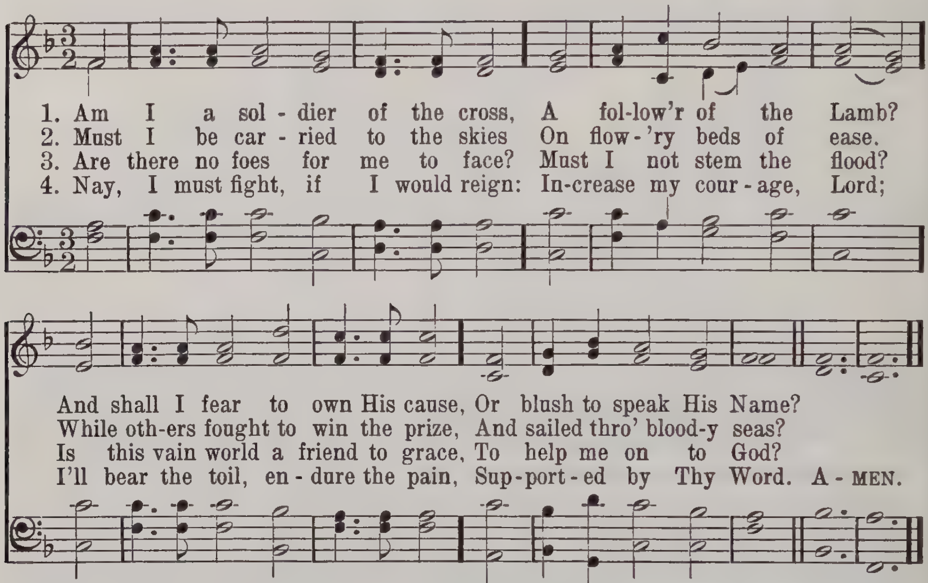
Josiah Conder, 1824 — Henry Percy Smith, 1874


1. How shall I fol-low Him I serve? How shall I cop-y Him I love? Nor from those bless-ed foot-steps swerve, Which lead me to His seat a-bove?
2. Lord, should my path through suf-f'ring lie, For-bid that I should e'er re-pine; Still let me turn to Cal-va-ry, Nor heed my grief, re-mem-b'ring Thine.
3. O let me think how Thou didst leave Un-tast-ed ev-'ry pure de-light To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve, The toil-some day, the home-less night:
4. To faint, to grieve, to die for me! Thou cam-est not Thy-self to please: And, dear as earth-ly com-forts be, Shall I not love Thee more than these? A-MEN.

242. Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Isaac Watts, 1724

Thomas Augustine Arne, 1762


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease.
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Nay, I must fight, if I would reign: In-crease my cour - age, Lord;
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His Name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vain world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by Thy Word. A - MEN.

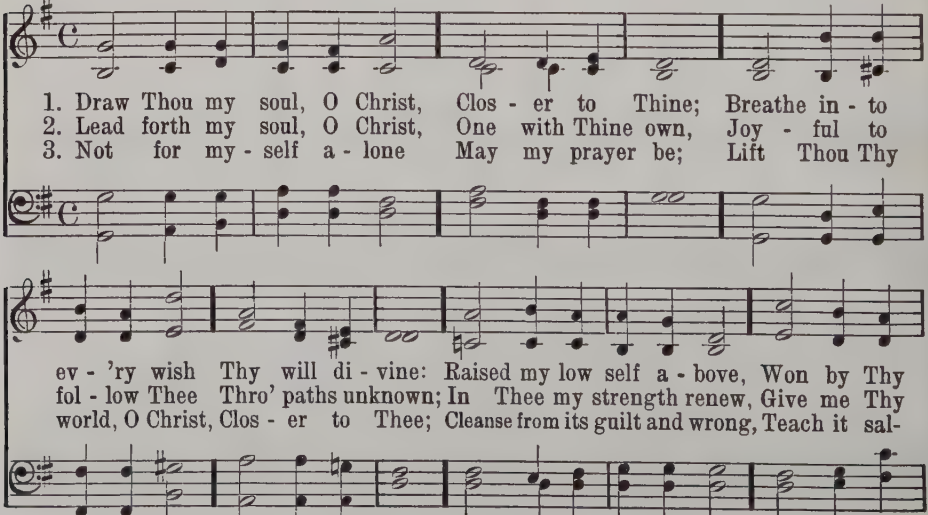
5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

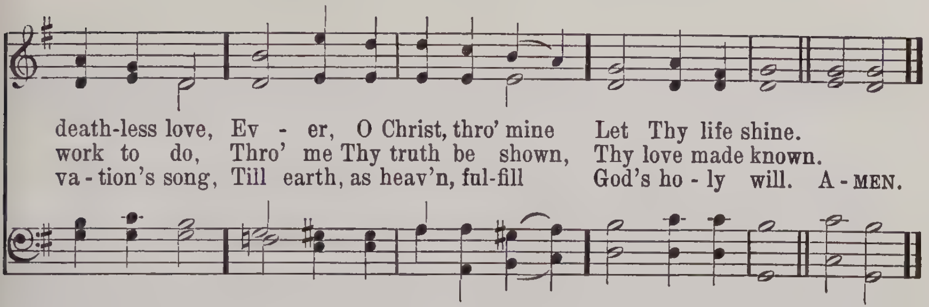
243. Draw Thou My Soul, O Christ

Lucy Larcom, 1892

Arthur Seymour Sullivan, 1872


1. Draw Thou my soul, O Christ, Clos - er to Thine; Breathe in - to
2. Lead forth my soul, O Christ, One with Thine own, Joy - ful to
3. Not for my - self a - lone May my prayer be; Lift Thou Thy
ev - 'ry wish Thy will di - vine: Raised my low self a - bove, Won by Thy
fol - low Thee Thro' paths unknown; In Thee my strength renew, Give me Thy
world, O Christ, Clos - er to Thee; Cleanse from its guilt and wrong, Teach it sal-

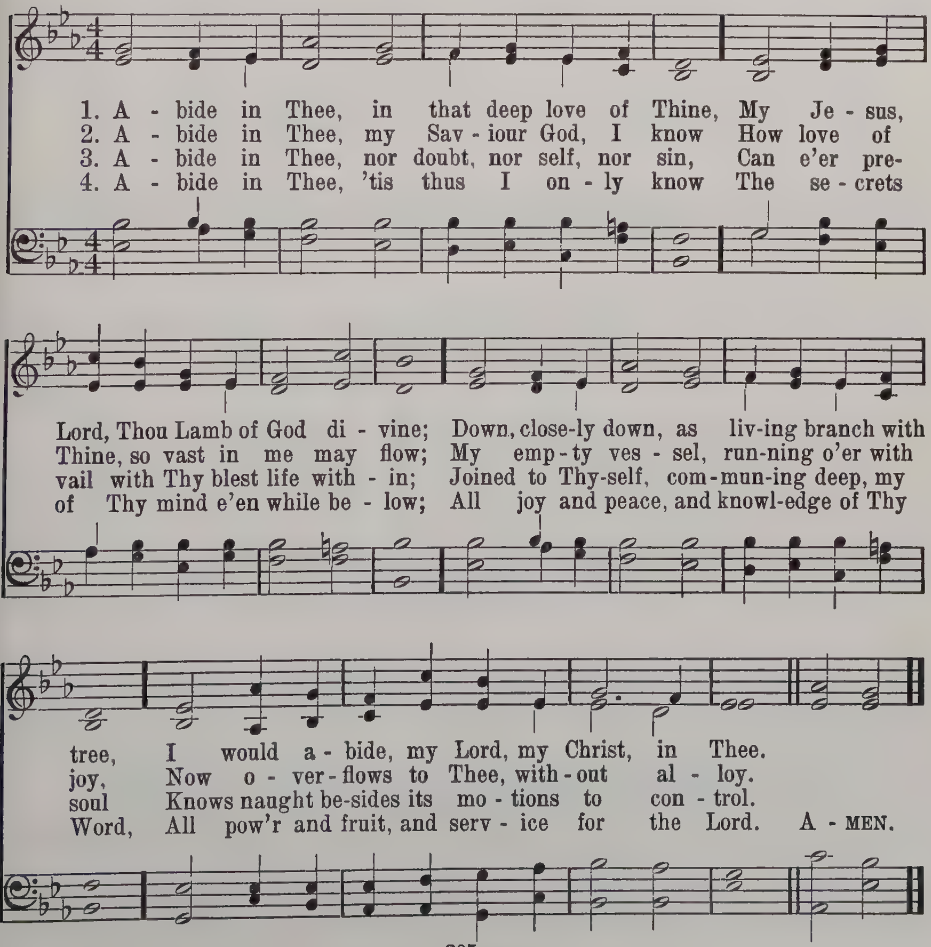
Draw Thou My Soul, O Christ


death-less love, Ev - er, O Christ, thro' mine Let Thy life shine.
work to do, Thro' me Thy truth be shown, Thy love made known.
va - tion's song, Till earth, as heav'n, ful-fill God's ho - ly will. A - MEN.

244. Abide in Thee, in That Deep Love of Thine

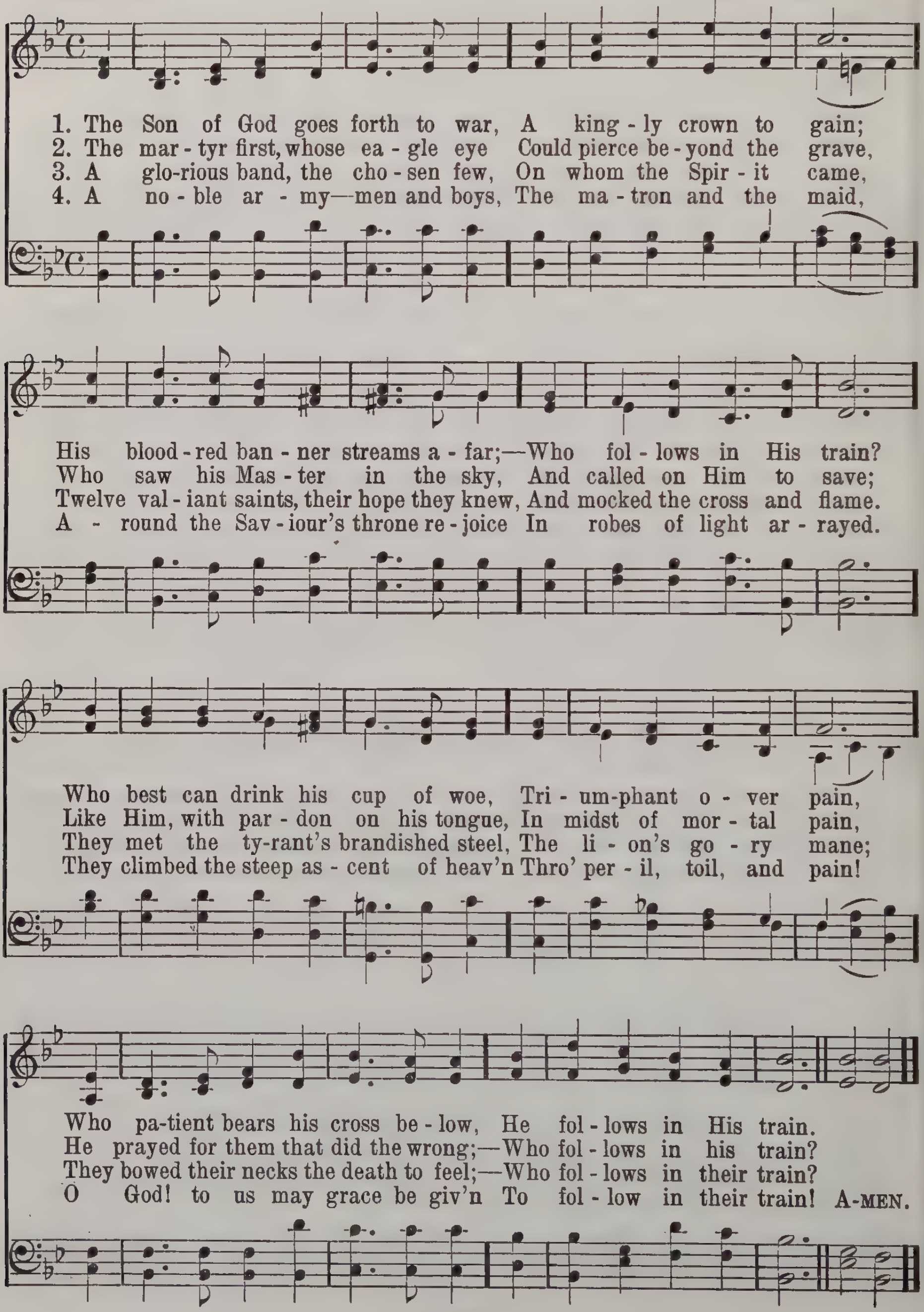
Joseph Denham Smith, 1860

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874


1. A - bide in Thee, in that deep love of Thine, My Je - sus, Lord, Thou Lamb of God di - vine; Down, close-ly down, as liv-ing branch with tree, I would a - bide, my Lord, my Christ, in Thee.
2. A - bide in Thee, my Sav - iour God, I know How love of Thine, so vast in me may flow; My emp - ty ves - sel, run-ning o'er with joy, Now o - ver - flows to Thee, with - out al - loy.
3. A - bide in Thee, nor doubt, nor self, nor sin, Can e'er pre-vail with Thy blest life with - in; Joined to Thy-self, com-mun-ing deep, my soul Knows naught be-sides its mo - tions to con - trol.
4. A - bide in Thee, 'tis thus I on - ly know The se - crets of Thy mind e'en while be - low; All joy and peace, and knowl-edge of Thy Word, All pow'r and fruit, and serv - ice for the Lord. A - MEN.

245. The Son of God Goes Forth to War

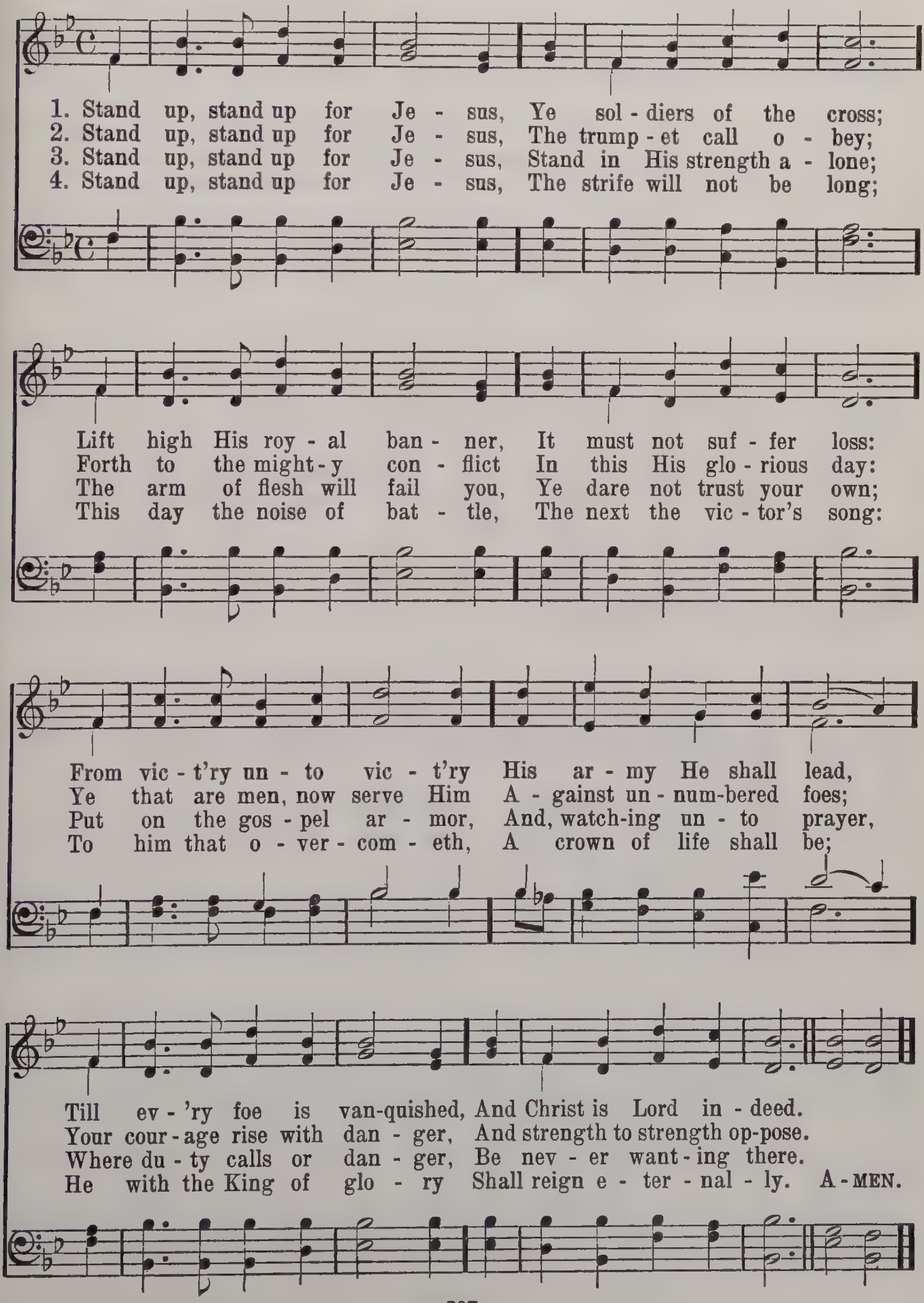
Reginald Heber, 1812 Henry S. Cutler, 1872


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
3. A glo-rious band, the cho - sen few, On whom the Spir - it came,
4. A no - ble ar - my—men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far;—Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save;
Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame.
A - round the Sav - iour's throne re - joice In robes of light ar - rayed.
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain,
Like Him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane;
They climbed the steep as - cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain!
Who pa-tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong;—Who fol - lows in his train?
They bowed their necks the death to feel;—Who fol - lows in their train?
O God! to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train! A-MEN.

246. Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus

George Duffield, 1858

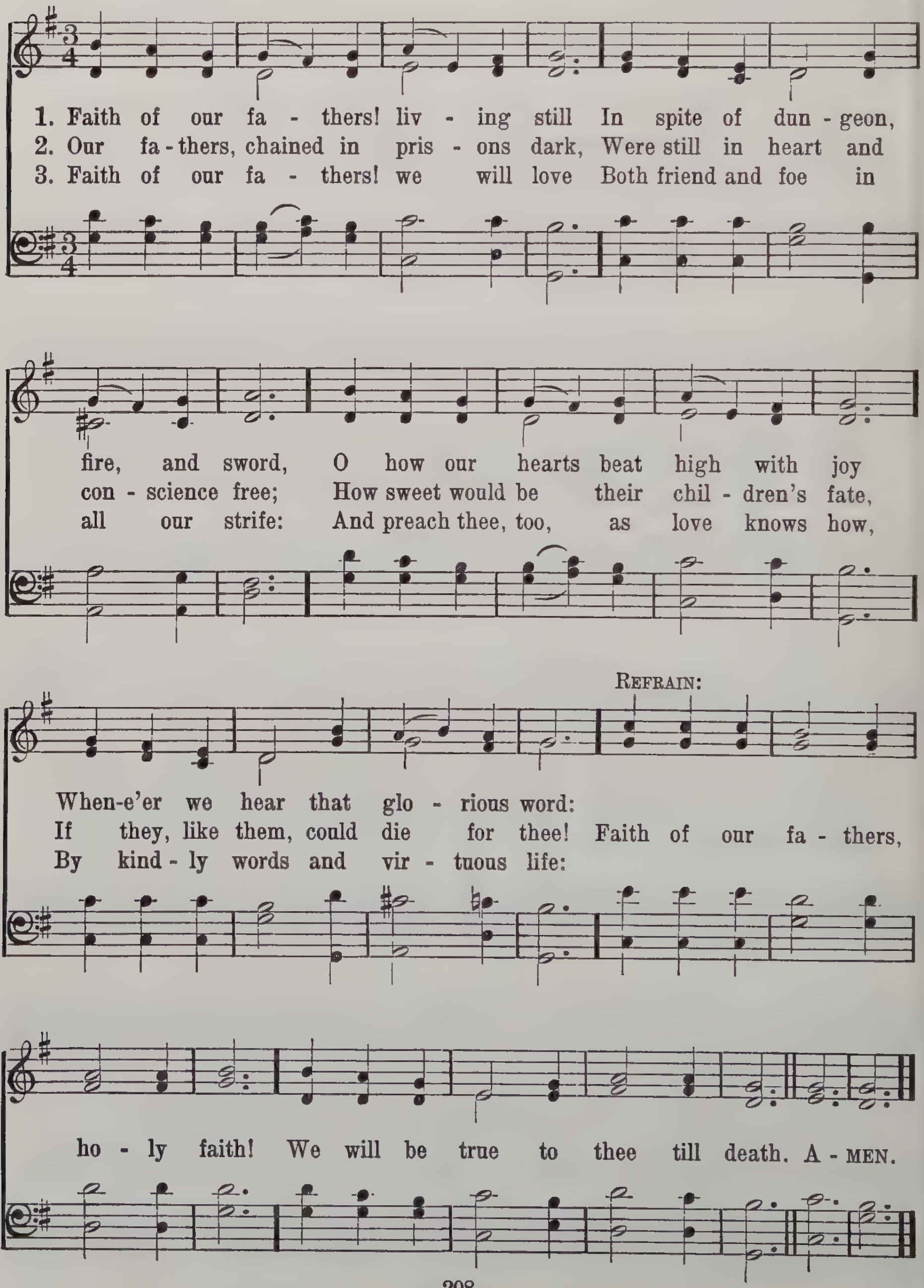
George James Webb, 1830


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trump - et call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long;
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might - y con - flict In this His glo - rious day:
The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own;
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall lead,
Ye that are men, now serve Him A - gainst un - num-bered foes;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And, watch-ing un - to prayer,
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;
Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op-pose.
Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN.

247. Faith of Our Fathers, Living Still

Frederick William Faber, 1840

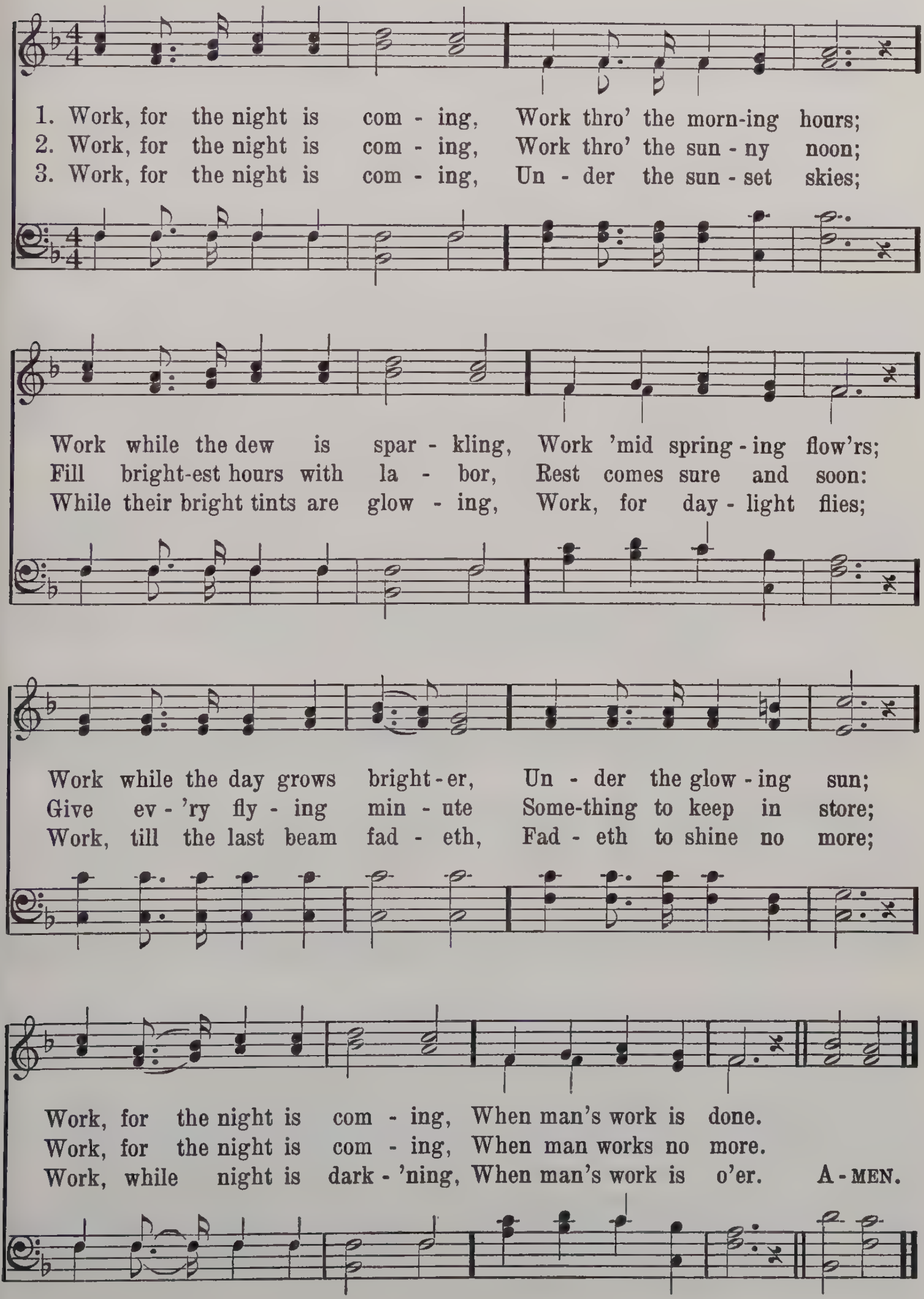
Henri Fredrick Hemy, 1865
Alt. by James George Walton, 1871


1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon,
2. Our fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in
fire, and sword, O how our hearts beat high with joy
con - science free; How sweet would be their chil - dren's fate,
all our strife: And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
REFRAIN:
When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word:
If they, like them, could die for thee! Faith of our fa - thers,
By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life:
ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death. A - MEN.

248. Work, For the Night Is Coming

Anna L. Coghill, 1860

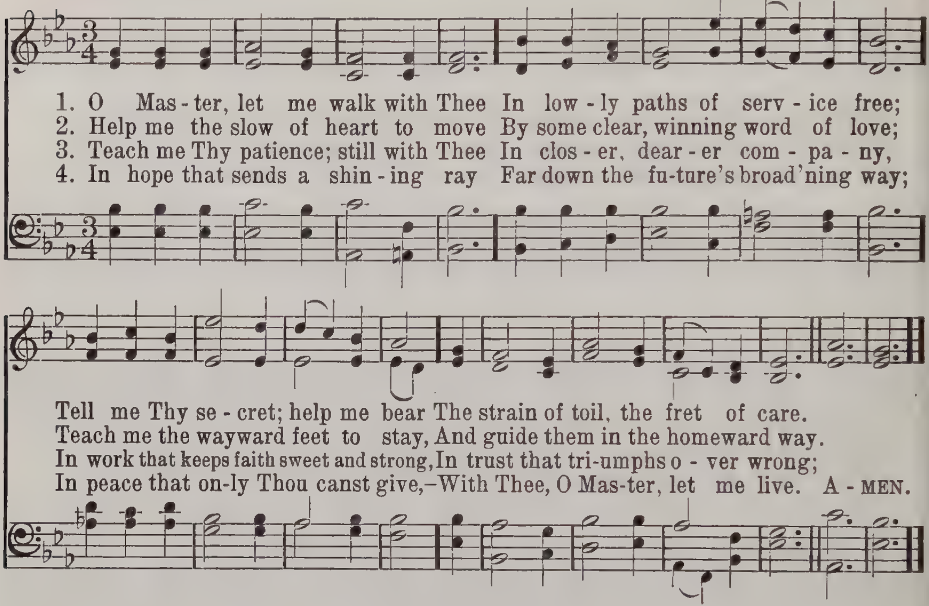
Lowell Mason, 1864


1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;
Work while the dew is spar - kling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
Fill bright-est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon:
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies;
Work while the day grows bright - er, Un - der the glow - ing sun;
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some-thing to keep in store;
Work, till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work, while night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.
A - MEN.

249. O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee

Washington Gladden, 1879

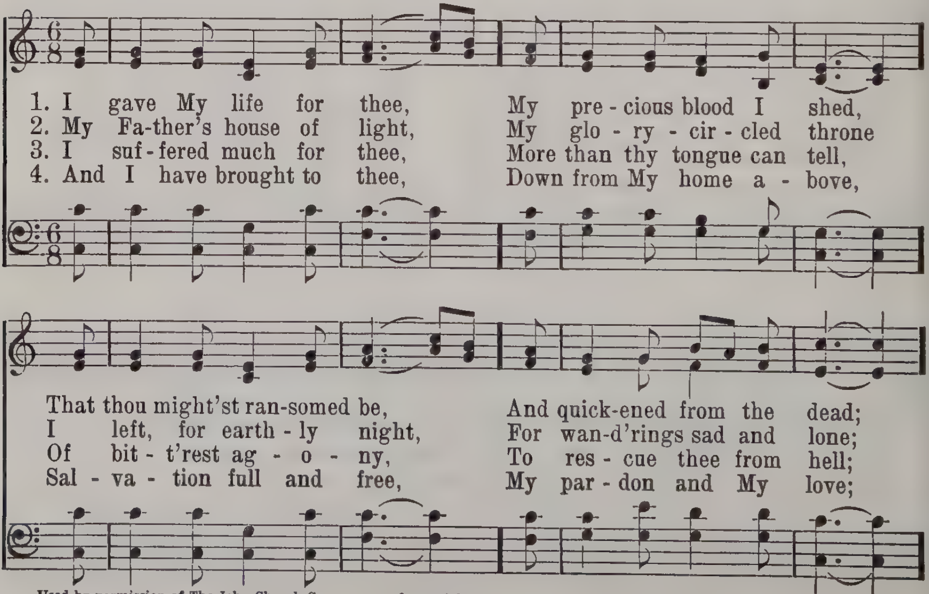
H. Percy Smith, 1874


1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of serv-ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee In clos-er, dear-er com-pa-ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the fu-ture's broad'ning way;
Tell me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the wayward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that tri-umphs o-ver wrong;
In peace that on-ly Thou canst give,–With Thee, O Mas-ter, let me live. A-MEN.

250. I Gave My Life for Thee

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1858

Philip P. Bliss, 1874


1. I gave My life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa-ther's house of light, My glo-ry-cir-cled throne
3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a-bove,
That thou might'st ran-somed be, And quick-ened from the dead;
I left, for earth-ly night, For wan-d'rings sad and lone;
Of bit-t'rest ag-o-ny, To res-cue thee from hell;
Sal-va-tion full and free, My par-don and My love;

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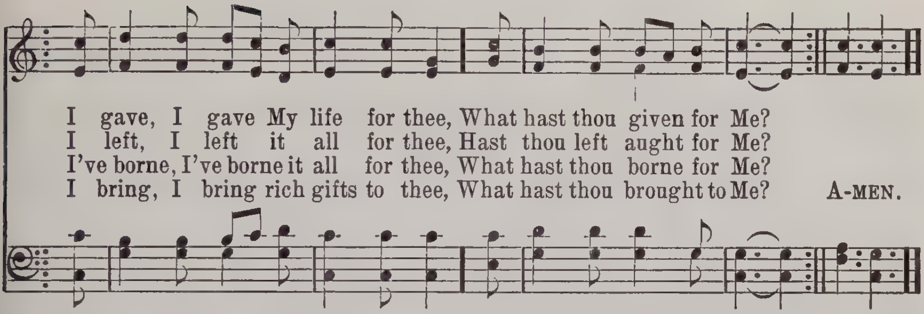
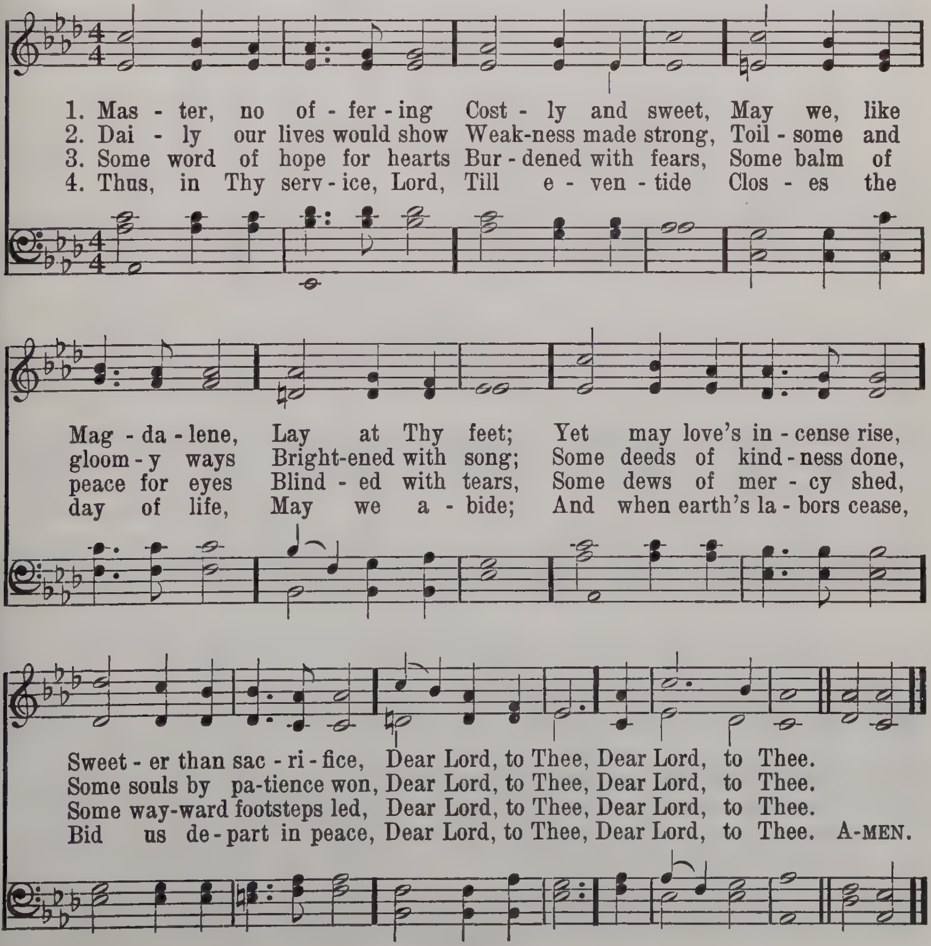
I Gave My Life for Thee


I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?
A-MEN.

251. Master, No Offering Costly and Sweet

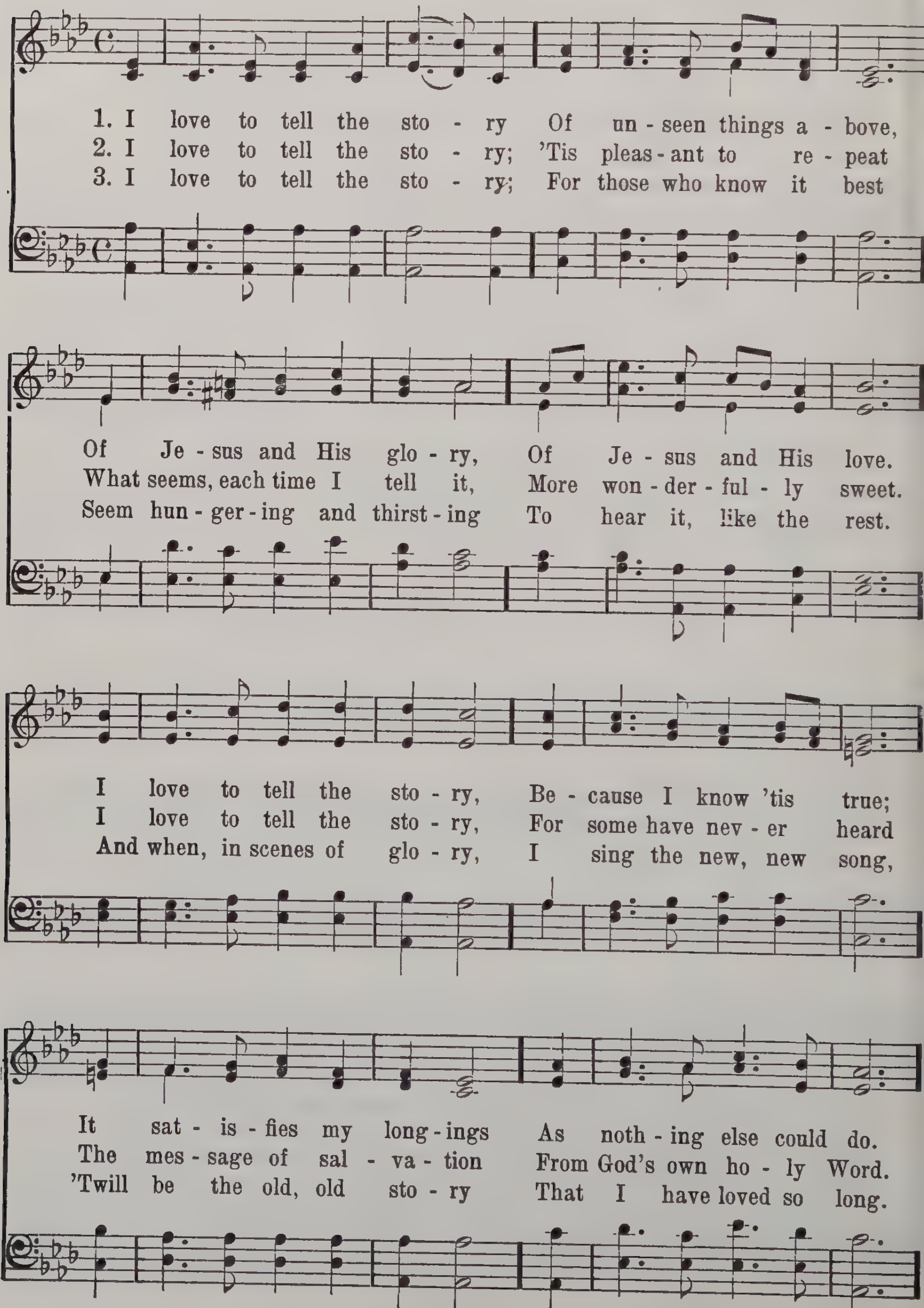
Edwin P. Parker, 1888 Edwin P. Parker, 1888


1. Mas - ter, no of - fer - ing Cost - ly and sweet, May we, like Mag - da - lene, Lay at Thy feet; Yet may love's in - cense rise, Sweet - er than sac - ri - fice, Dear Lord, to Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee.
2. Dai - ly our lives would show Weak-ness made strong, Toil - some and gloom - y ways Bright-ened with song; Some deeds of kind - ness done, Some souls by pa-tience won, Dear Lord, to Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee.
3. Some word of hope for hearts Bur - dened with fears, Some balm of peace for eyes Blind - ed with tears, Some dews of mer - cy shed, Some way-ward footsteps led, Dear Lord, to Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee.
4. Thus, in Thy serv - ice, Lord, Till e - ven - tide Clos - es the day of life, May we a - bide; And when earth's la - bors cease, Bid us de - part in peace, Dear Lord, to Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee.
A-MEN.

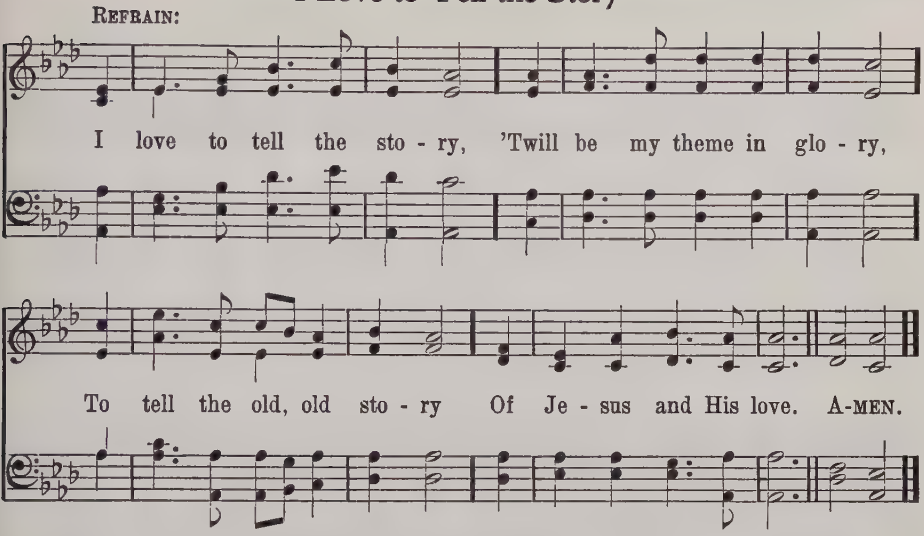
252. I Love to Tell the Story

Katherine Hankey, 1865

William G. Fischer, 1869


1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best
Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
What seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet.
Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it, like the rest.
I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,
It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else could do.
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly Word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

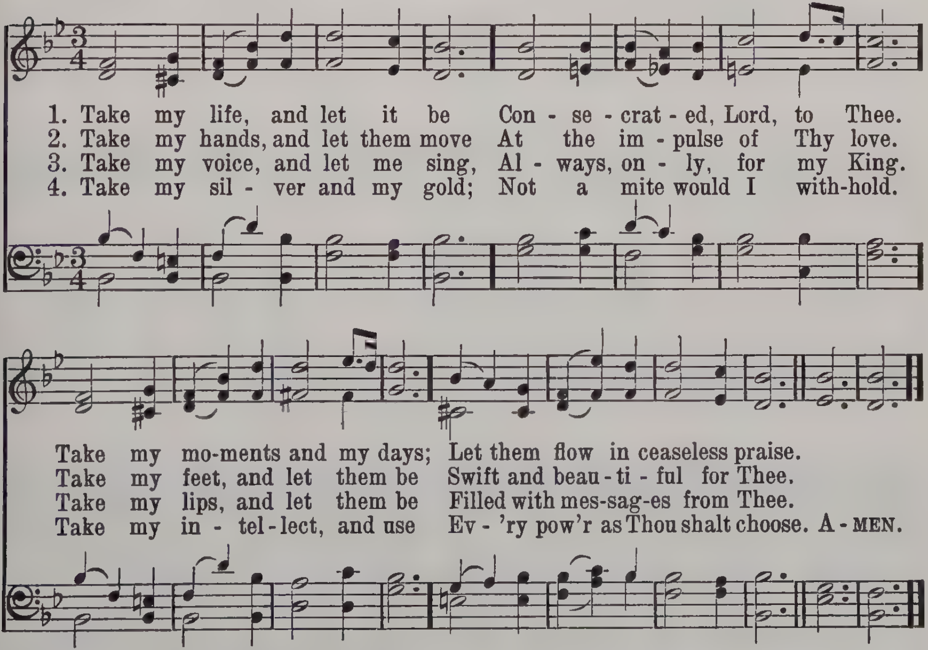
I Love to Tell the Story


Refrain:
I love to tell the story, 'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story Of Jesus and His love. A-men.

253. Take My Life, and Let It Be

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1874

Arranged from Louis Moreau Gottschalk, 1867

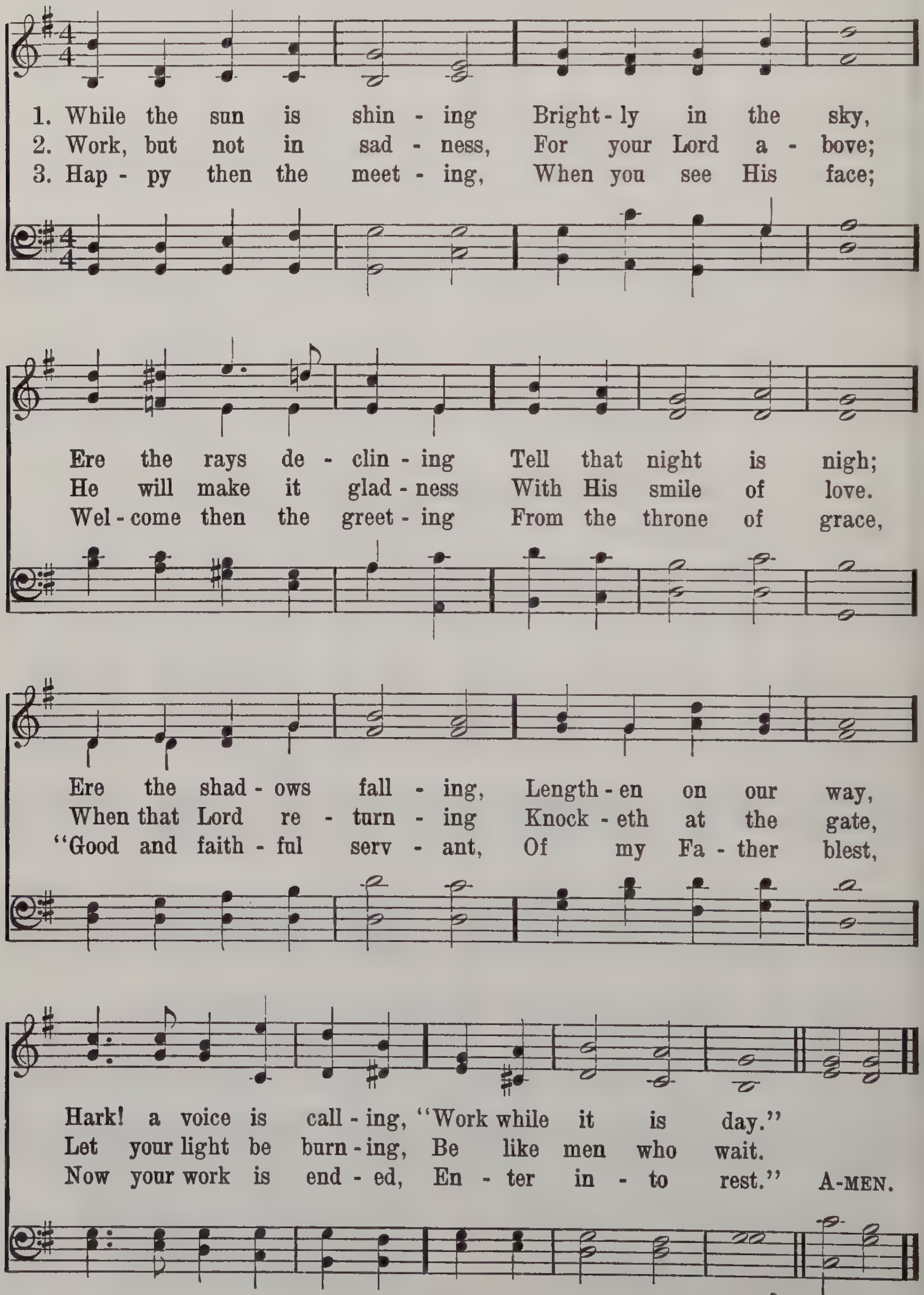

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee.
Take my mo-ments and my days; Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee.
3. Take my voice, and let me sing, Al-ways, on-ly, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes-sag-es from Thee.
4. Take my sil-ver and my gold; Not a mite would I with-hold.
Take my in-tel-lect, and use Ev-'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose. A-men.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

254. While the Sun Is Shining

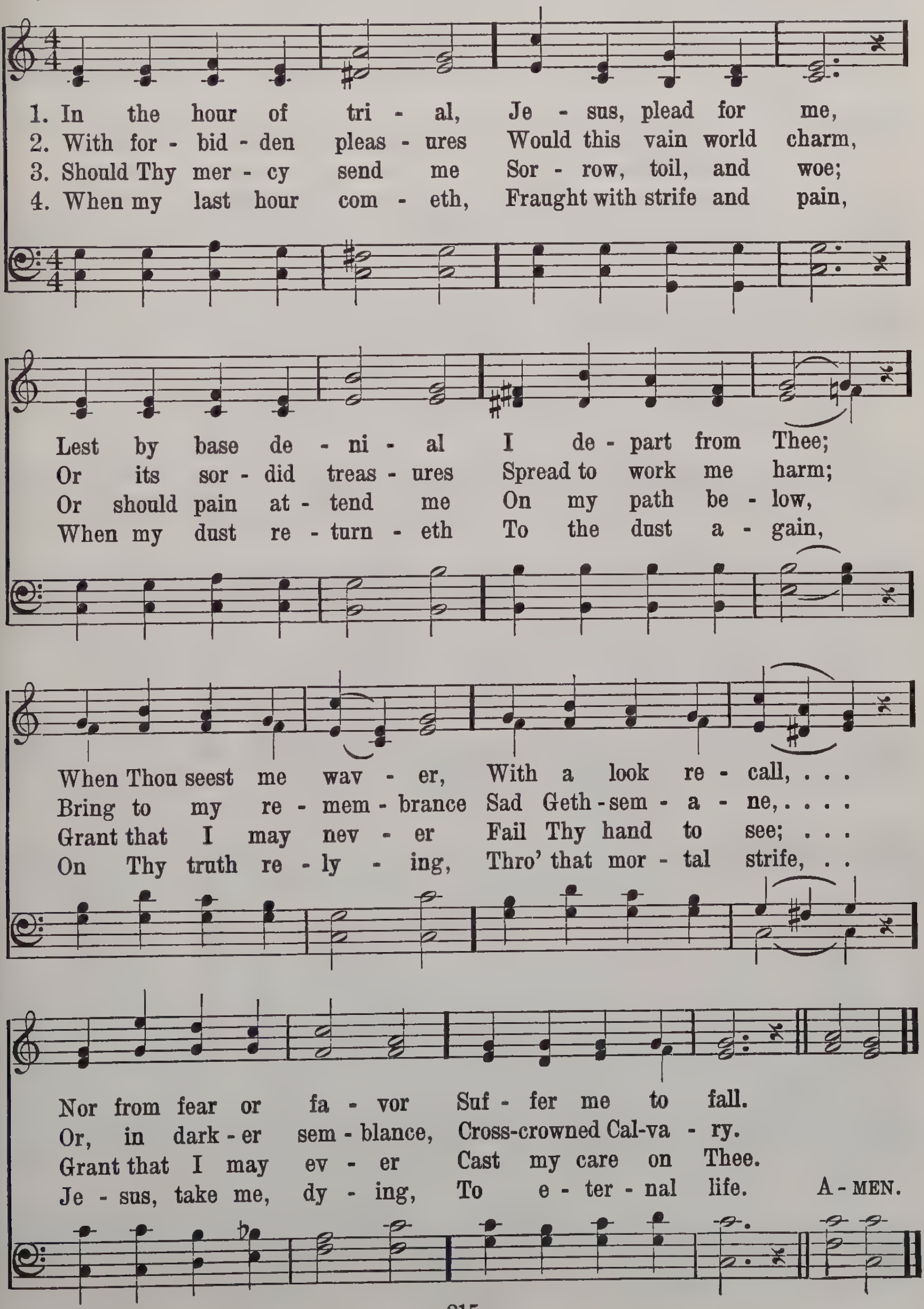
Thomas Alfred Stowell, 1869 — Thomas Morley, 1867


1. While the sun is shin - ing Bright - ly in the sky,
2. Work, but not in sad - ness, For your Lord a - bove;
3. Hap - py then the meet - ing, When you see His face;
Ere the rays de - clin - ing Tell that night is nigh;
He will make it glad - ness With His smile of love.
Wel - come then the greet - ing From the throne of grace,
Ere the shad - ows fall - ing, Length - en on our way,
When that Lord re - turn - ing Knock - eth at the gate,
"Good and faith - ful serv - ant, Of my Fa - ther blest,
Hark! a voice is call - ing, "Work while it is day."
Let your light be burn - ing, Be like men who wait.
Now your work is end - ed, En - ter in - to rest."
A-MEN.

255. In the Hour of Trial

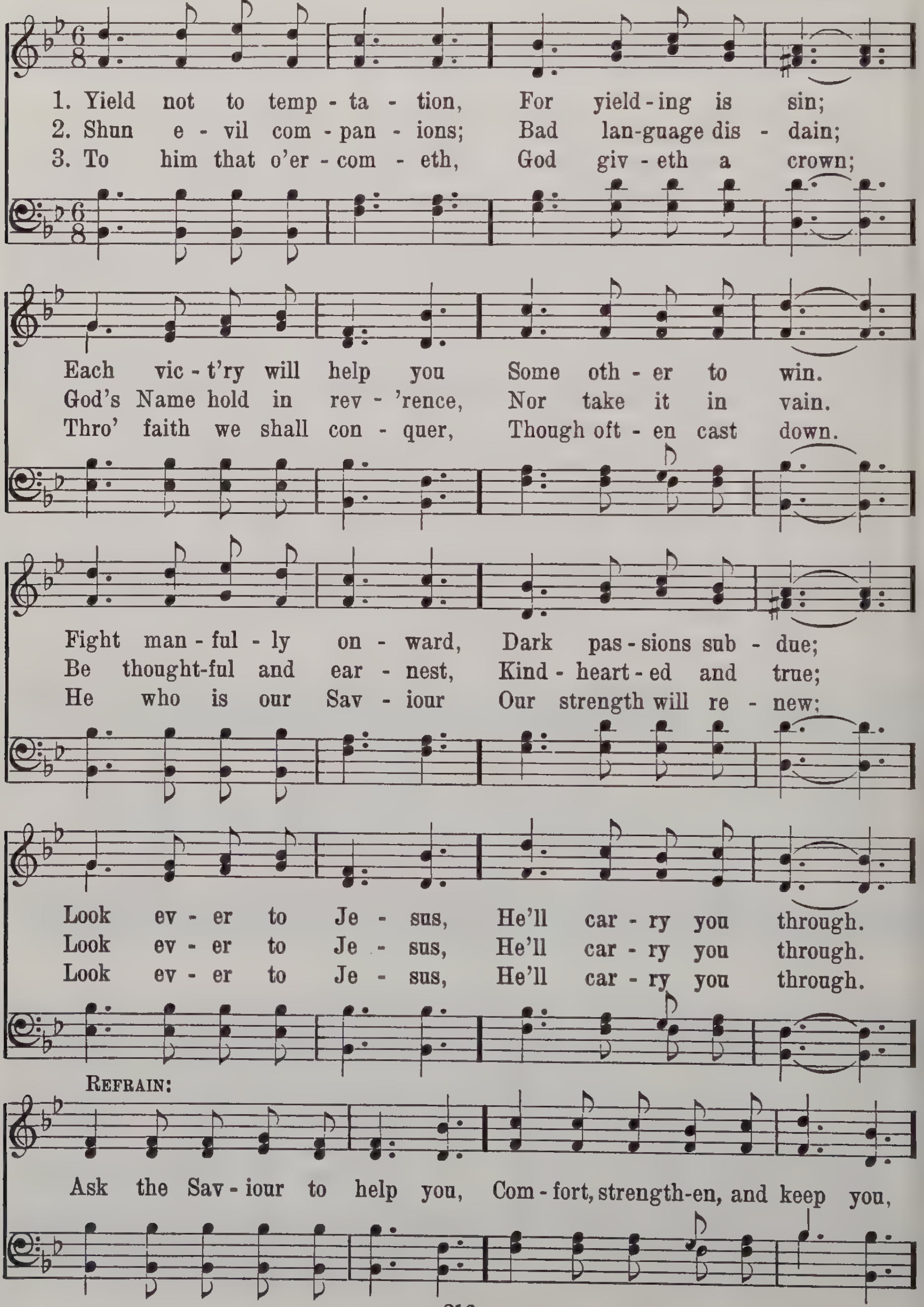
James Montgomery, 1834, a.

Spencer Lane, 1879

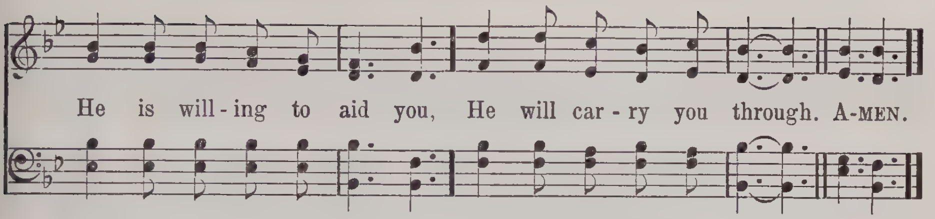

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me,
2. With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm,
3. Should Thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil, and woe;
4. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain,
Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from Thee;
Or its sor - did treas - ures Spread to work me harm;
Or should pain at - tend me On my path be - low,
When my dust re - turn - eth To the dust a - gain,
When Thou seest me wav - er, With a look re - call, . . .
Bring to my re - mem - brance Sad Geth - sem - a - ne, ...
Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to see; . . .
On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that mor - tal strife, . .
Nor from fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
Or, in dark - er sem - blance, Cross-crowned Cal-va - ry.
Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.
A - MEN.

256. Yield Not to Temptation

Horatio Richmond Palmer, 1868 Horatio Richmond Palmer, 1868


1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin;
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions; Bad lan-guage dis-dain;
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown;
Each vic-t'ry will help you Some oth-er to win.
God's Name hold in rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain.
Thro' faith we shall con-quer, Though oft-en cast down.
Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark pas-sions sub-due;
Be thought-ful and ear-nest, Kind-heart-ed and true;
He who is our Sav-iour Our strength will re-new;
Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
REFRAIN:
Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com-fort, strength-en, and keep you,

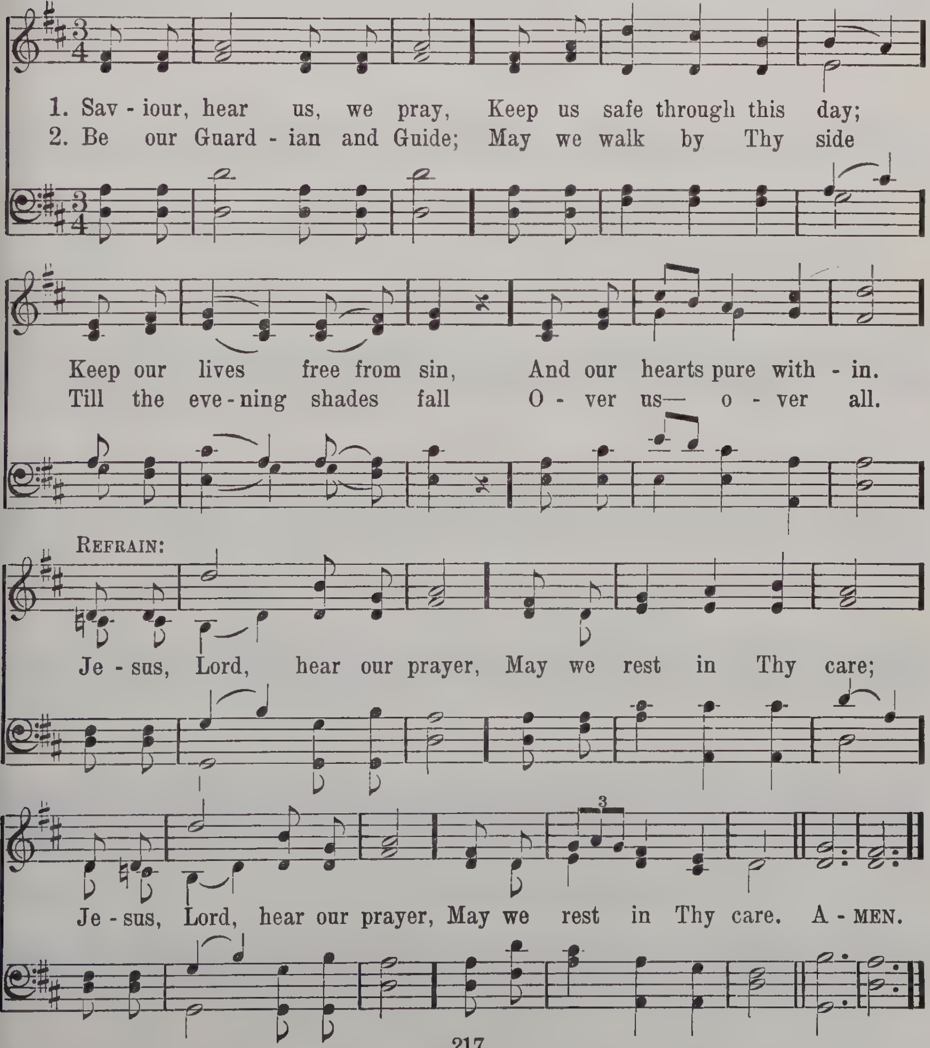
Yield Not to Temptation


He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through. A-MEN.

257. Saviour, Hear Us, We Pray

W. W. Ellsworth

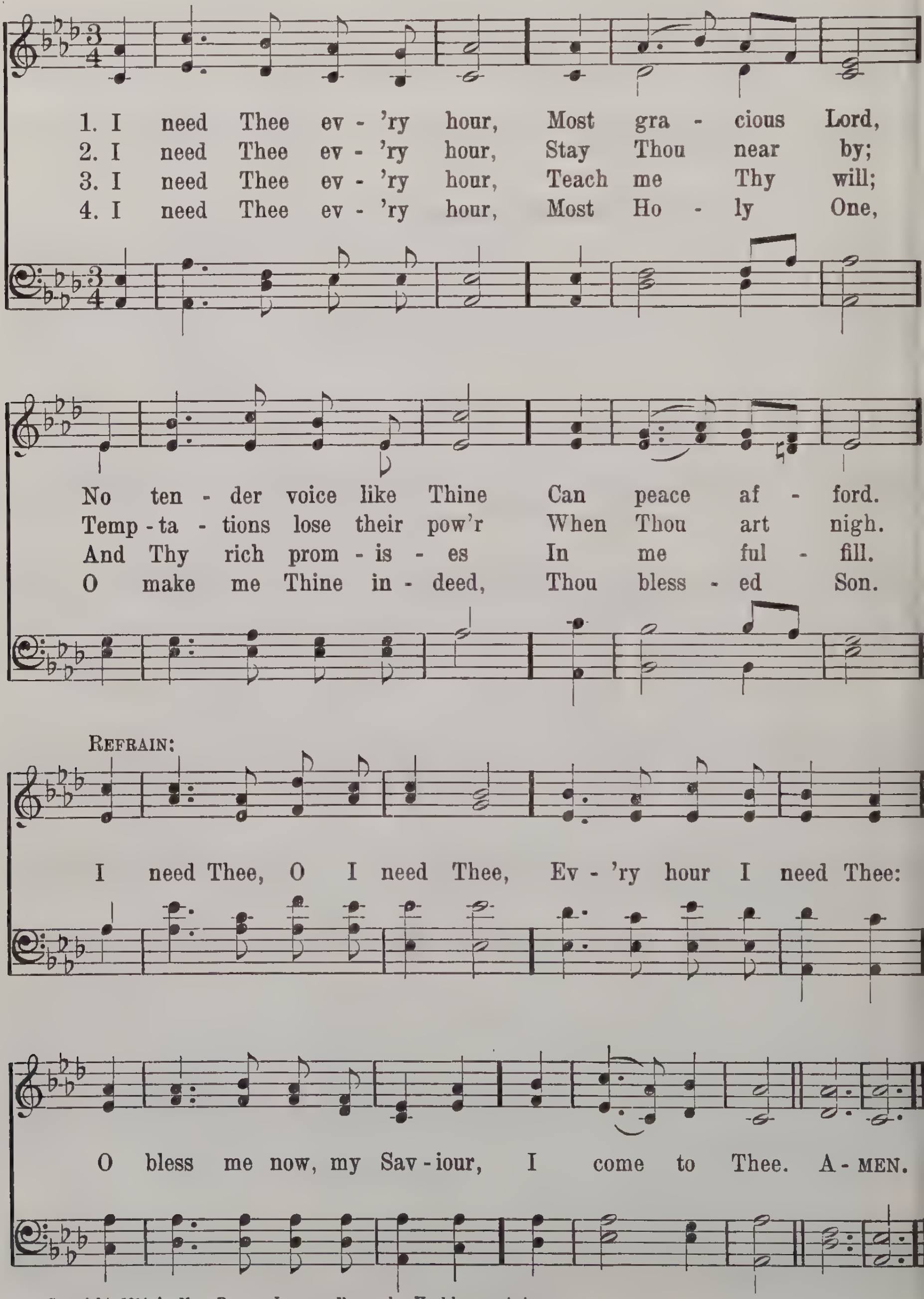
Johannes Brahms, 1833–1897
Arranged by A. Cortada


1. Sav-iour, hear us, we pray, Keep us safe through this day;
2. Be our Guard-ian and Guide; May we walk by Thy side
Keep our lives free from sin, And our hearts pure with-in.
Till the eve-ning shades fall O-ver us— o-ver all.
REFRAIN:
Je-sus, Lord, hear our prayer, May we rest in Thy care;
Je-sus, Lord, hear our prayer, May we rest in Thy care. A-MEN.
3

258. I Need Thee Every Hour

Annie Sherwood Hawks, 1872

Robert Lowry, 1872


1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord,
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by;
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Teach me Thy will;
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One,
No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
Temp - ta - tions lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.
And Thy rich prom - is - es In me ful - fill.
O make me Thine in - deed, Thou bless - ed Son.
REFRAIN:
I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee:
O bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee. A - MEN.

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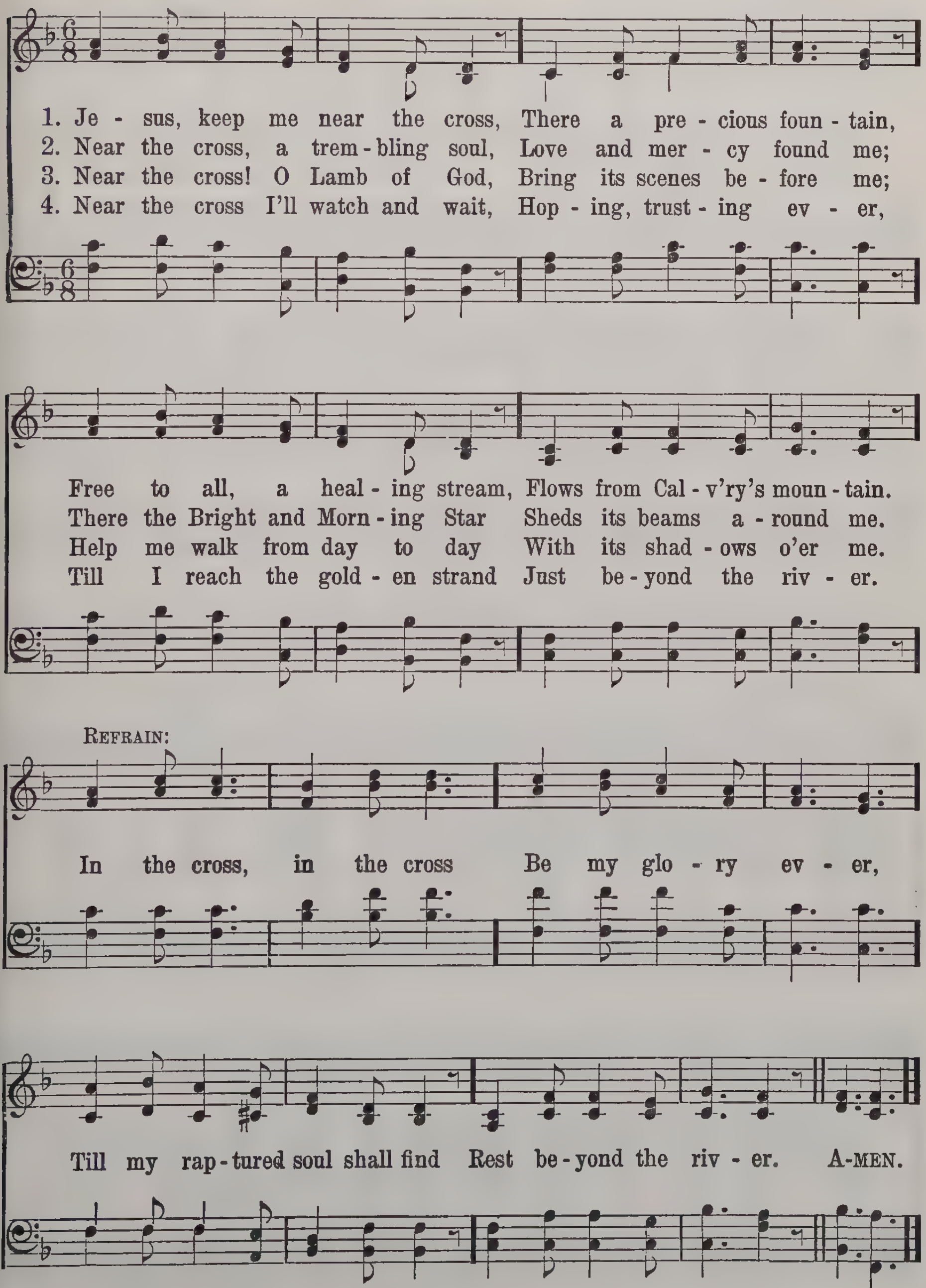
259. Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross

Frances Jane (Crosby) Van Alstyne, 1869 — William Howard Doane, (1831–1915)

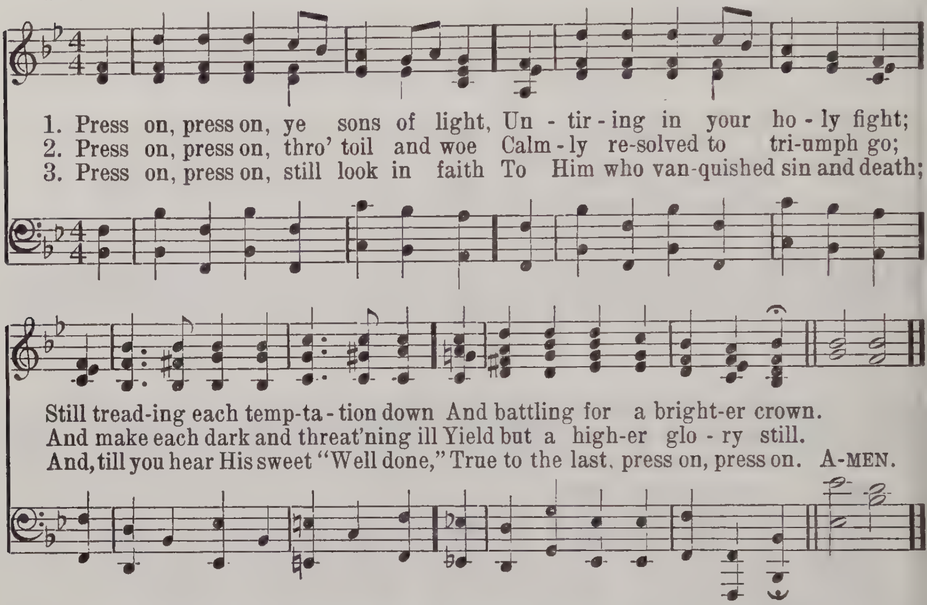

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain,
2. Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,
Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
There the Bright and Morn - ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day With its shad - ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand Just be - yond the riv - er.
Refrain:
In the cross, in the cross Be my glo - ry ev - er,
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er. A-men.

W. H. Doane, owner of the copyright

260. Press On, Press On, Ye Sons of Light

William Gaskell

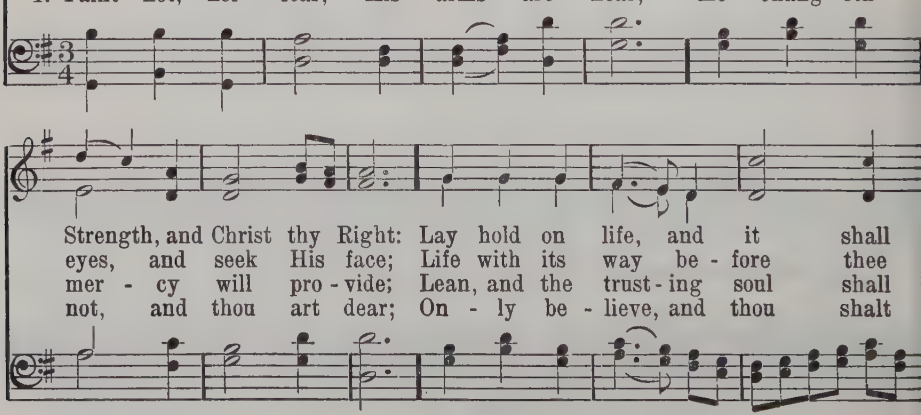
Frank Lynes, (1858-1913)


1. Press on, press on, ye sons of light, Un - tir - ing in your ho - ly fight;
2. Press on, press on, thro' toil and woe Calm - ly re-solved to tri-umph go;
3. Press on, press on, still look in faith To Him who van-quished sin and death;
Still tread-ing each temp-ta - tion down And battling for a bright-er crown.
And make each dark and threat'ning ill Yield but a high-er glo - ry still.
And, till you hear His sweet "Well done," True to the last, press on, press on. A-MEN.

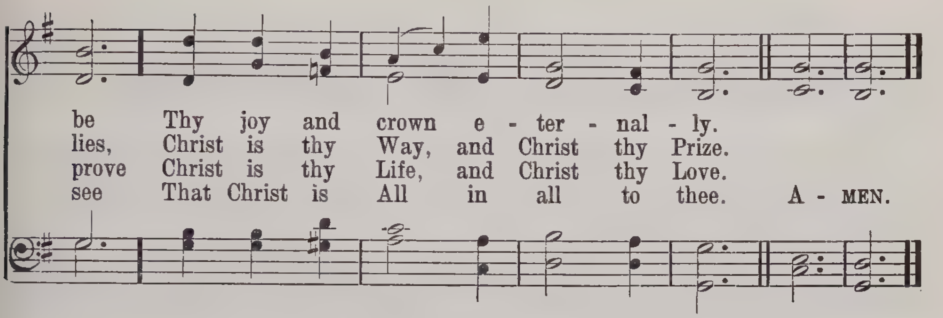
261. Fight the Good Fight with All Thy Might

John S. B. Monsell, 1863, a.

From the Kyrie, Twelfth Mass,
by Johann Mozart, (1756-1791)


1. Fight the good fight with all thy might; Christ is thy
2. Run the straight race through God's good grace, Lift up thine
3. Cast care a - side; up - on thy Guide Lean, and His
4. Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near; He chang - eth
Strength, and Christ thy Right: Lay hold on life, and it shall
eyes, and seek His face; Life with its way be - fore thee
mer - cy will pro - vide; Lean, and the trust - ing soul shall
not, and thou art dear; On - ly be - lieve, and thou shalt

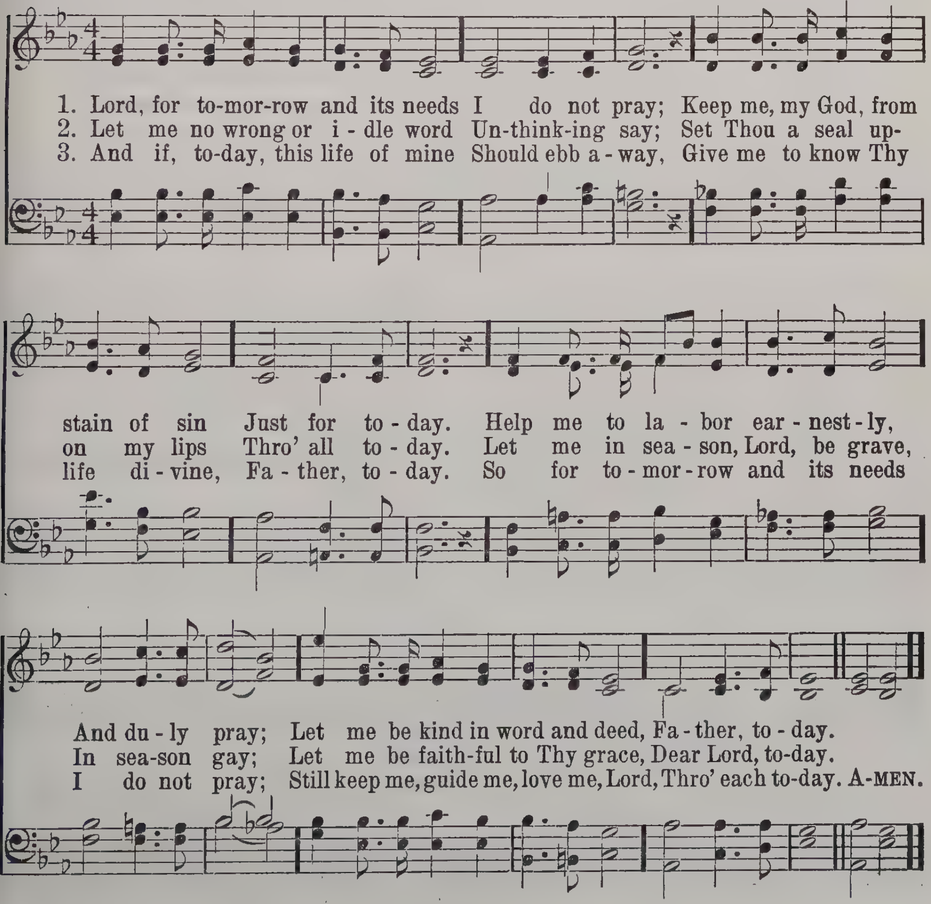
Fight the Good Fight with All Thy Might


be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
lies, Christ is thy Way, and Christ thy Prize.
prove Christ is thy Life, and Christ thy Love.
see That Christ is All in all to thee. A - MEN.

262. Lord, for To-morrow and Its Needs

Ernest R. Wilberforce, 1870

Horatio R. Palmer, (1834–1907)

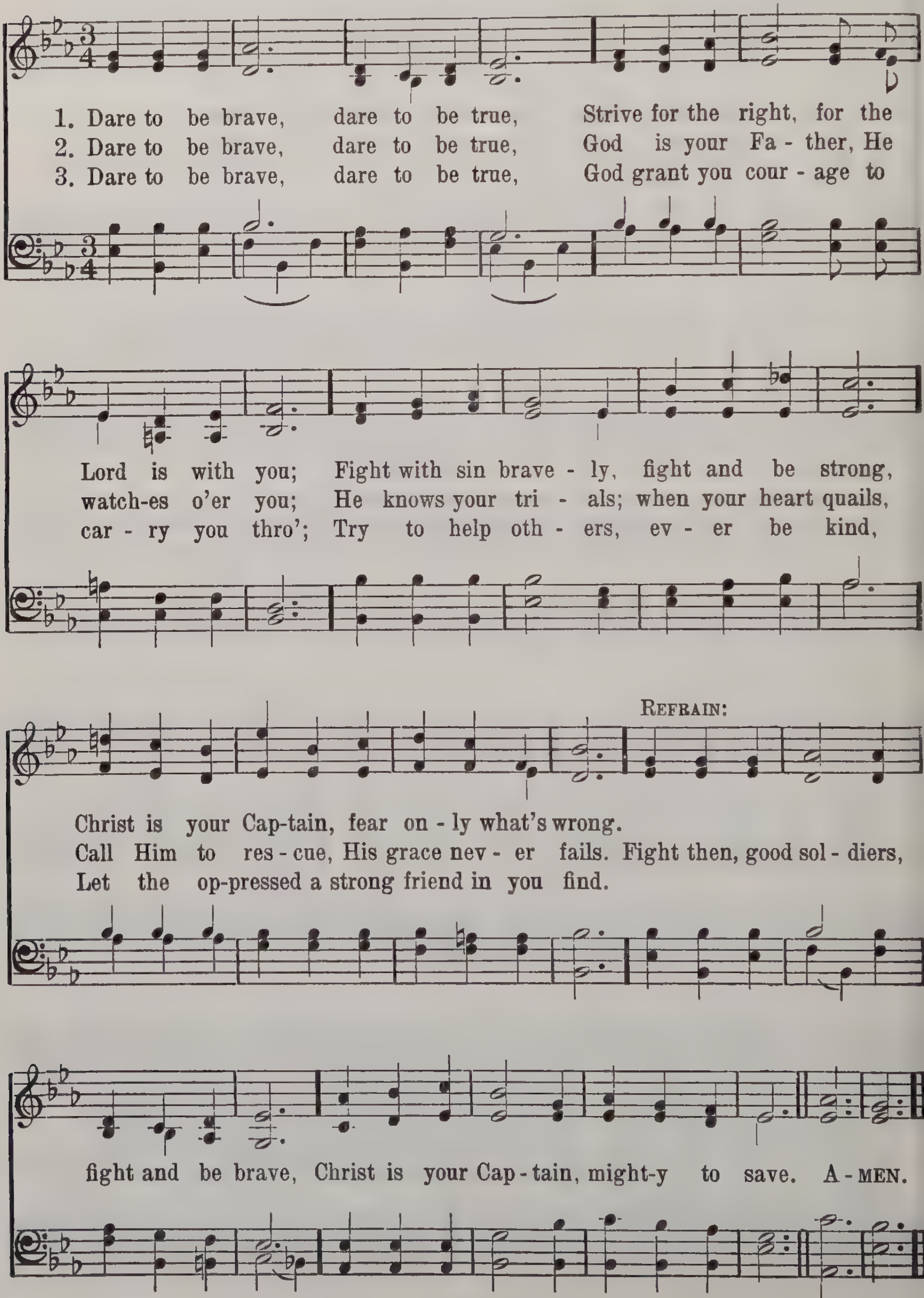

1. Lord, for to-mor-row and its needs I do not pray; Keep me, my God, from
2. Let me no wrong or i - dle word Un-think-ing say; Set Thou a seal up-
3. And if, to-day, this life of mine Should ebb a - way, Give me to know Thy
stain of sin Just for to - day. Help me to la - bor ear - nest - ly,
on my lips Thro' all to - day. Let me in sea - son, Lord, be grave,
life di - vine, Fa - ther, to - day. So for to - mor - row and its needs
And du - ly pray; Let me be kind in word and deed, Fa - ther, to - day.
In sea-son gay; Let me be faith-ful to Thy grace, Dear Lord, to-day.
I do not pray; Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Thro' each to-day. A-MEN.

Copyright, 1887, by H. R. Palmer

263. Dare to Be Brave, Dare to Be True

W. J. Rooper

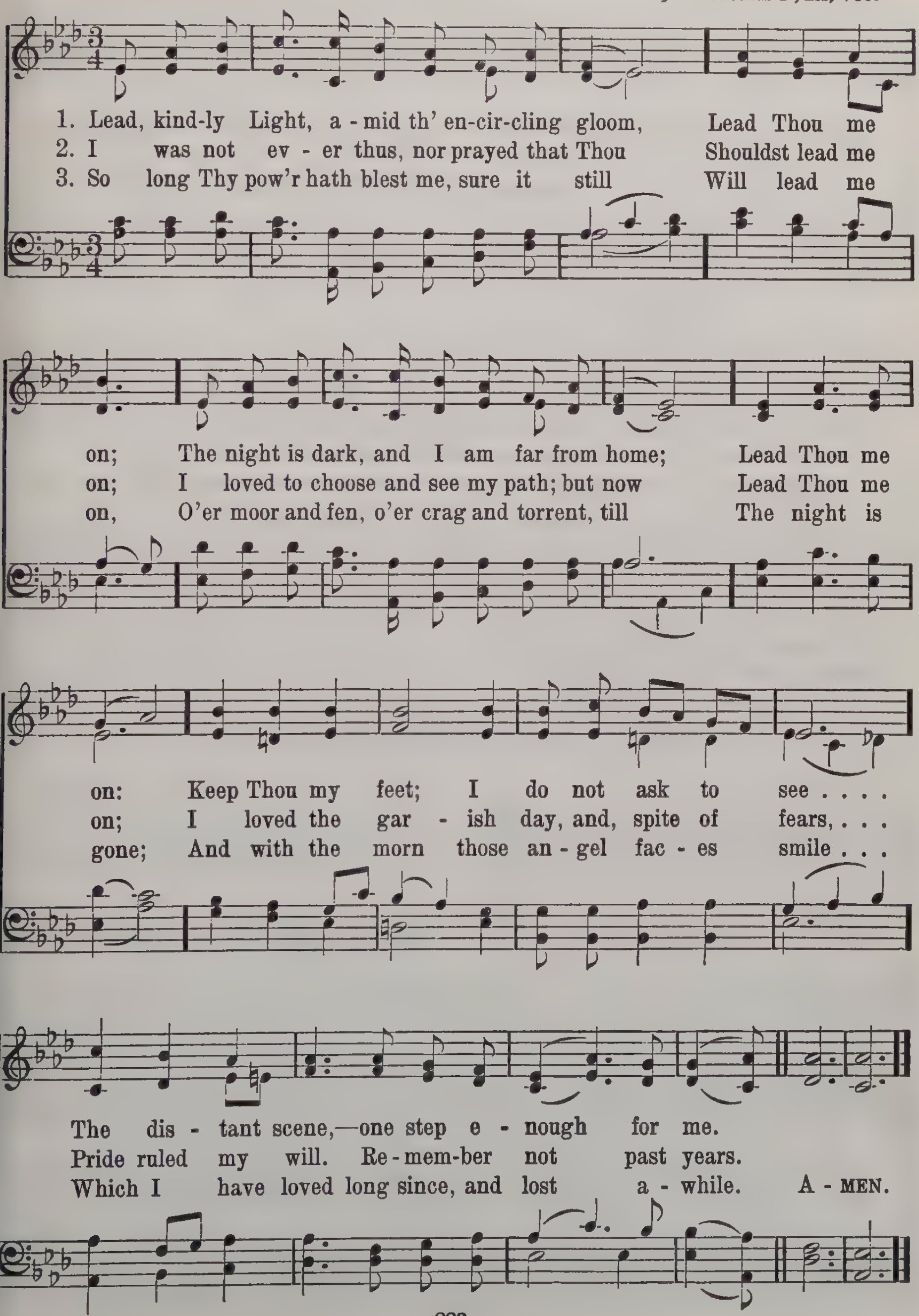
Duncan Hume


1. Dare to be brave, dare to be true, Strive for the right, for the Lord is with you; Fight with sin brave-ly, fight and be strong, Christ is your Cap-tain, fear on-ly what's wrong.
2. Dare to be brave, dare to be true, God is your Fa-ther, He watch-es o'er you; He knows your tri-als; when your heart quails, Call Him to res-cue, His grace nev-er fails.
3. Dare to be brave, dare to be true, God grant you cour-age to car-ry you thro'; Try to help oth-ers, ev-er be kind, Let the op-pressed a strong friend in you find.
REFRAIN:
Fight then, good sol-diers, fight and be brave, Christ is your Cap-tain, might-y to save. A-MEN.

264. Lead, Kindly Light

John Henry Newman, 1833

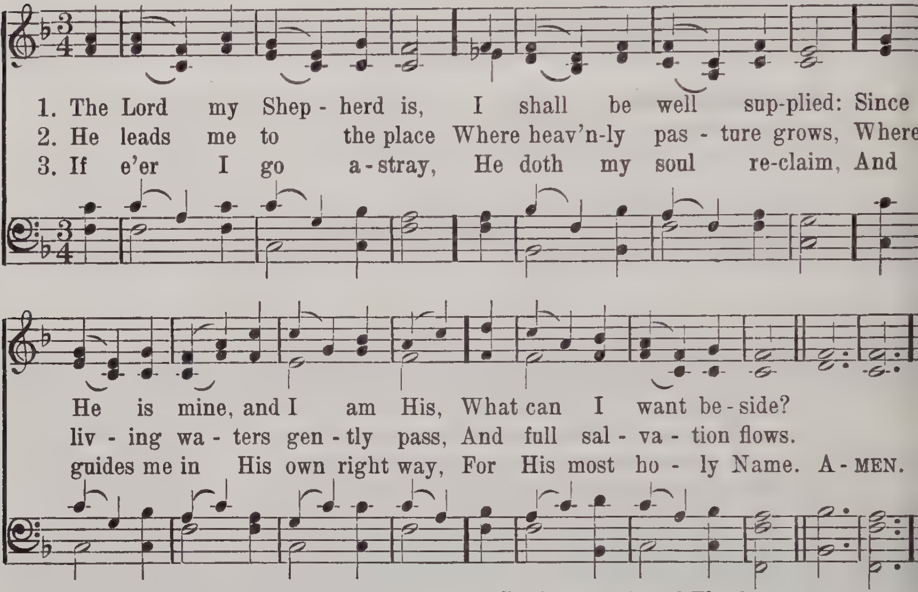
John Bacchus Dykes, 1867


1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me
on; The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me
on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me
on, O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is
on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . . .
on; I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, . . .
gone; And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile . . .
The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re - mem-ber not past years.
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while. A - MEN.

265. The Lord My Shepherd Is

Isaac Watts, 1719

Arr. from Johann Georg Nägeli, by Lowell Mason, 1845


1. The Lord my Shep - herd is, I shall be well sup-plied: Since
2. He leads me to the place Where heav'n-ly pas - ture grows, Where
3. If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul re-claim, And
He is mine, and I am His, What can I want be - side?
liv - ing wa - ters gen - tly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.
guides me in His own right way, For His most ho - ly Name. A - MEN.

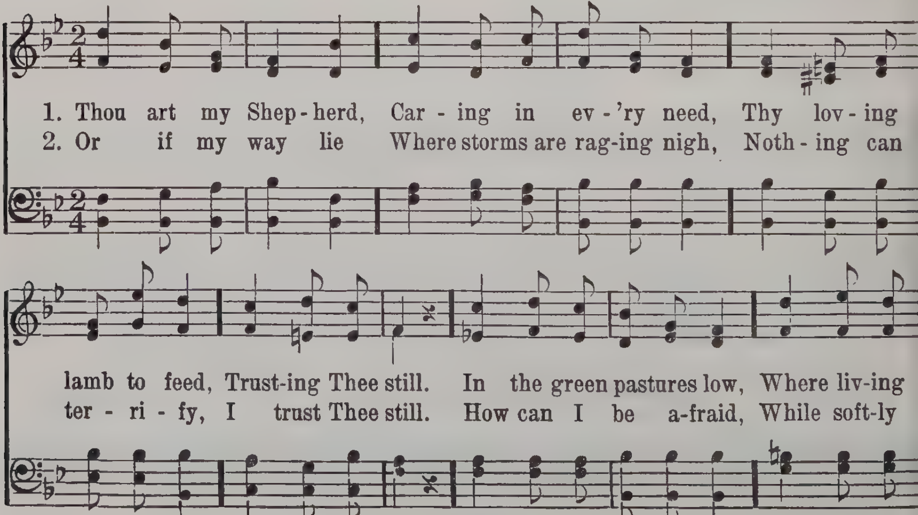
4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear:
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my coming days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

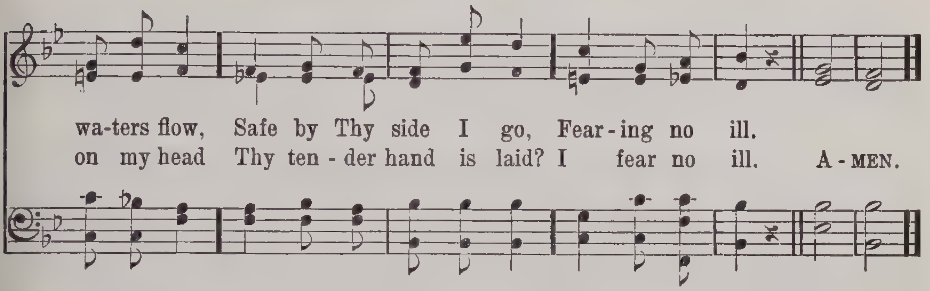
266. Thou Art My Shepherd

Elsie Thalheimer, 1800

Thuringian Folk Song

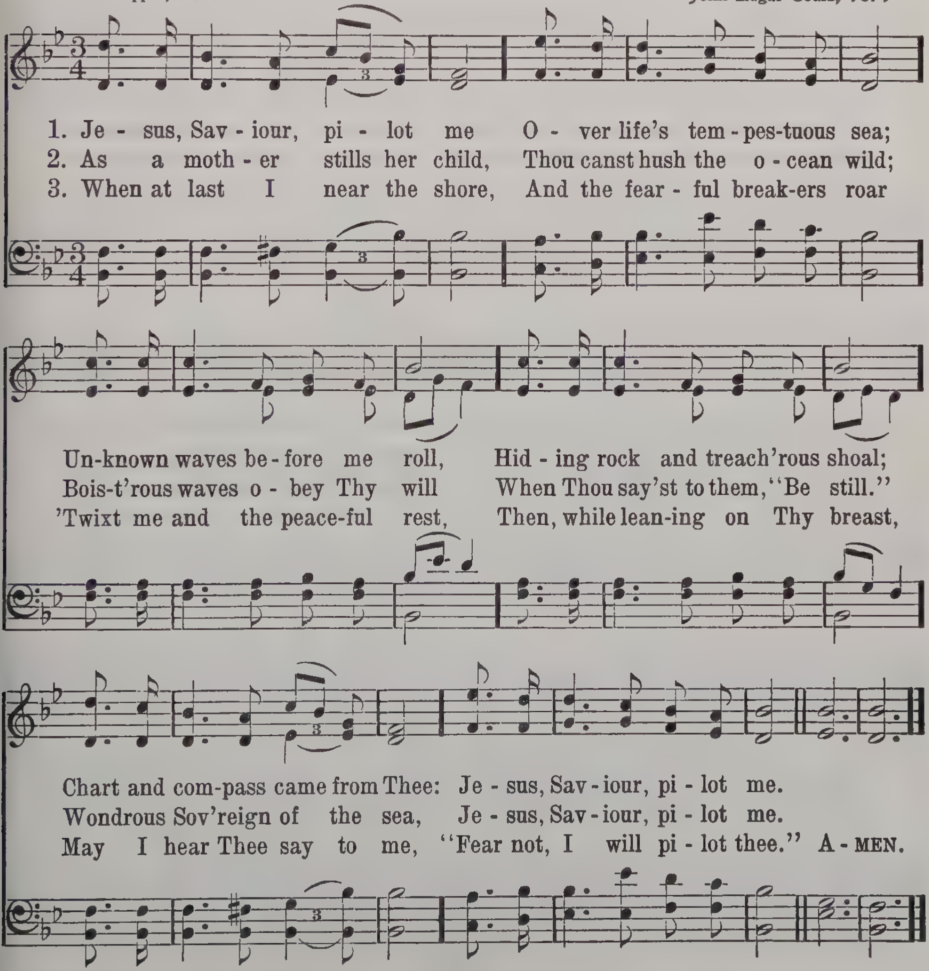

1. Thou art my Shep-herd, Car - ing in ev - 'ry need, Thy lov - ing
2. Or if my way lie Where storms are rag-ing nigh, Noth - ing can
lamb to feed, Trust-ing Thee still. In the green pastures low, Where liv-ing
ter - ri - fy, I trust Thee still. How can I be a-fraid, While soft-ly

Thou Art My Shepherd


wa-ters flow, Safe by Thy side I go, Fear-ing no ill.
on my head Thy ten-der hand is laid? I fear no ill. A-MEN.

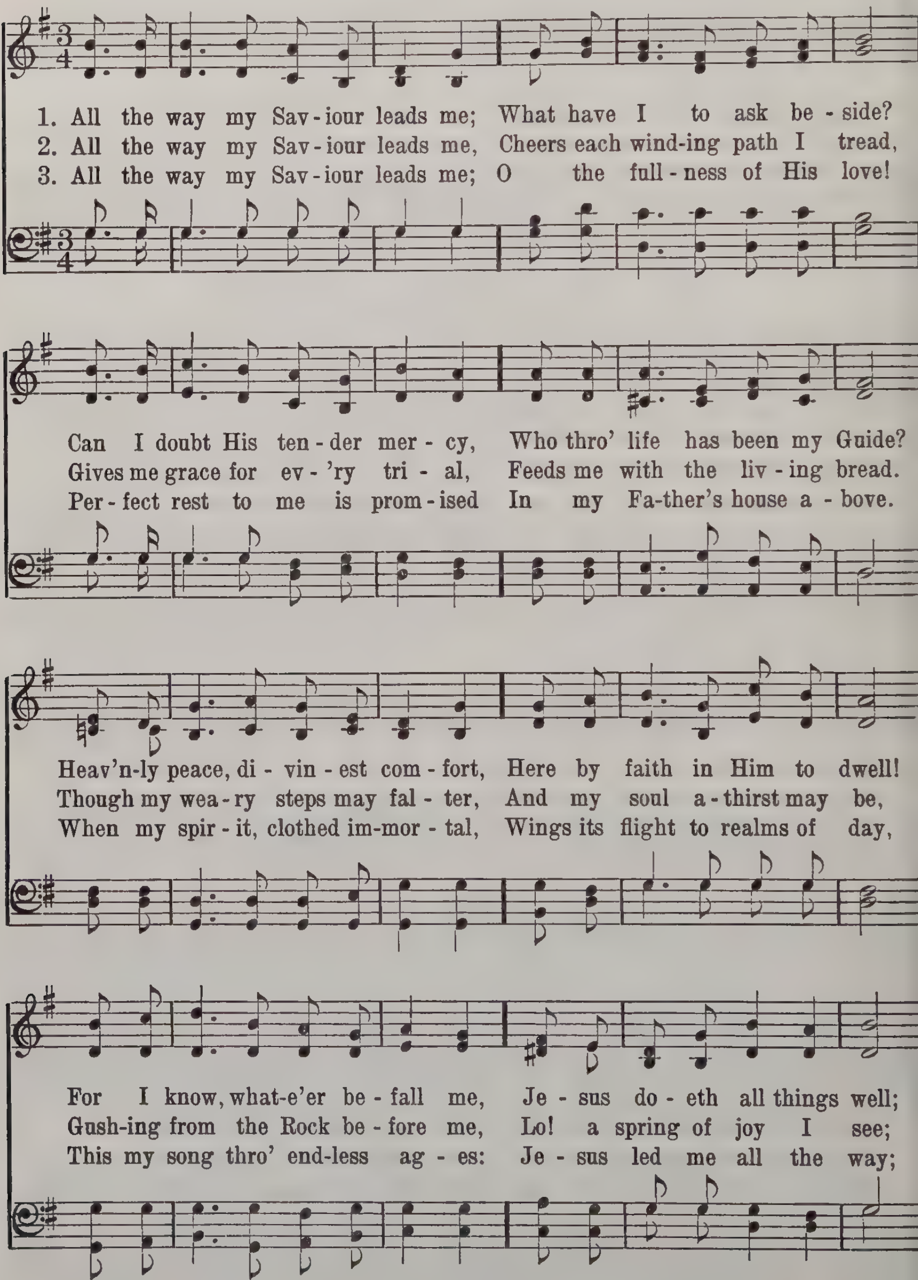
267. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me

Edward Hopper, 1871 John Edgar Gould, 1871


1. Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me O-ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea;
2. As a moth-er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o-cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful break-ers roar
Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Bois-t'rous waves o-bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still."
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,
Chart and com-pass came from Thee: Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi-lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi-lot thee." A-MEN.

268. All the Way My Saviour Leads Me

Frances Jane (Crosby) Van Alstyne, (1820–1915)
Robert Lowry, (1826–1899)


1. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-iour leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; O the full-ness of His love!
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread.
Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove.
Heav'n-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Though my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir-it, clothed im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,
For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well;
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' end-less ag-es: Je-sus led me all the way;

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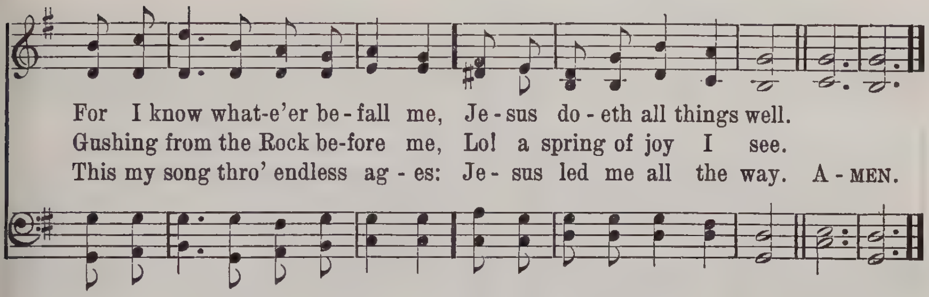
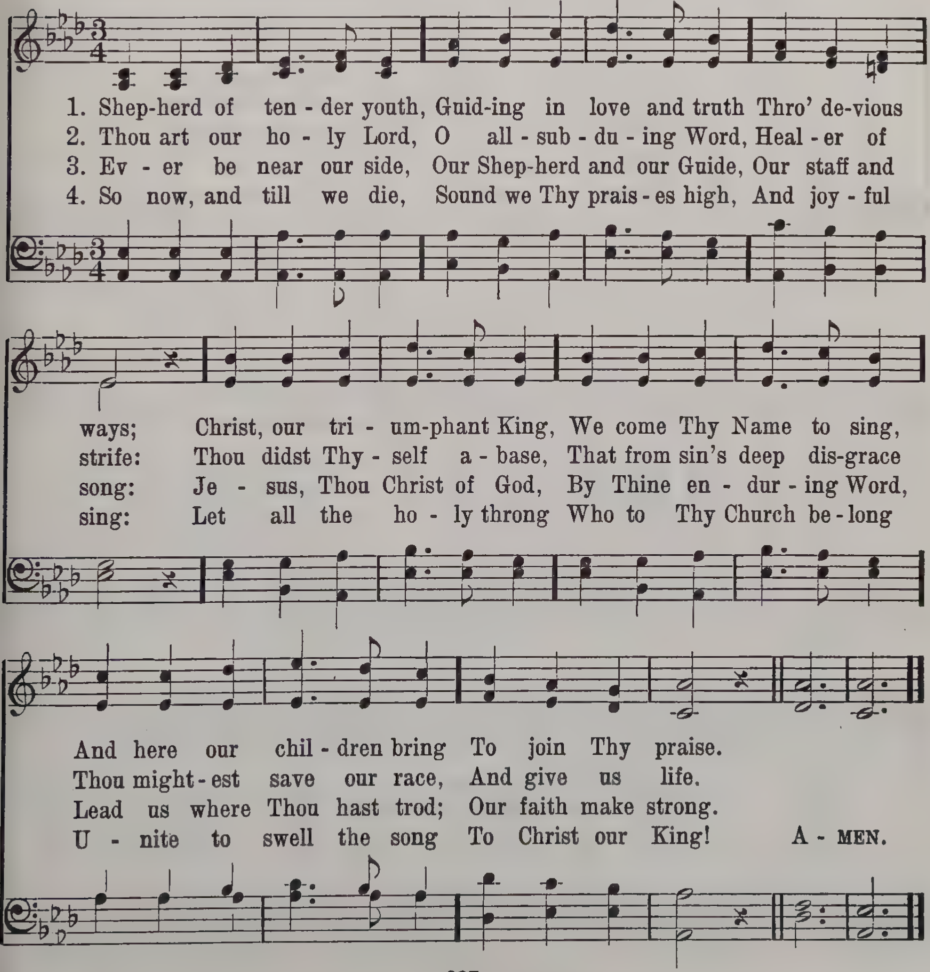
All the Way My Saviour Leads Me


For I know what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.
Gushing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
This my song thro' endless ag-es: Je-sus led me all the way. A-MEN.

269. Shepherd of Tender Youth

From Clement of Alexandria, about 200.

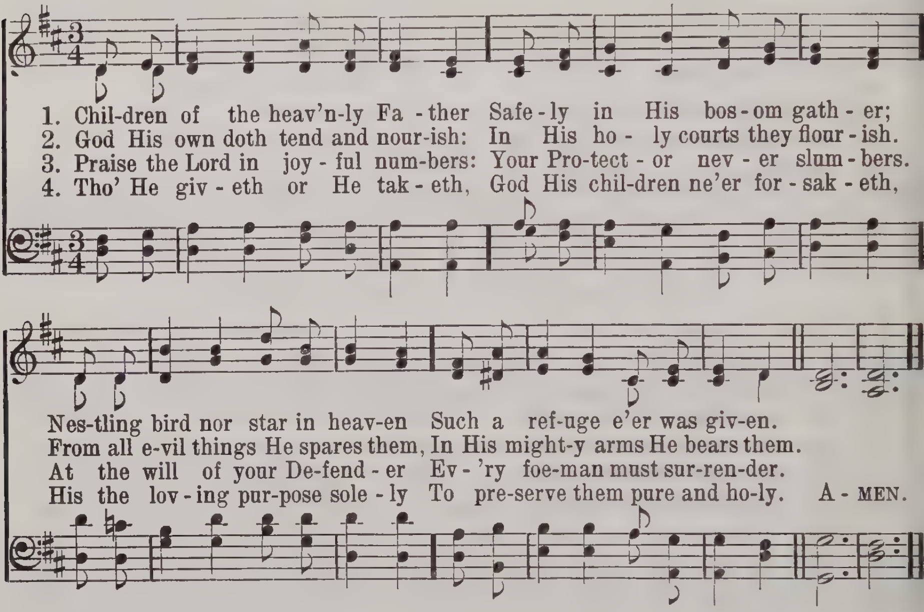
Hunter's Select Melodies, 1851, a.


1. Shep-herd of ten-der youth, Guid-ing in love and truth Thro' de-vious ways; Christ, our tri-um-phant King, We come Thy Name to sing, And here our chil-dren bring To join Thy praise.
2. Thou art our ho-ly Lord, O all-sub-du-ing Word, Heal-er of strife: Thou didst Thy-self a-base, That from sin's deep dis-grace Thou might-est save our race, And give us life.
3. Ev-er be near our side, Our Shep-herd and our Guide, Our staff and song: Je-sus, Thou Christ of God, By Thine en-dur-ing Word, Lead us where Thou hast trod; Our faith make strong.
4. So now, and till we die, Sound we Thy prais-es high, And joy-ful sing: Let all the ho-ly throng Who to Thy Church be-long U-nite to swell the song To Christ our King! A-MEN.

270. Children of the Heavenly Father

Carolina Vilhelmina (Sandell) Berg, (1832–1903)
Tr. Ernst William Olson

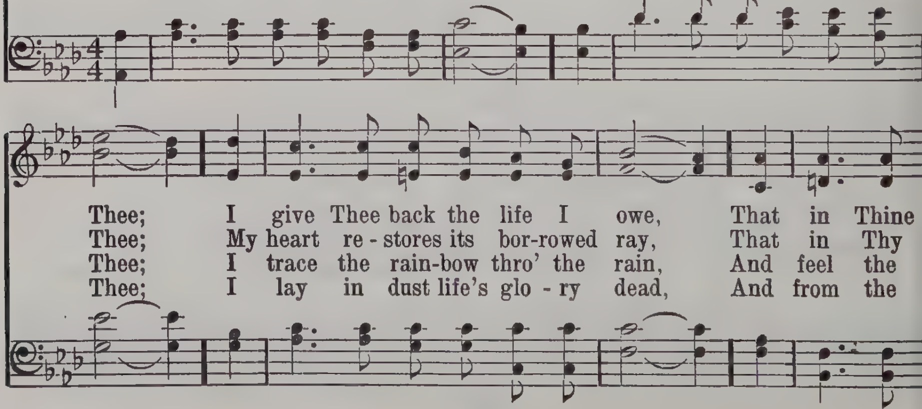
Swedish Folksong


1. Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly Fa - ther Safe - ly in His bos - om gath - er;
2. God His own doth tend and nour-ish: In His ho - ly courts they flour - ish.
3. Praise the Lord in joy - ful num-bers: Your Pro-tect - or nev - er slum - bers.
4. Tho' He giv - eth or He tak - eth, God His chil-dren ne'er for - sak - eth,
Nes-tling bird nor star in heav-en Such a ref-uge e'er was giv-en.
From all e-vil things He spares them, In His might-y arms He bears them.
At the will of your De-fend - er Ev - 'ry foe-man must sur-ren-der.
His the lov - ing pur-pose sole - ly To pre-serve them pure and ho-ly. A - MEN.

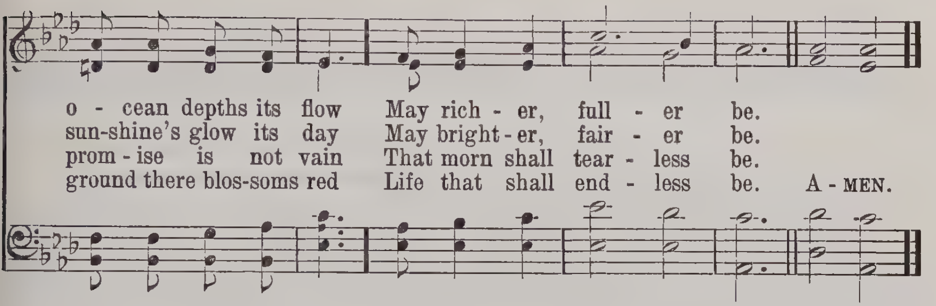
271. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

George Matheson, 1882, a.

Albert Lister Peace, 1885


1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea - ry soul in
2. O Light that fol-low'st all my way, I yield my flick-'ring torch to
3. O Joy that seek - est me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to
4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from
Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine
Thee; My heart re - stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy
Thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the
Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And from the

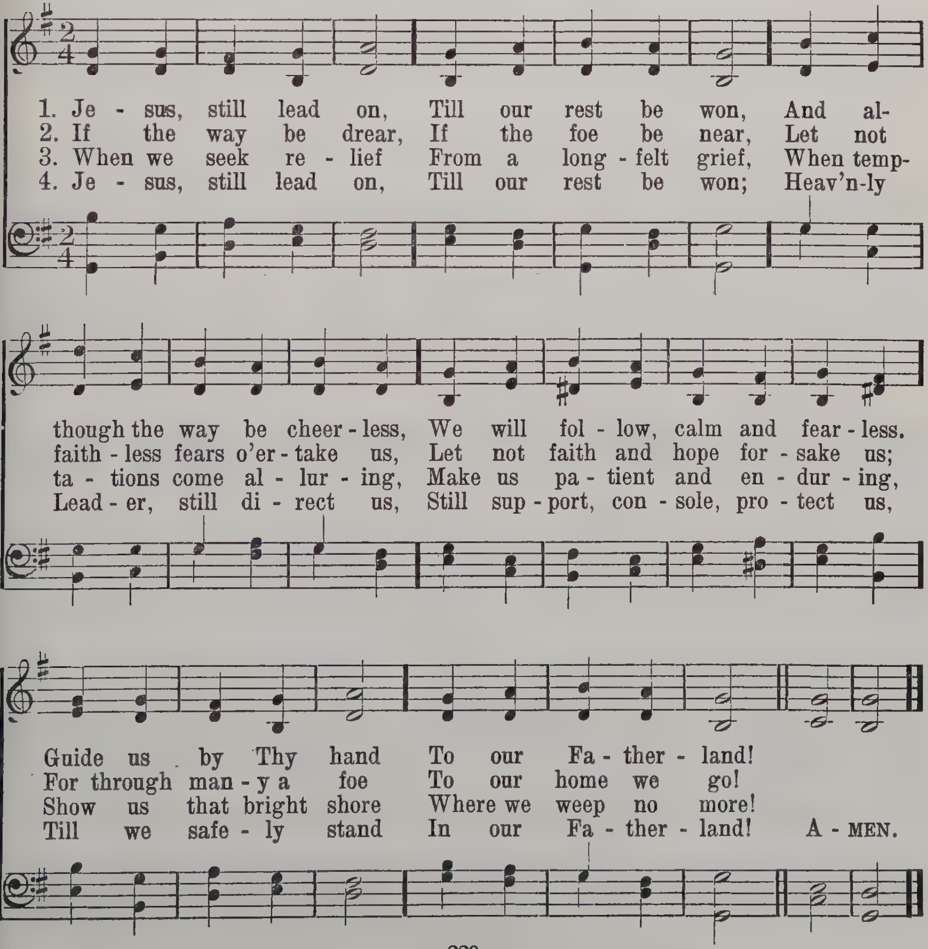
O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go


o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
sun-shine's glow its day May bright - er, fair - er be.
prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
ground there blos-soms red Life that shall end - less be. A - MEN.

272. Jesus, Still Lead On

Nicholas Louis, Count Zinzendorf, 1721

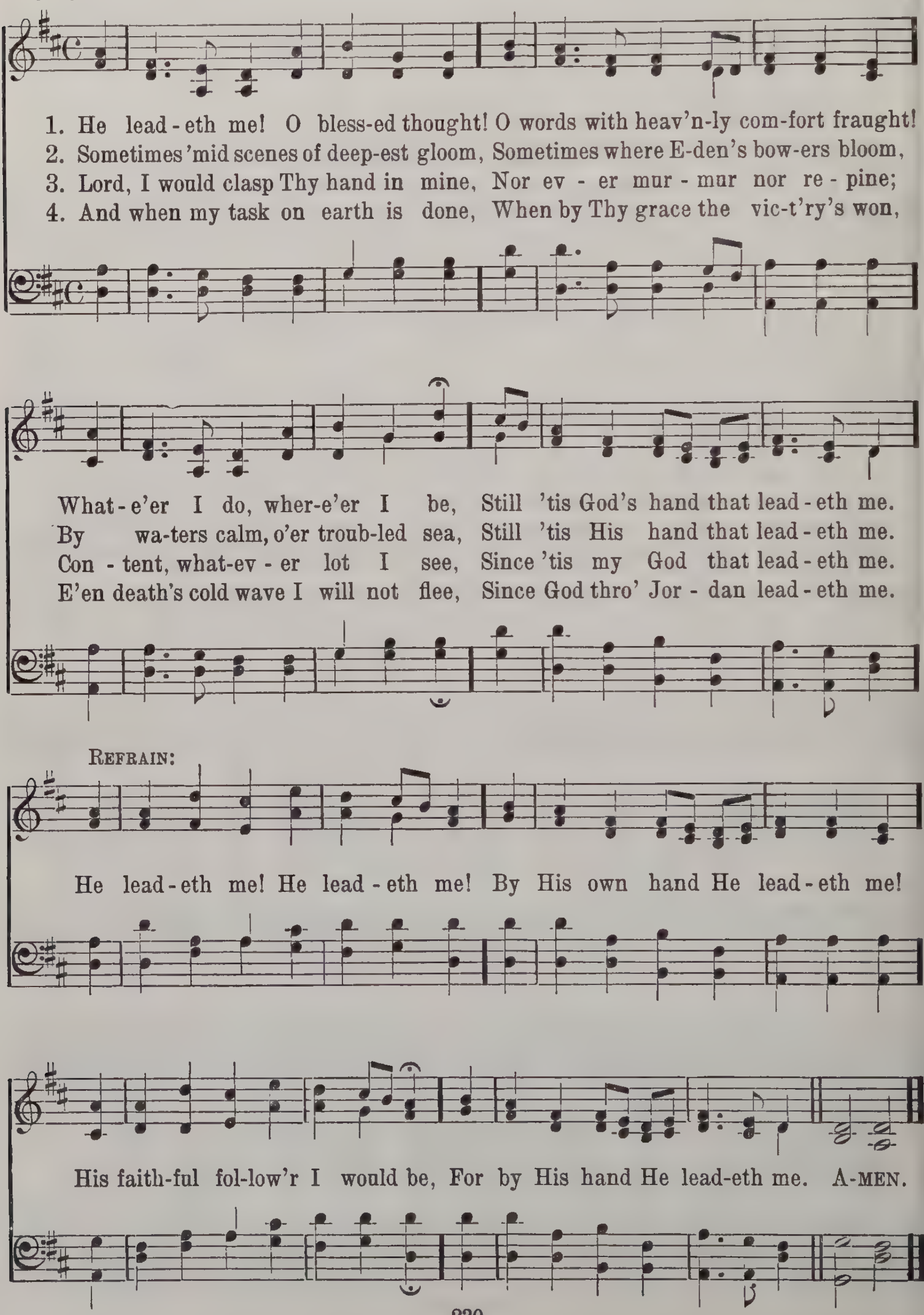
Adam Drese, 1698


1. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won, And al-
2. If the way be drear, If the foe be near, Let not
3. When we seek re - lief From a long - felt grief, When temp-
4. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; Heav'n-ly
though the way be cheer - less, We will fol - low, calm and fear - less.
faith - less fears o'er - take us, Let not faith and hope for - sake us;
ta - tions come al - lur - ing, Make us pa - tient and en - dur - ing,
Lead - er, still di - rect us, Still sup - port, con - sole, pro - tect us,
Guide us by Thy hand To our Fa - ther - land!
For through man - y a foe To our home we go!
Show us that bright shore Where we weep no more!
Till we safe - ly stand In our Fa - ther - land! A - MEN.

273. He Leadeth Me! O Blessed Thought!

Joseph Henry Gilmore, 1859

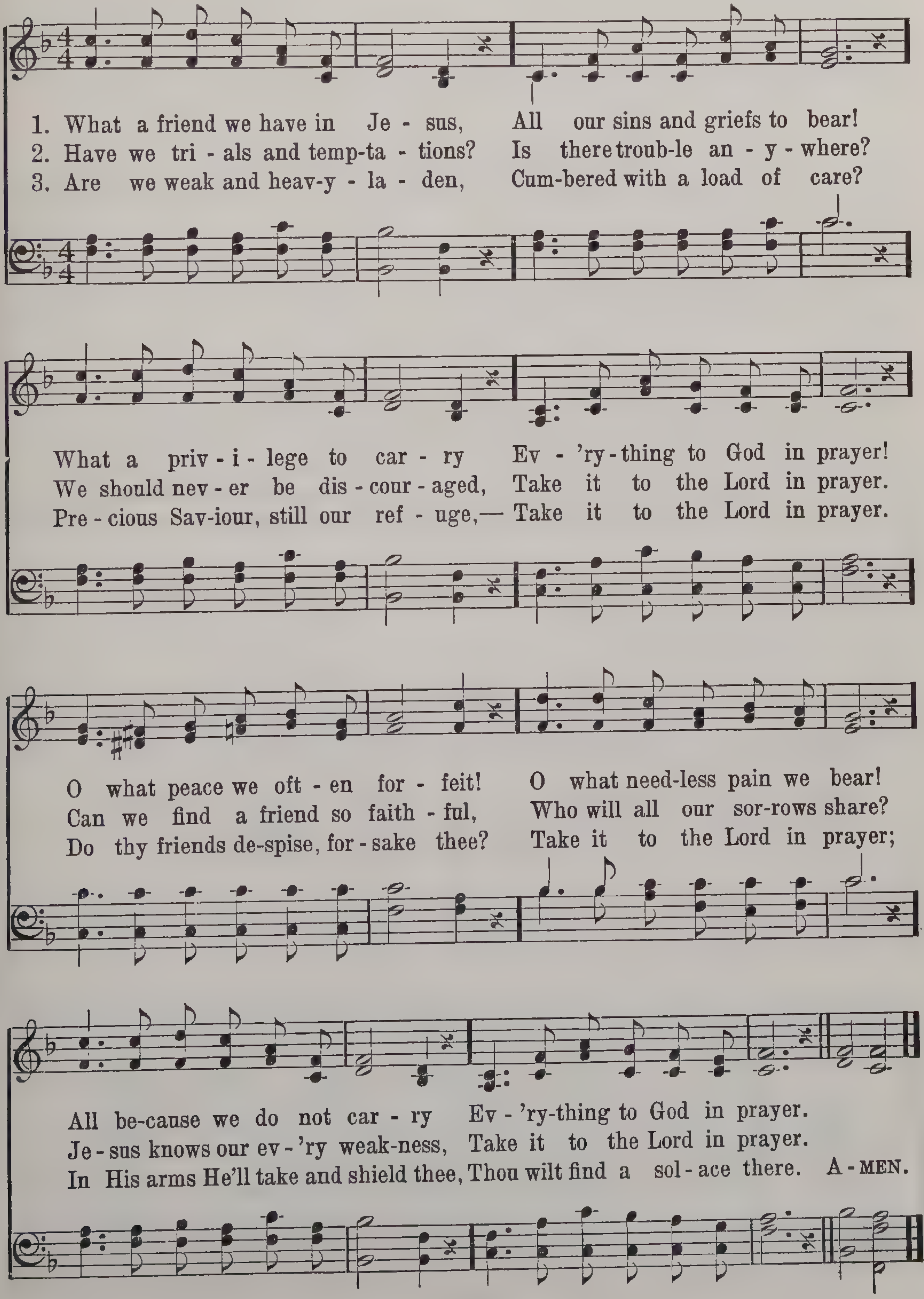
William Batchelder Bradbury, 1860


1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought! O words with heav'n-ly com-fort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vic-t'ry's won,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters calm, o'er troub-led sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.
REFRAIN:
He lead-eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me!
His faith-ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A-MEN.

274. What a Friend We Have in Jesus

Joseph Scriven, 1855

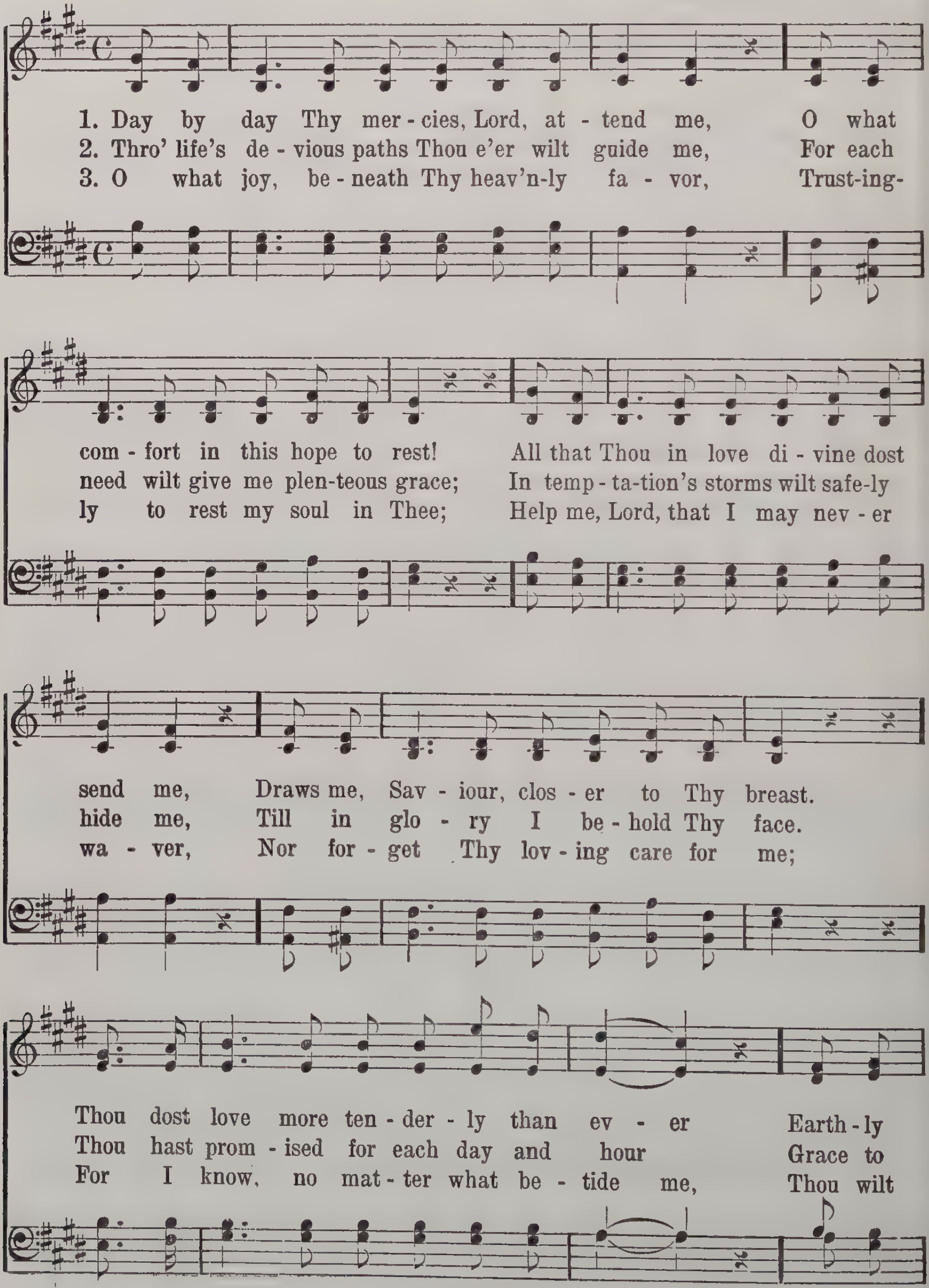
Charles Crozat Converse, 1868


1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav-iour, still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.
O what peace we oft - en for - feit! O what need-less pain we bear!
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;
All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there. A - MEN.

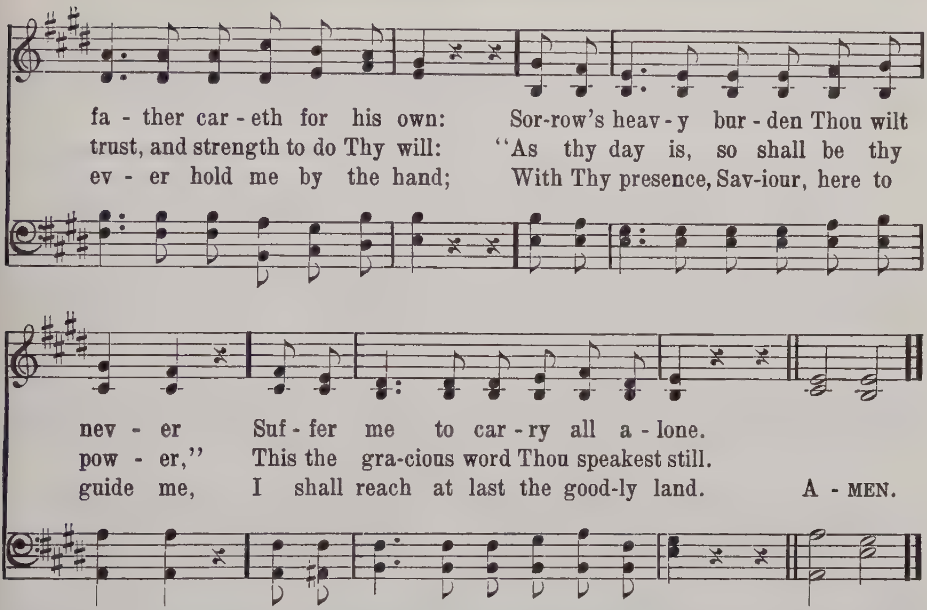
275. Day by Day Thy Mercies, Lord, Attend Me

Carolina V. (Sandell) Berg, (1832-1903)
Tr. Ernest Edwin Ryden, 1928

Oskar Ahnfelt, (1813-1882


1. Day by day Thy mer - cies, Lord, at - tend me, O what
2. Thro' life's de - vious paths Thou e'er wilt guide me, For each
3. O what joy, be - neath Thy heav'n-ly fa - vor, Trust-ing-
com - fort in this hope to rest! All that Thou in love di - vine dost
need wilt give me plen-teous grace; In temp - ta-tion's storms wilt safe-ly
ly to rest my soul in Thee; Help me, Lord, that I may nev - er
send me, Draws me, Sav - iour, clos - er to Thy breast.
hide me, Till in glo - ry I be - hold Thy face.
wa - ver, Nor for - get Thy lov - ing care for me;
Thou dost love more ten - der - ly than ev - er Earth - ly
Thou hast prom - ised for each day and hour Grace to
For I know, no mat - ter what be - tide me, Thou wilt

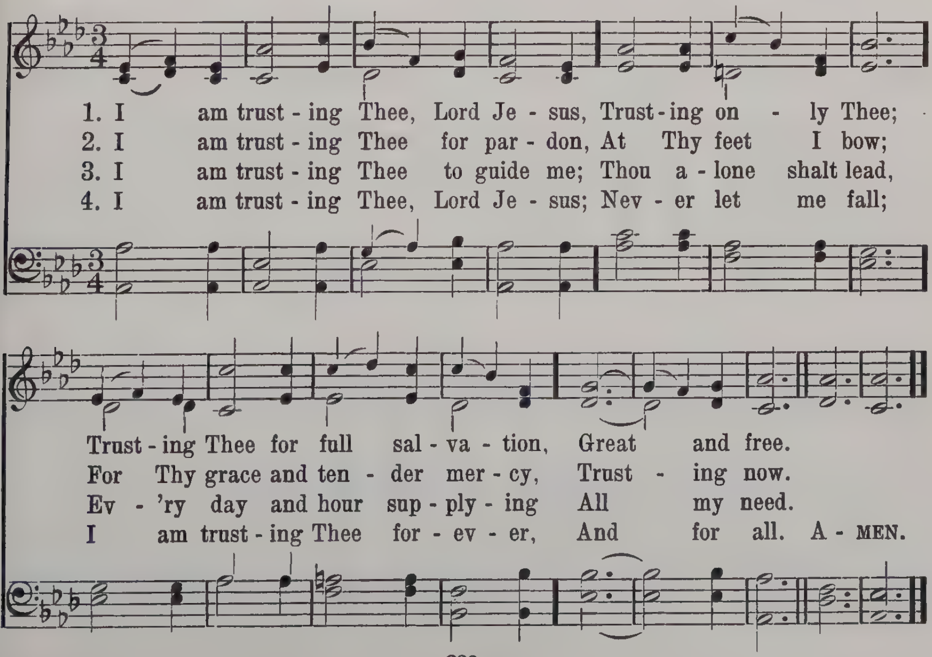
Day by Day Thy Mercies, Lord, Attend Me


fa - ther car - eth for his own: Sor-row's heav - y bur - den Thou wilt
trust, and strength to do Thy will: "As thy day is, so shall be thy
ev - er hold me by the hand; With Thy presence, Sav-iour, here to
nev - er Suf - fer me to car - ry all a - lone.
pow - er," This the gra-cious word Thou speakest still.
guide me, I shall reach at last the good-ly land. A - MEN.

276. I Am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus

Frances R. Havergal, 1874

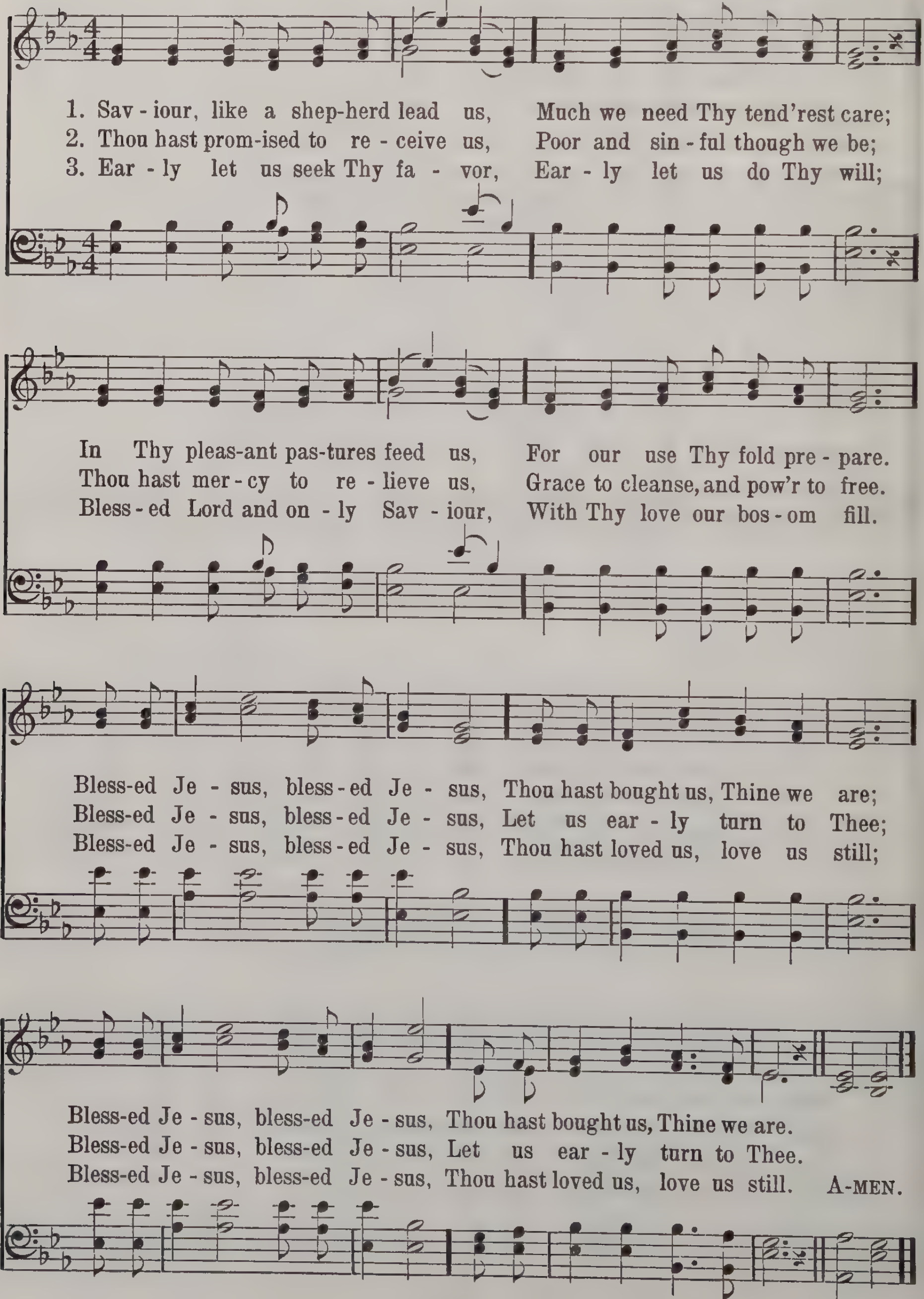
Ethelbert W. Bullinger, 1874


1. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly Thee;
2. I am trust - ing Thee for par - don, At Thy feet I bow;
3. I am trust - ing Thee to guide me; Thou a - lone shalt lead,
4. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus; Nev - er let me fall;
Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy, Trust - ing now.
Ev - 'ry day and hour sup - ply - ing All my need.
I am trust - ing Thee for - ev - er, And for all. A - MEN.

277. Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

Author Unknown

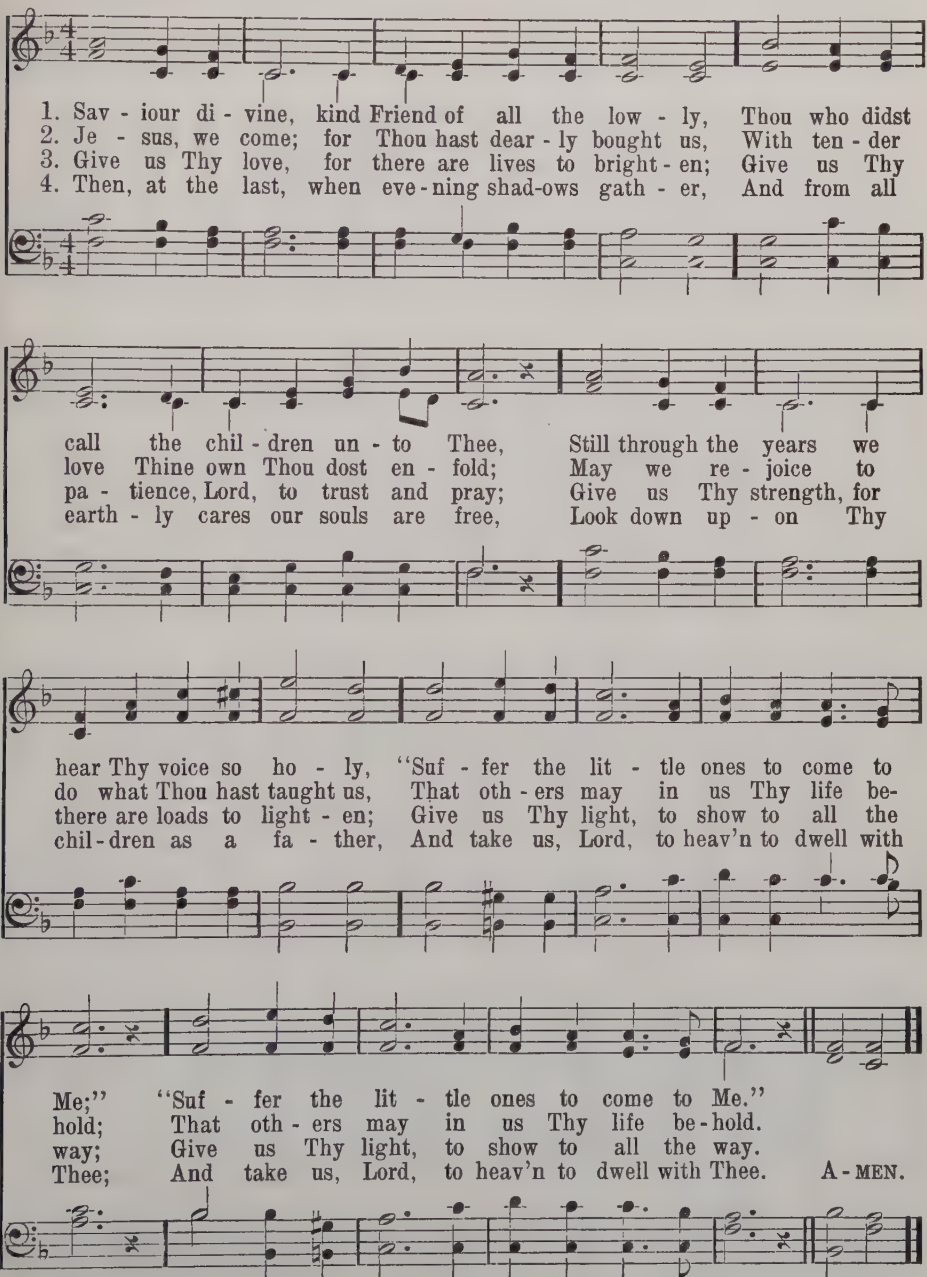
William Batchelder Bradbury, (1816-1868)


1. Sav-iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
2. Thou hast prom-ised to re-ceive us, Poor and sin-ful though we be;
3. Ear-ly let us seek Thy fa-vor, Ear-ly let us do Thy will;
In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy fold pre-pare.
Thou hast mer-cy to re-lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free.
Bless-ed Lord and on-ly Sav-iour, With Thy love our bos-om fill.
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Let us ear-ly turn to Thee;
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still;
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Let us ear-ly turn to Thee.
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.
A-MEN.

278. Saviour Divine, Kind Friend of All the Lowly

Ernest Edwin Ryden, 1928

Joseph Yates Peck


1. Sav - iour di - vine, kind Friend of all the low - ly, Thou who didst
2. Je - sus, we come; for Thou hast dear - ly bought us, With ten - der
3. Give us Thy love, for there are lives to bright - en; Give us Thy
4. Then, at the last, when eve - ning shad-ows gath - er, And from all
call the chil - dren un - to Thee, Still through the years we
love Thine own Thou dost en - fold; May we re - joice to
pa - tience, Lord, to trust and pray; Give us Thy strength, for
earth - ly cares our souls are free, Look down up - on Thy
hear Thy voice so ho - ly, "Suf - fer the lit - tle ones to come to
do what Thou hast taught us, That oth - ers may in us Thy life be-
there are loads to light - en; Give us Thy light, to show to all the
chil-dren as a fa - ther, And take us, Lord, to heav'n to dwell with
Me;" "Suf - fer the lit - tle ones to come to Me."
hold; That oth - ers may in us Thy life be-hold.
way; Give us Thy light, to show to all the way.
Thee; And take us, Lord, to heav'n to dwell with Thee. A - MEN.

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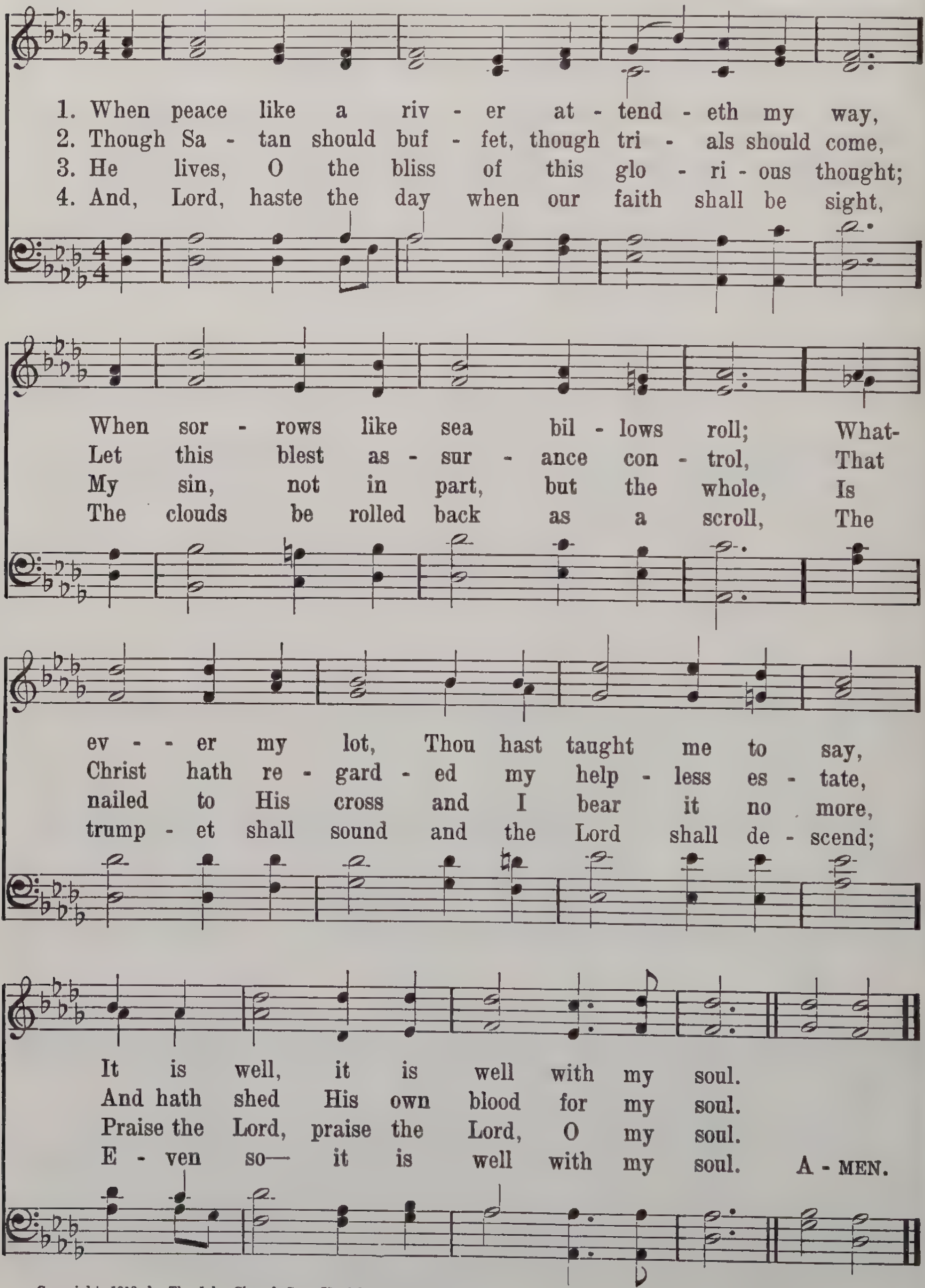
279. When Peace Like a River Attendeth My Way

Philip P. Bliss, 1876
H. G. Spafford, 1876


1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way,
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come,
3. He lives, O the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought;
4. And, Lord, haste the day when our faith shall be sight,
When sor - rows like sea bil - lows roll; What-
Let this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That
My sin, not in part, but the whole, Is
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll, The
ev - - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,
trump - et shall sound and the Lord shall de - scend;
It is well, it is well with my soul.
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.
E - ven so— it is well with my soul.
A - MEN.

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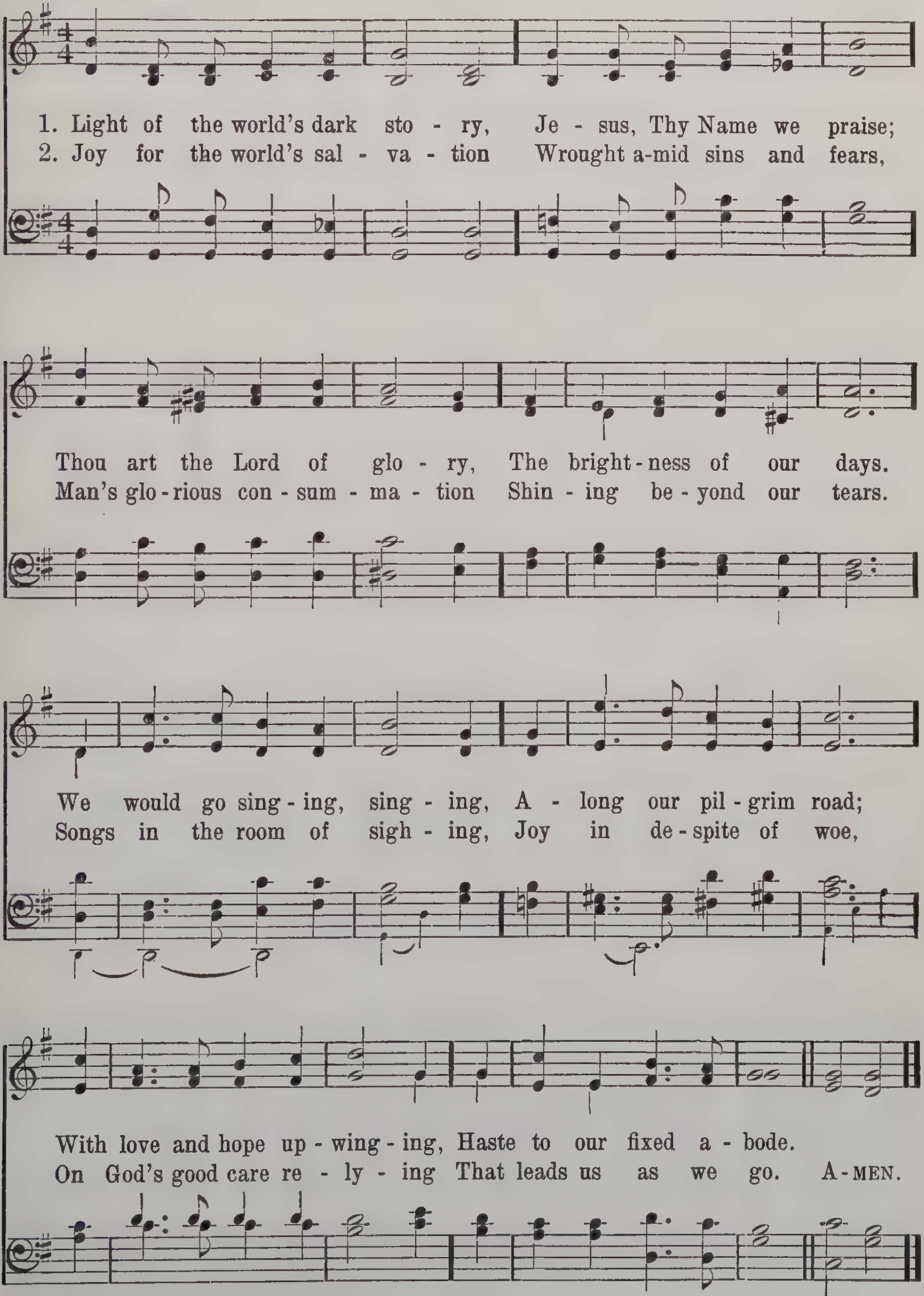
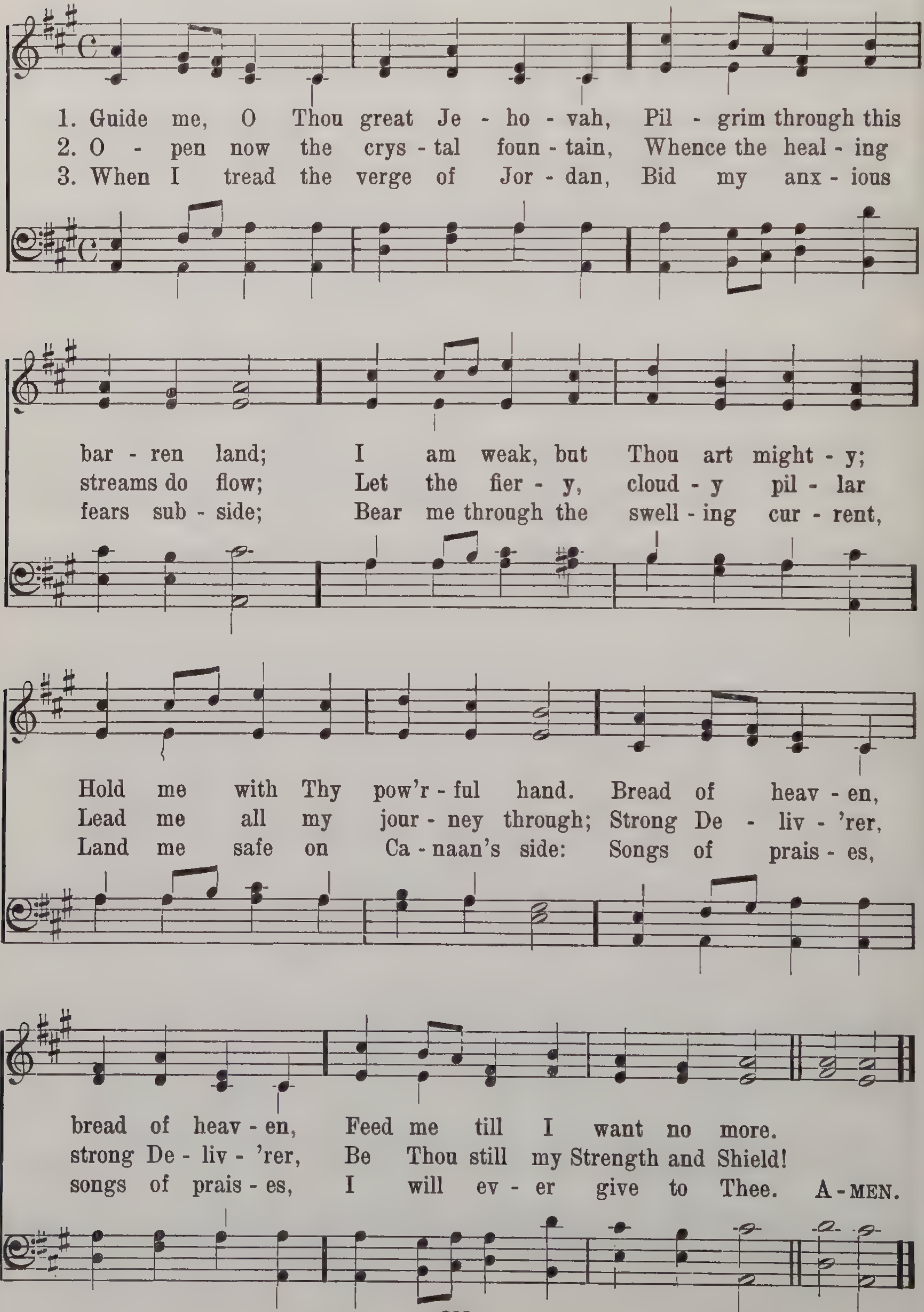
280. Light of the World's Dark Story

Isaac O. Rankin, 1900
Lawrence W. Watson, 1909


1. Light of the world's dark sto - ry, Je - sus, Thy Name we praise;
2. Joy for the world's sal - va - tion Wrought a-mid sins and fears,
Thou art the Lord of glo - ry, The bright-ness of our days.
Man's glo-rious con - sum - ma - tion Shin - ing be - yond our tears.
We would go sing-ing, sing - ing, A - long our pil - grim road;
Songs in the room of sigh - ing, Joy in de-spite of woe,
With love and hope up-wing-ing, Haste to our fixed a - bode.
On God's good care re - ly - ing That leads us as we go. A-MEN.

281. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

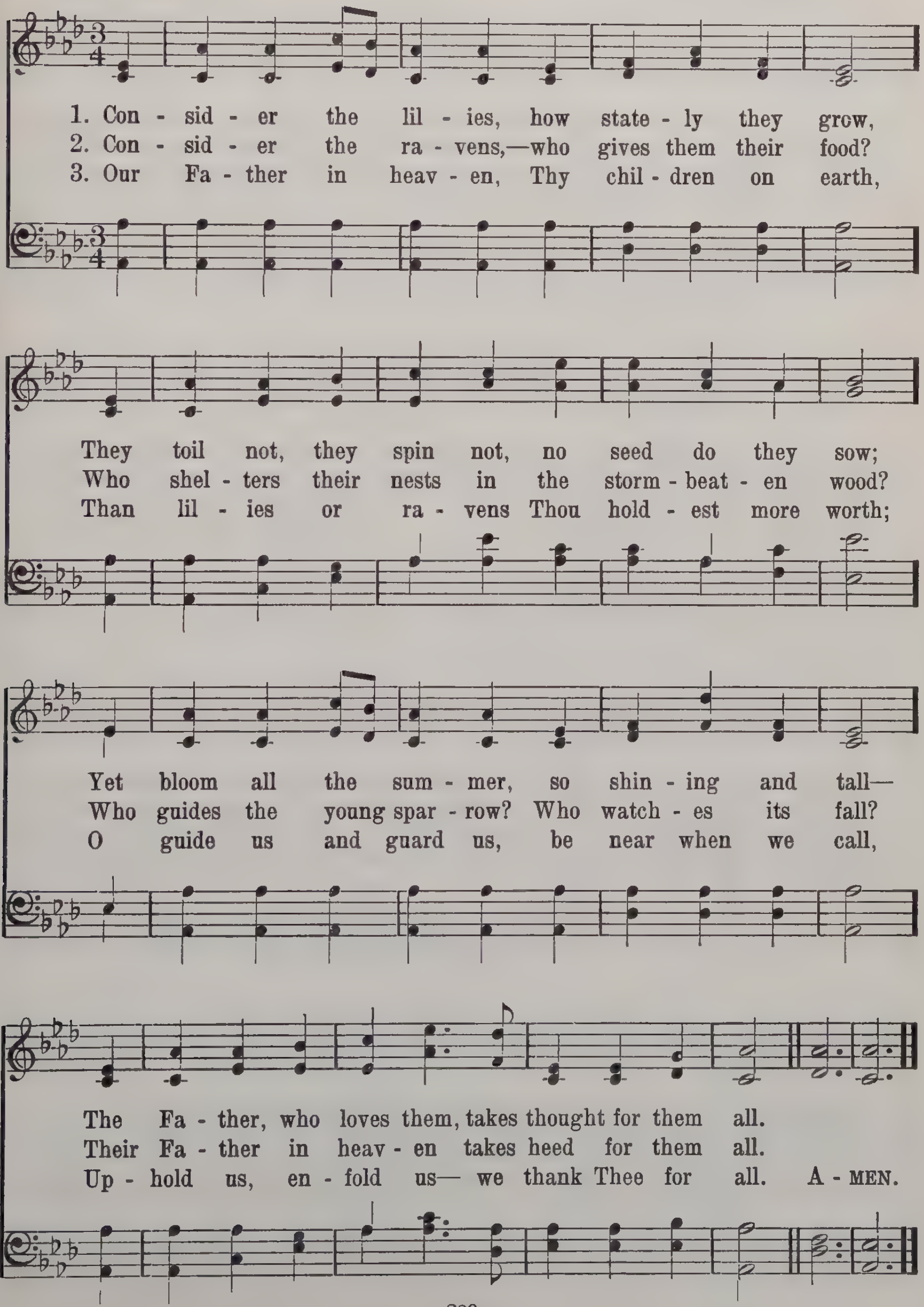
William Williams, 1745, a. William Letton Viner, (1790–1867)


1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious
bar - ren land; I am weak, but Thou art might - y;
streams do flow; Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar
fears sub - side; Bear me through the swell - ing cur - rent,
Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand. Bread of heav - en,
Lead me all my jour - ney through; Strong De - liv - 'rer,
Land me safe on Ca - naan's side: Songs of prais - es,
bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield!
songs of prais - es, I will ev - er give to Thee. A - MEN.

282. Consider the Lilies, How Stately They Grow

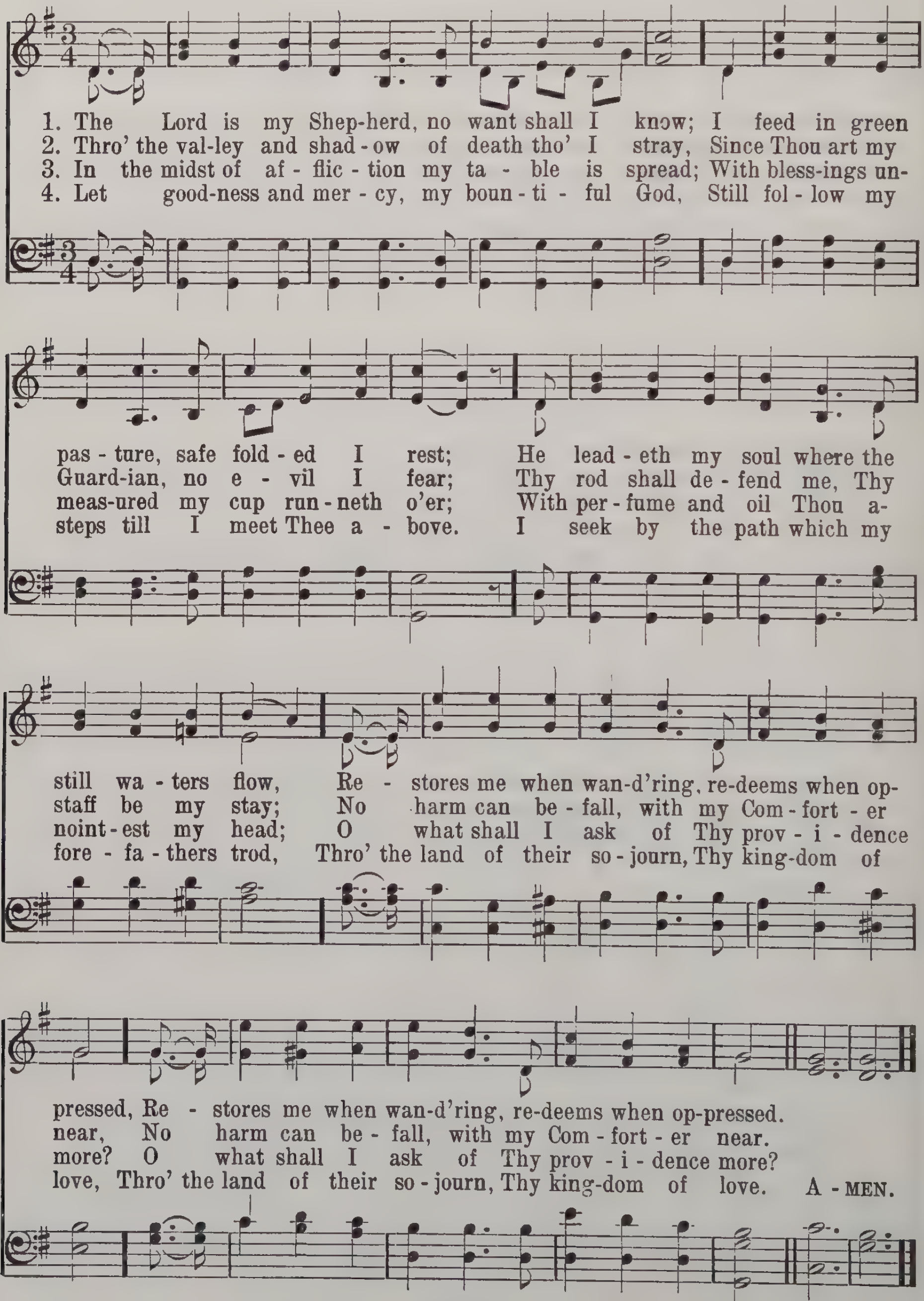
Alice W. Brotherton

J. E. Spilman, 1834


1. Con - sid - er the lil - ies, how state - ly they grow,
2. Con - sid - er the ra - vens,—who gives them their food?
3. Our Fa - ther in heav - en, Thy chil - dren on earth,
They toil not, they spin not, no seed do they sow;
Who shel - ters their nests in the storm - beat - en wood?
Than lil - ies or ra - vens Thou hold - est more worth;
Yet bloom all the sum - mer, so shin - ing and tall—
Who guides the young spar - row? Who watch - es its fall?
O guide us and guard us, be near when we call,
The Fa - ther, who loves them, takes thought for them all.
Their Fa - ther in heav - en takes heed for them all.
Up - hold us, en - fold us— we thank Thee for all. A - MEN.

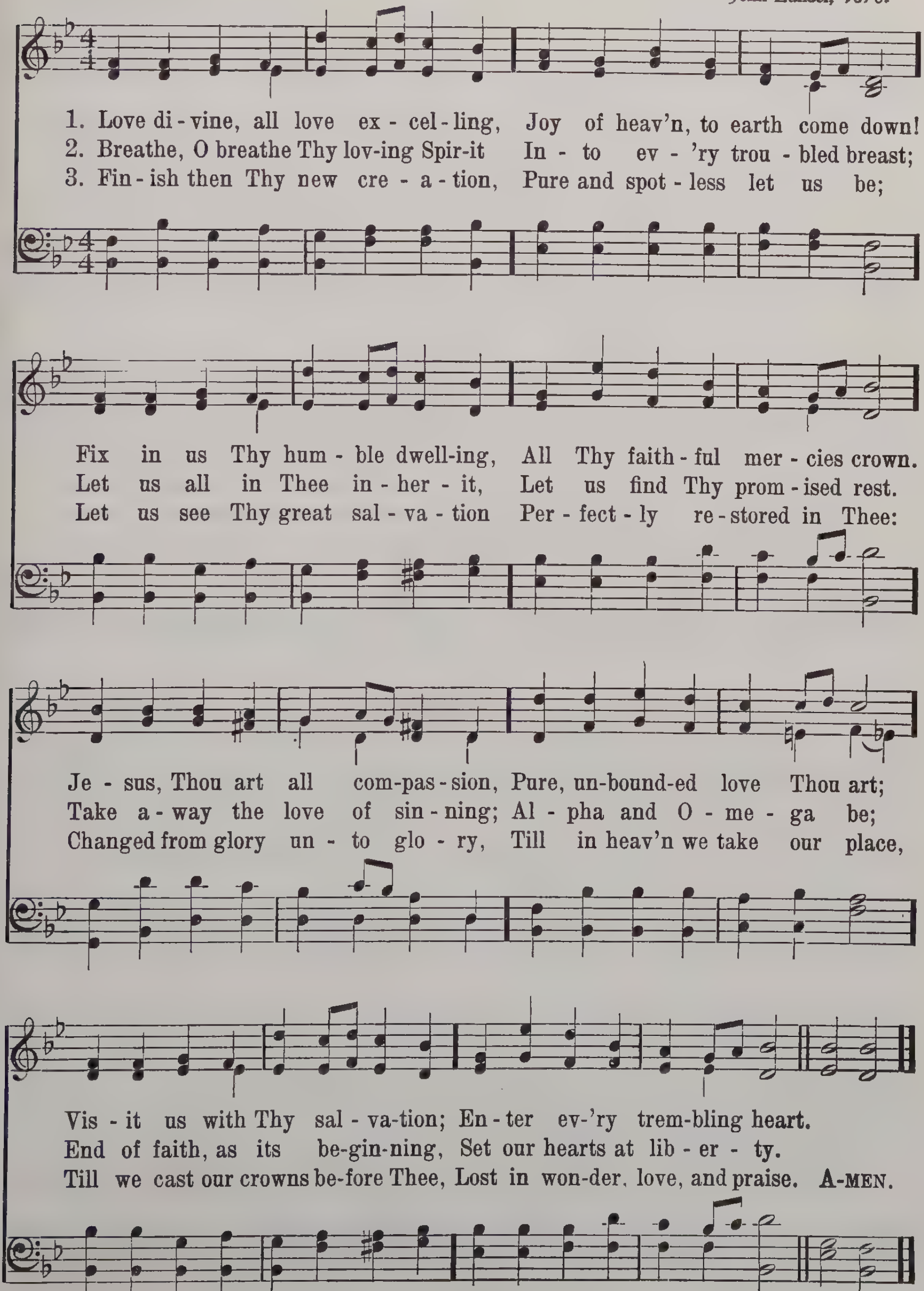
283. The Lord Is My Shepherd, No Want Shall I Know

James S. Montgomery, 1822 Thomas Koschat, 1862


1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad - ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With bless-ings un-
4. Let good-ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my
pas - ture, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the
Guard-ian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy
meas-ured my cup run - neth o'er; With per - fume and oil Thou a-
steps till I meet Thee a - bove. I seek by the path which my
still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wan-d'ring, re-deems when op-
staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er
noint - est my head; O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence
fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy king-dom of
pressed, Re - stores me when wan-d'ring, re-deems when op-pressed.
near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.
more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?
love, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy king-dom of love. A - MEN.

284. Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

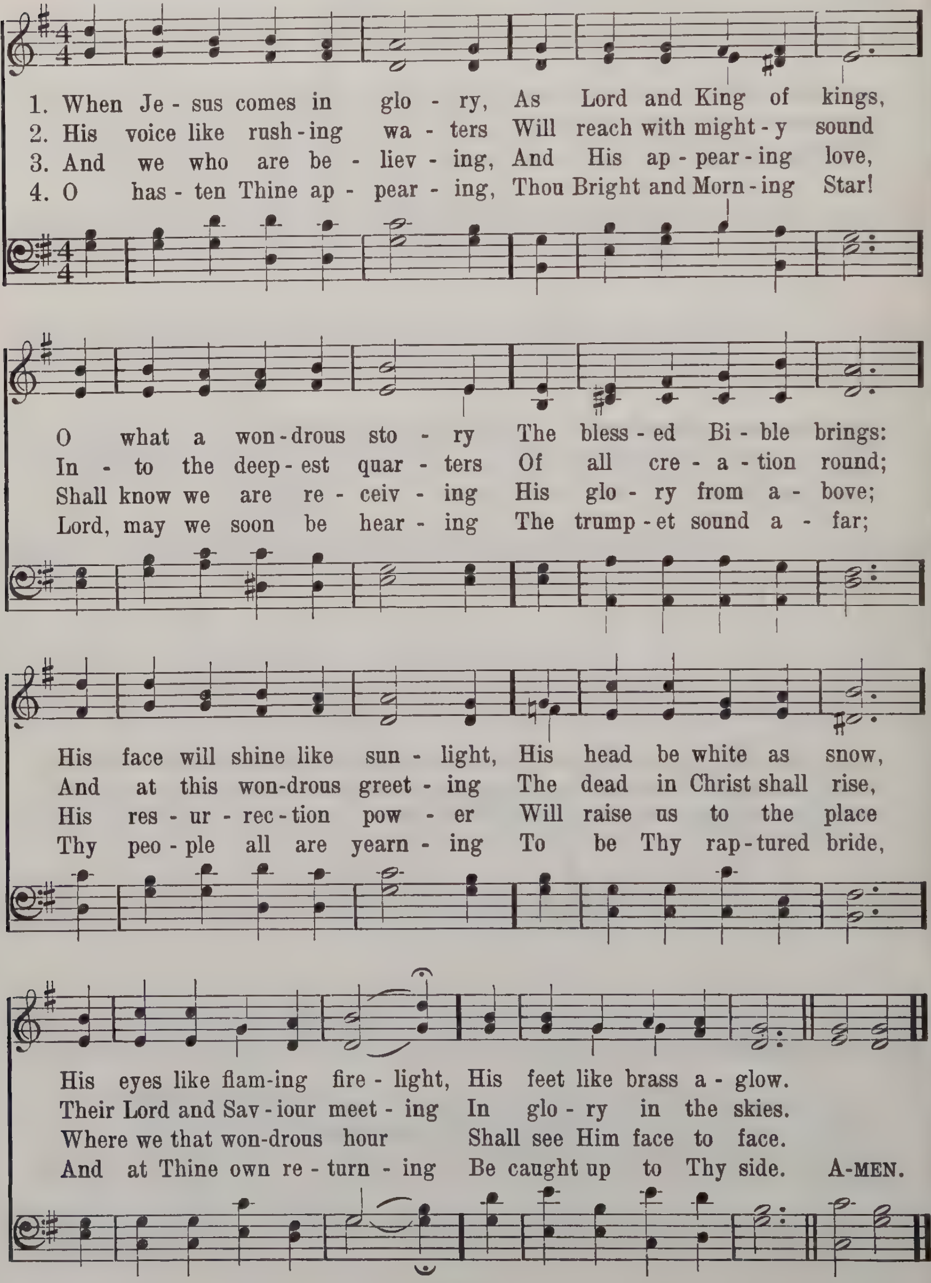
Charles Wesley, 1747. John Zundel, 1870.


1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it In - to ev - 'ry trou - bled breast;
3. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot - less let us be;
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy prom - ised rest.
Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee:
Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas - sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a - way the love of sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Changed from glory un - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va-tion; En - ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.
End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise. A-MEN.

285. When Jesus Comes in Glory.

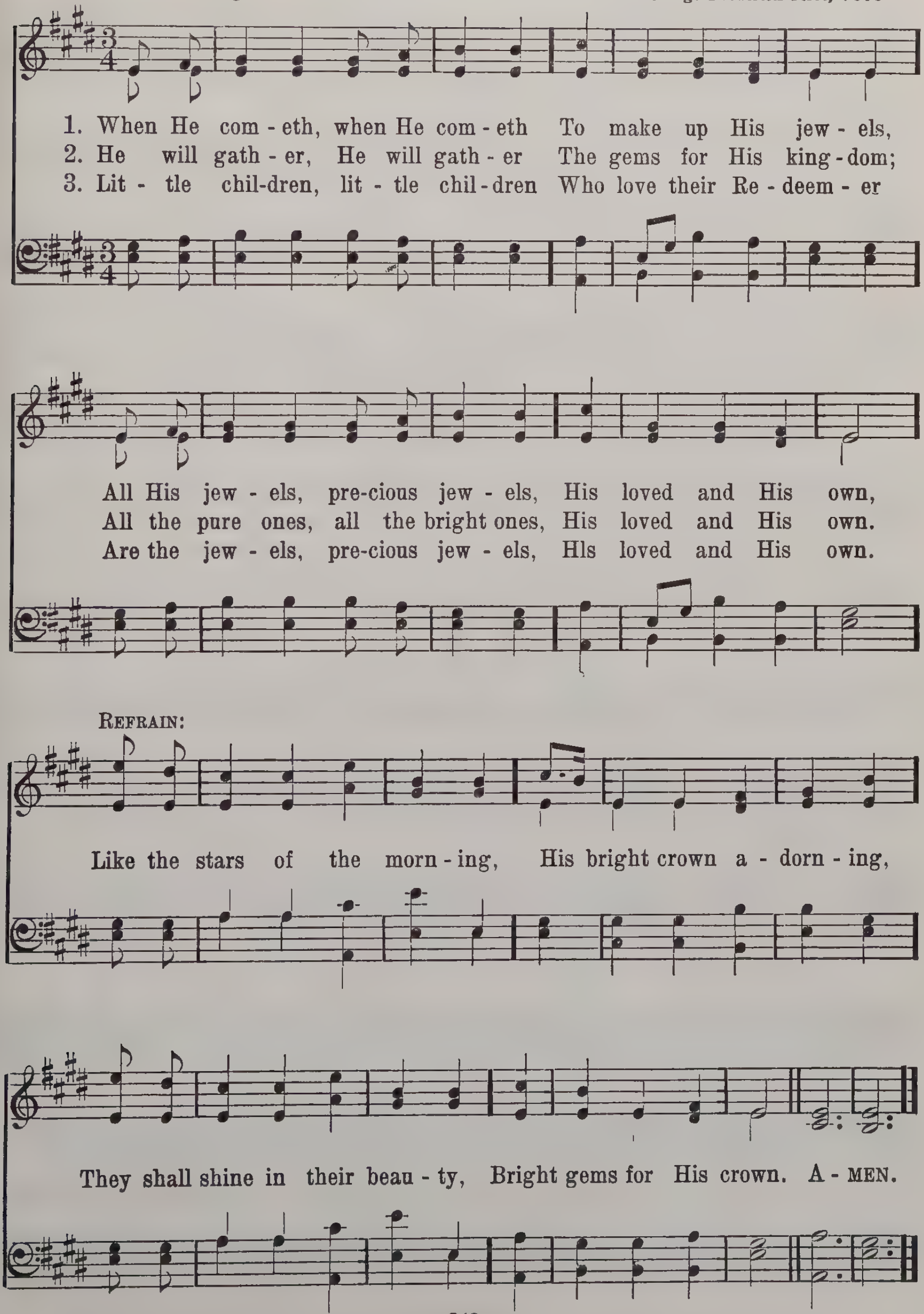
Samuel Martin Miller, 1922.

Samuel Martin Miller, 1922.
Har. by Gerhard Theodore Alexis, 1925.


1. When Je - sus comes in glo - ry, As Lord and King of kings,
2. His voice like rush - ing wa - ters Will reach with might - y sound
3. And we who are be - liev - ing, And His ap - pear - ing love,
4. O has - ten Thine ap - pear - ing, Thou Bright and Morn - ing Star!
O what a won - drous sto - ry The bless - ed Bi - ble brings:
In - to the deep - est quar - ters Of all cre - a - tion round;
Shall know we are re - ceiv - ing His glo - ry from a - bove;
Lord, may we soon be hear - ing The trump - et sound a - far;
His face will shine like sun - light, His head be white as snow,
And at this won-drous greet - ing The dead in Christ shall rise,
His res - ur - rec - tion pow - er Will raise us to the place
Thy peo - ple all are yearn - ing To be Thy rap - tured bride,
His eyes like flam-ing fire - light, His feet like brass a - glow.
Their Lord and Sav - iour meet - ing In glo - ry in the skies.
Where we that won-drous hour Shall see Him face to face.
And at Thine own re - turn - ing Be caught up to Thy side.
A-MEN.

286. When He Cometh, When He Cometh

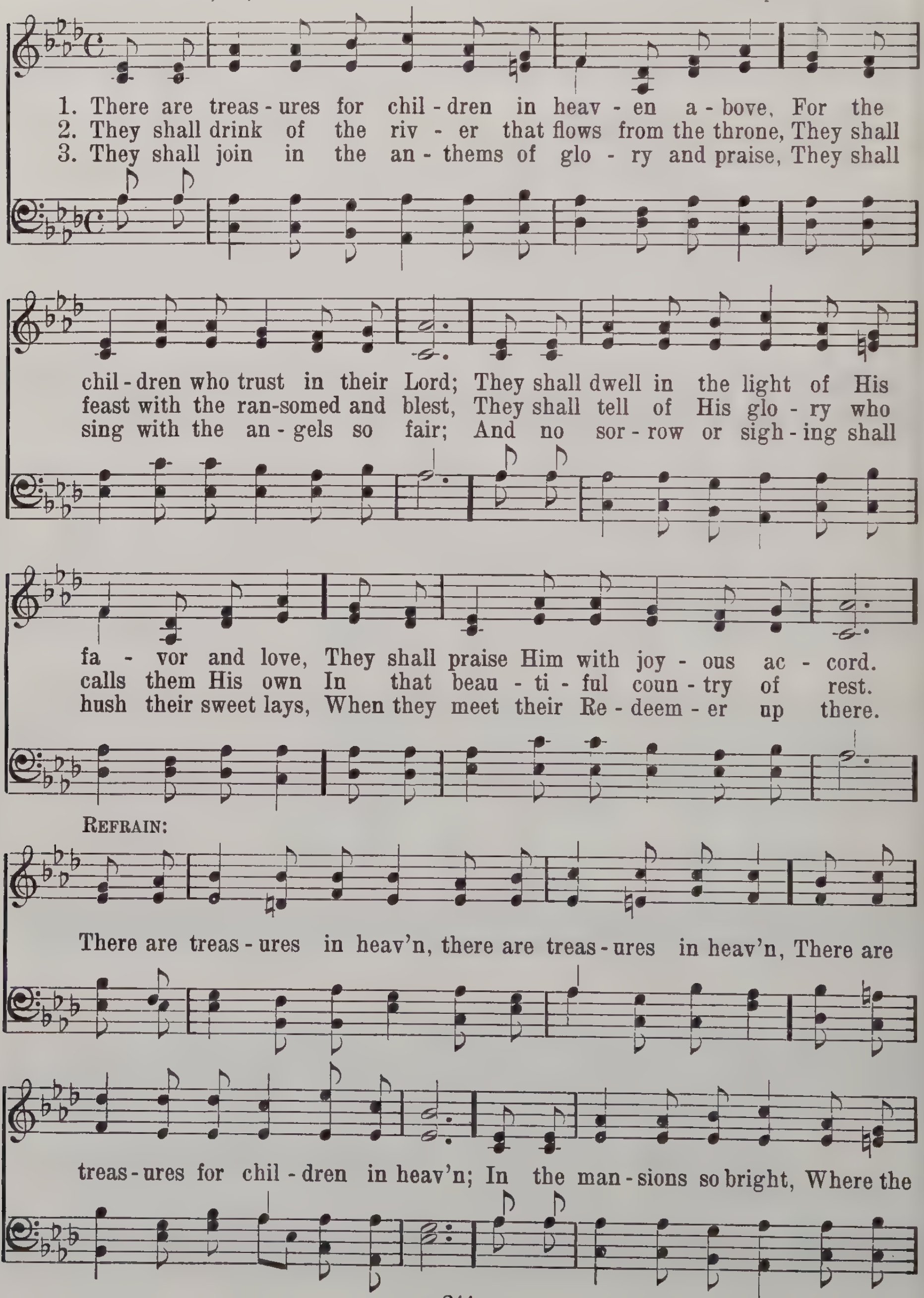
William Orcutt Cushing, (1823—) George Frederick Root, 1866


1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew-els,
2. He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His king-dom;
3. Lit-tle chil-dren, lit-tle chil-dren Who love their Re-deem-er
All His jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His own,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
Are the jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His own.
REFRAIN:
Like the stars of the morn-ing, His bright crown a-dorn-ing,
They shall shine in their beau-ty, Bright gems for His crown. A-MEN.

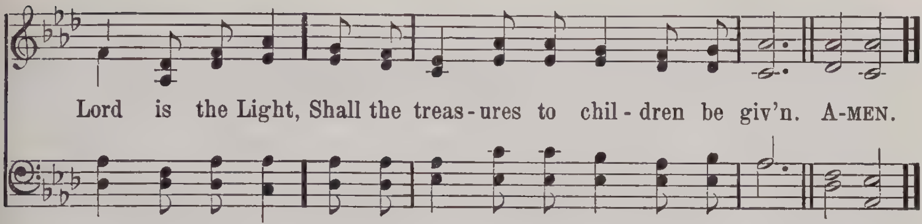
287. There Are Treasures for Children in Heaven Above

From the Swedish
Tr. Ernest Edwin Ryden, 1927

Composer Unknown


1. There are treas - ures for chil - dren in heav - en a - bove, For the
2. They shall drink of the riv - er that flows from the throne, They shall
3. They shall join in the an - thems of glo - ry and praise, They shall
chil - dren who trust in their Lord; They shall dwell in the light of His
feast with the ran-somed and blest, They shall tell of His glo - ry who
sing with the an - gels so fair; And no sor - row or sigh - ing shall
fa - vor and love, They shall praise Him with joy - ous ac - cord.
calls them His own In that beau - ti - ful coun - try of rest.
hush their sweet lays, When they meet their Re - deem - er up there.
REFRAIN:
There are treas - ures in heav'n, there are treas - ures in heav'n, There are
treas - ures for chil - dren in heav'n; In the man - sions so bright, Where the

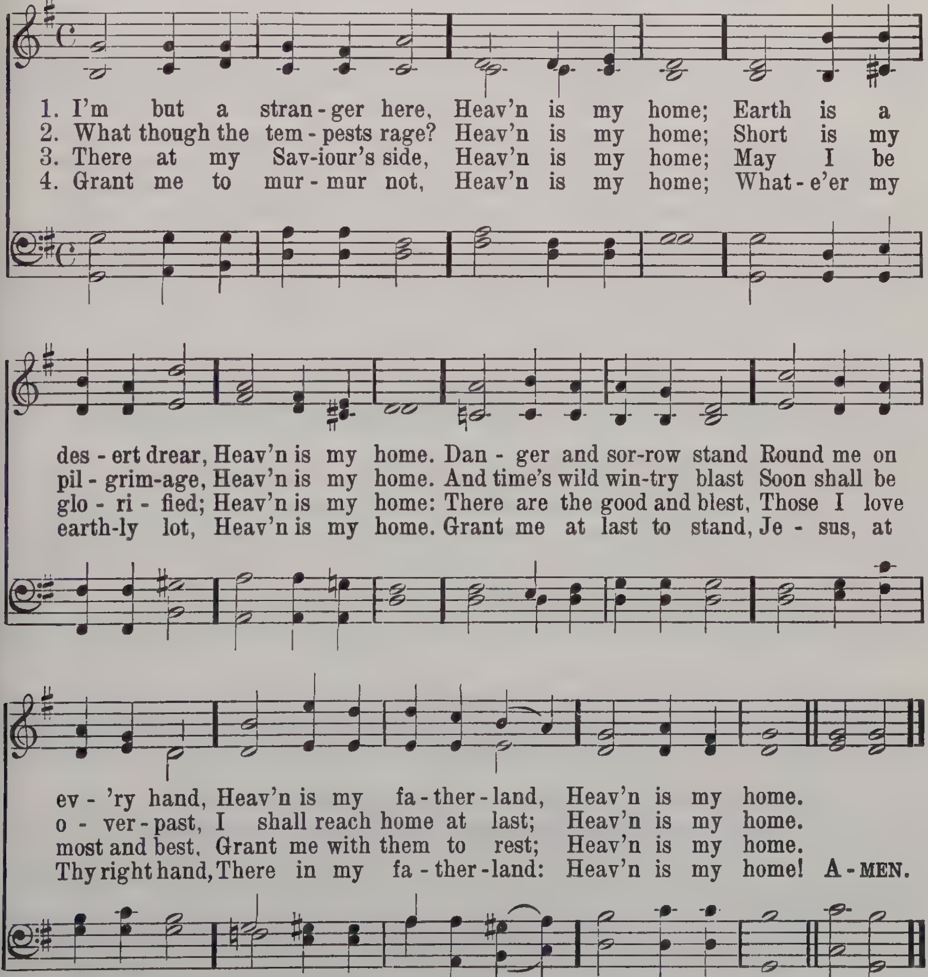
There Are Treasures for Children in Heaven Above


Lord is the Light, Shall the treas-ures to chil-dren be giv'n. A-MEN.

288. I'm But a Stranger Here

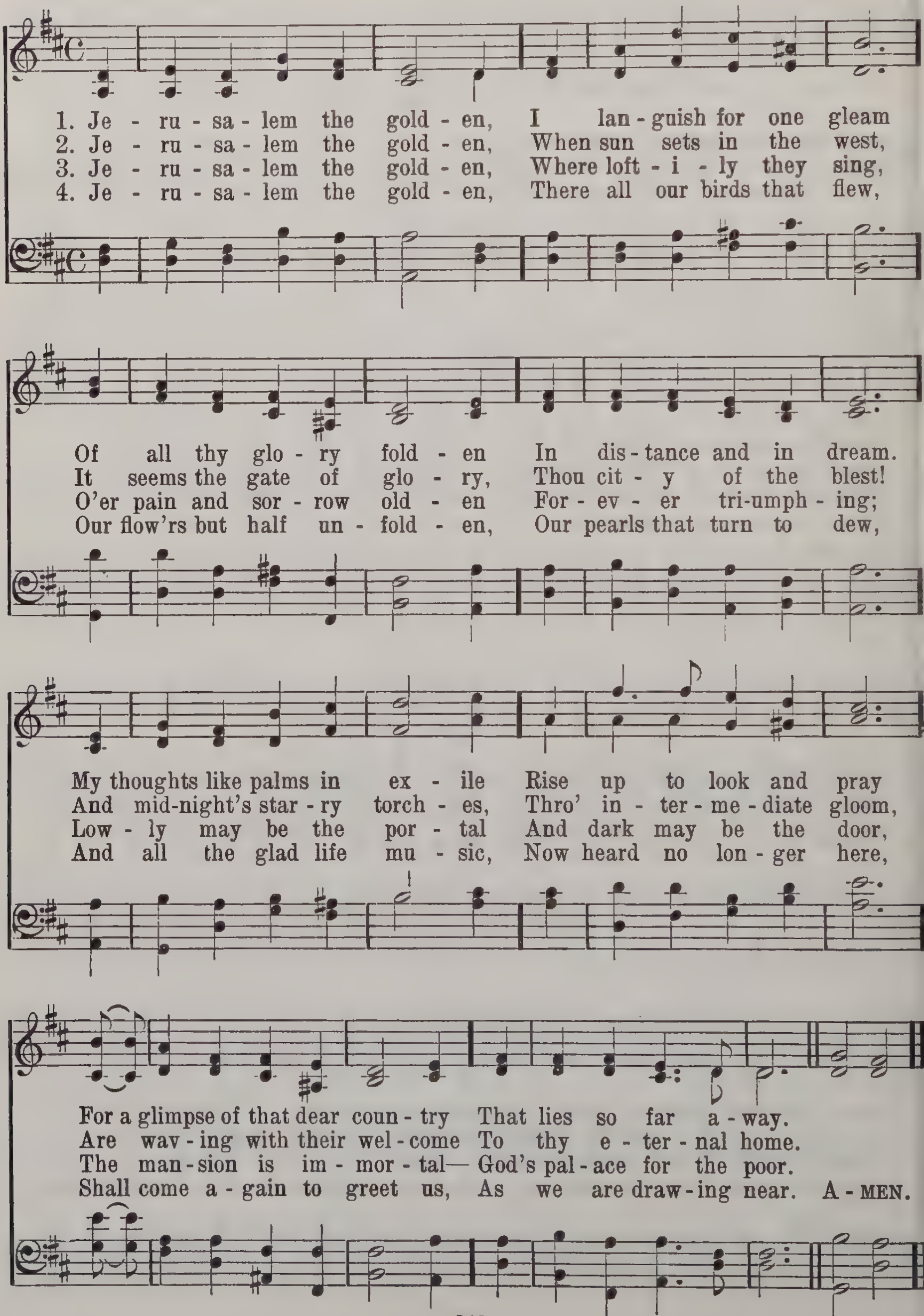
Thomas Rawson Taylor, 1836

Arthur Seymour Sullivan, (1842–1900)


1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home. Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev-'ry hand, Heav'n is my fa-ther-land, Heav'n is my home.
2. What though the tem-pests rage? Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil-grim-age, Heav'n is my home. And time's wild win-try blast Soon shall be o-ver-past, I shall reach home at last; Heav'n is my home.
3. There at my Sav-iour's side, Heav'n is my home; May I be glo-ri-fied; Heav'n is my home: There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best, Grant me with them to rest; Heav'n is my home.
4. Grant me to mur-mur not, Heav'n is my home; What-e'er my earth-ly lot, Heav'n is my home. Grant me at last to stand, Je-sus, at Thy right hand, There in my fa-ther-land: Heav'n is my home! A-MEN.

289. Jerusalem the Golden

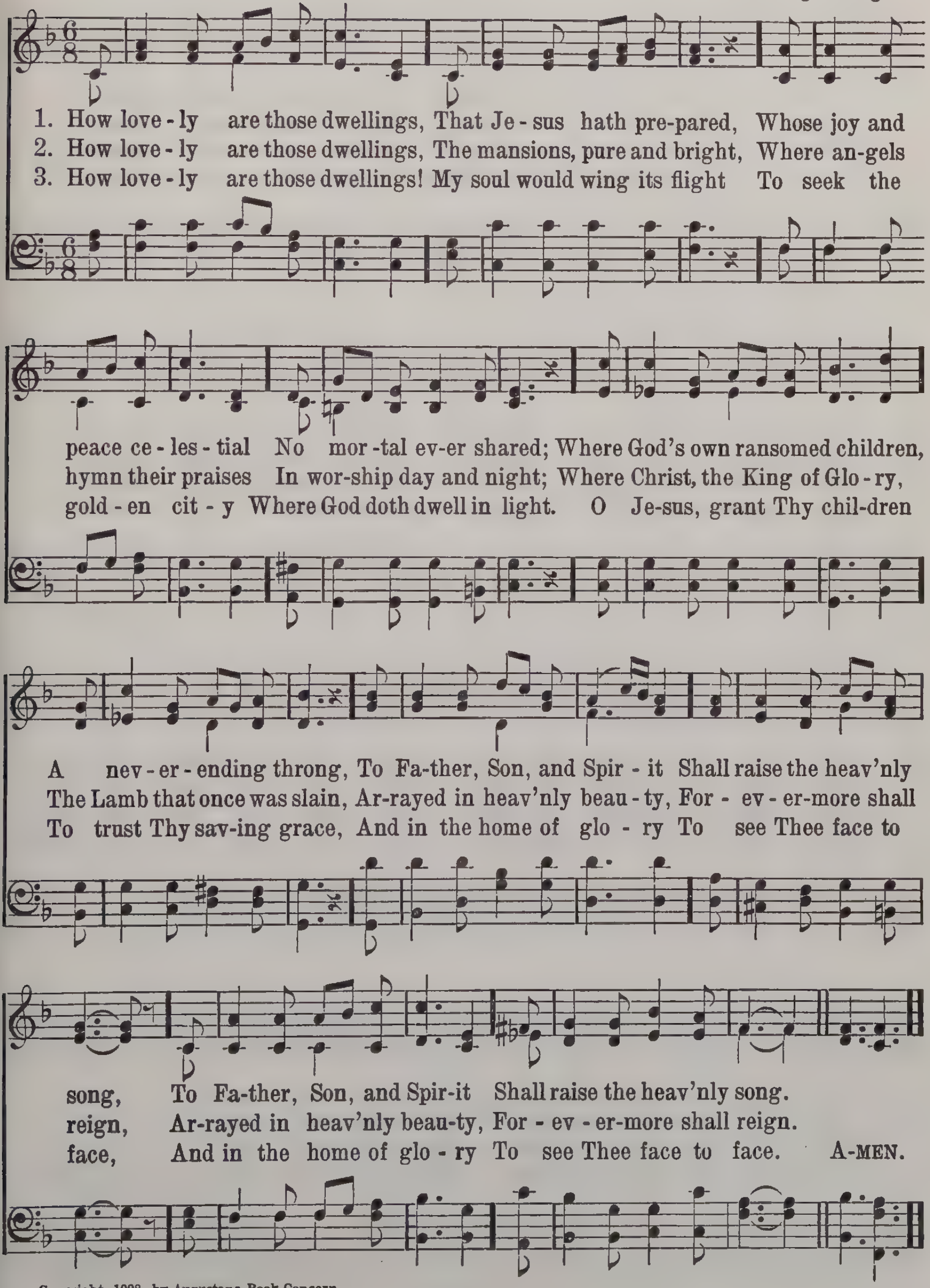
Old Latin Hymn
Alexander Ewing, 1853


1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, I lan - guish for one gleam
2. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, When sun sets in the west,
3. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, Where loft - i - ly they sing,
4. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, There all our birds that flew,
Of all thy glo - ry fold - en In dis - tance and in dream.
It seems the gate of glo - ry, Thou cit - y of the blest!
O'er pain and sor - row old - en For - ev - er tri-umph - ing;
Our flow'rs but half un - fold - en, Our pearls that turn to dew,
My thoughts like palms in ex - ile Rise up to look and pray
And mid-night's star - ry torch - es, Thro' in - ter - me - diate gloom,
Low - ly may be the por - tal And dark may be the door,
And all the glad life mu - sic, Now heard no lon - ger here,
For a glimpse of that dear coun - try That lies so far a - way.
Are wav - ing with their wel - come To thy e - ter - nal home.
The man - sion is im - mor - tal— God's pal - ace for the poor.
Shall come a - gain to greet us, As we are draw - ing near. A - MEN.

290. How Lovely Are Those Dwellings

Ernest Edwin Ryden, 1928

Arr. by Peter Johnson, 1928,
from J. L. F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
"On Wings of Song"


1. How love-ly are those dwellings, That Je-sus hath pre-pared, Whose joy and
2. How love-ly are those dwellings, The mansions, pure and bright, Where an-gels
3. How love-ly are those dwellings! My soul would wing its flight To seek the
peace ce-les-tial No mor-tal ev-er shared; Where God's own ransomed children,
hymn their praises In wor-ship day and night; Where Christ, the King of Glo-ry,
gold-en cit-y Where God doth dwell in light. O Je-sus, grant Thy chil-dren
A nev-er-ending throng, To Fa-ther, Son, and Spir-it Shall raise the heav'nly
The Lamb that once was slain, Ar-rayed in heav'nly beau-ty, For-ev-er-more shall
To trust Thy sav-ing grace, And in the home of glo-ry To see Thee face to
song, To Fa-ther, Son, and Spir-it Shall raise the heav'nly song.
reign, Ar-rayed in heav'nly beau-ty, For-ev-er-more shall reign.
face, And in the home of glo-ry To see Thee face to face. A-MEN.

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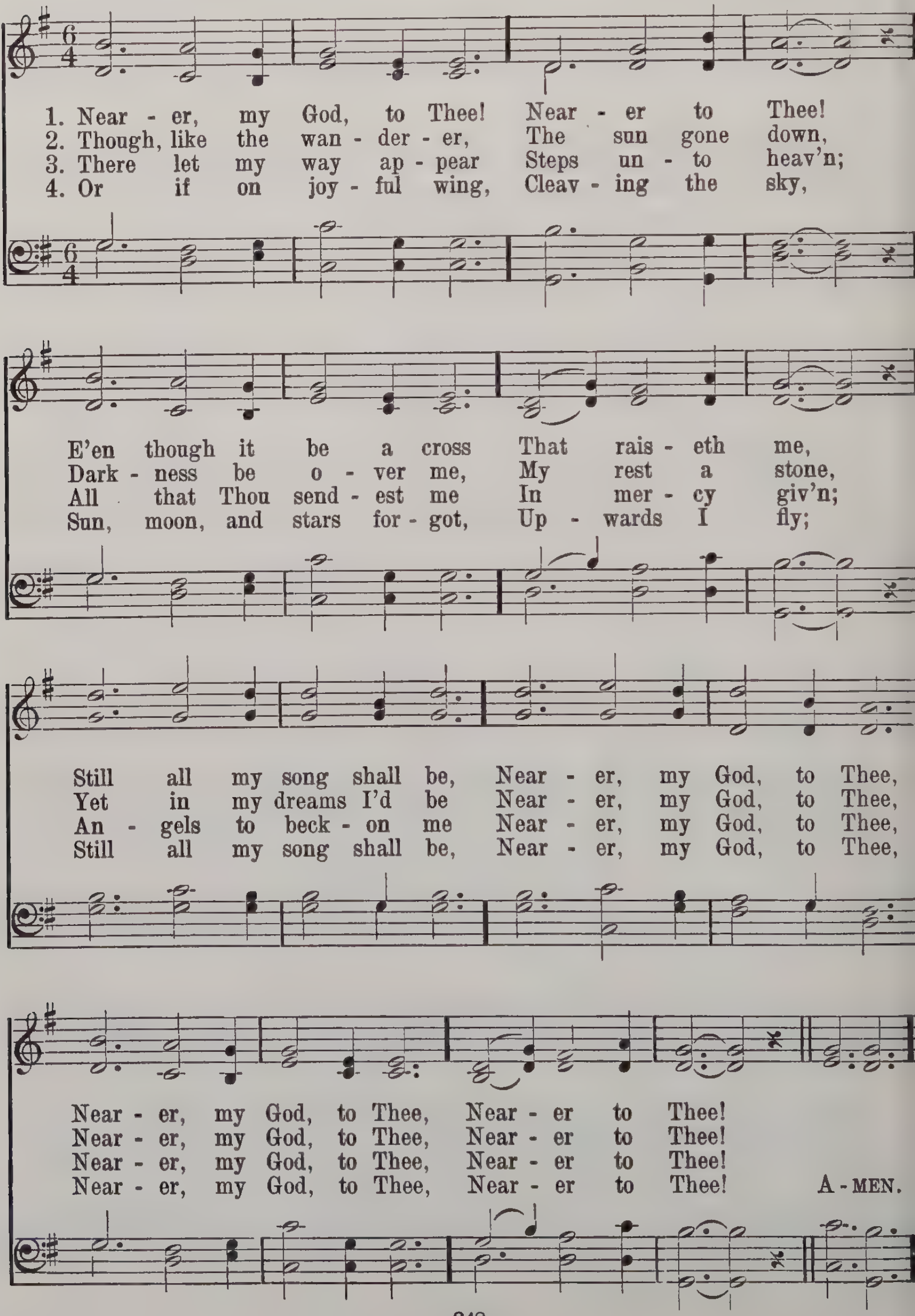
291. Nearer, My God, to Thee!

Sarah (Flower) Adams, 1841

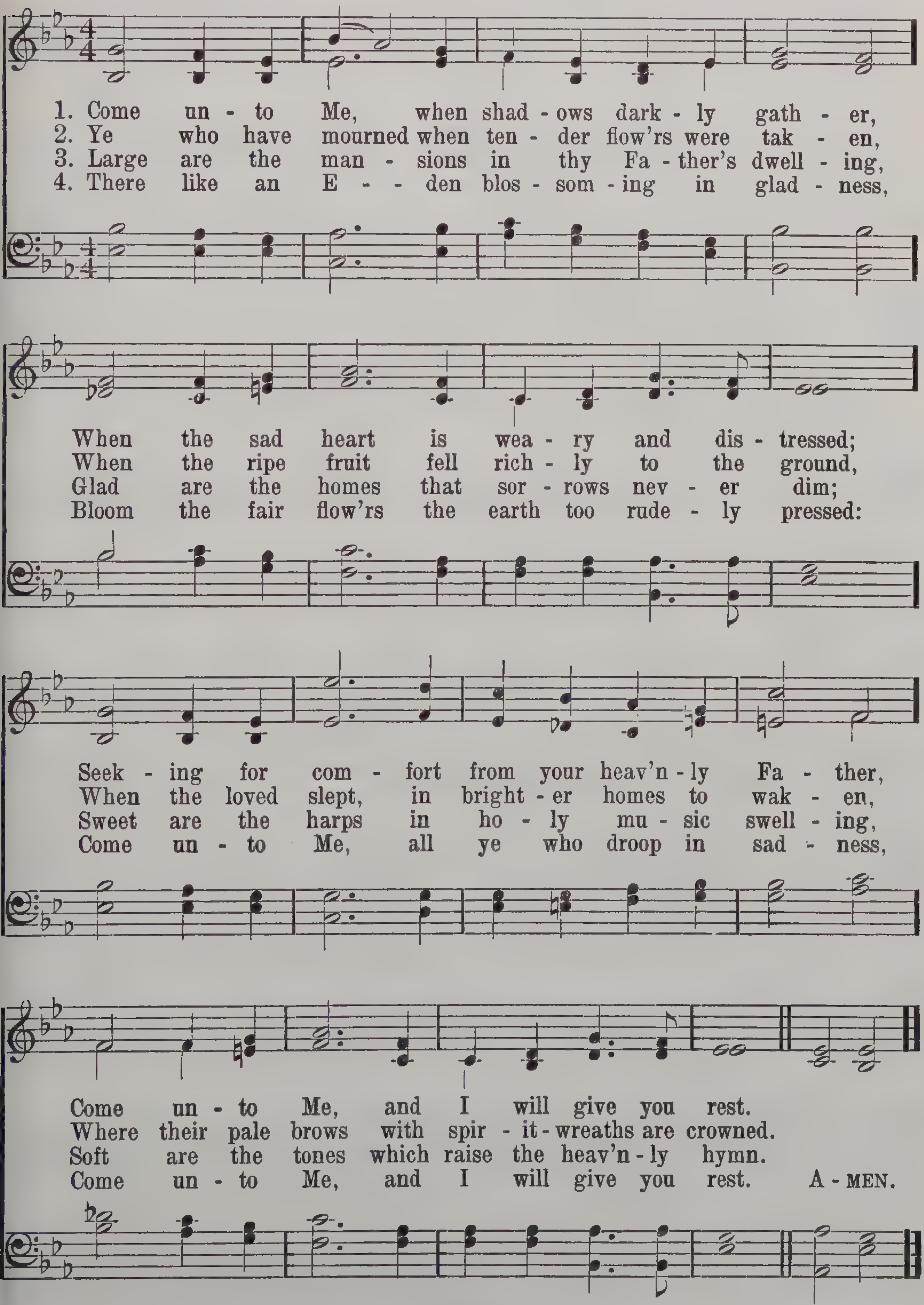
Lowell Mason, 1856


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee!
2. Though, like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down,
3. There let my way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n;
4. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky,
E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me,
Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone,
All that Thou send - est me In mer - cy giv'n;
Sun, moon, and stars for - got, Up - wards I fly;
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - MEN.

292. Come unto Me, When Shadows Darkly Gather

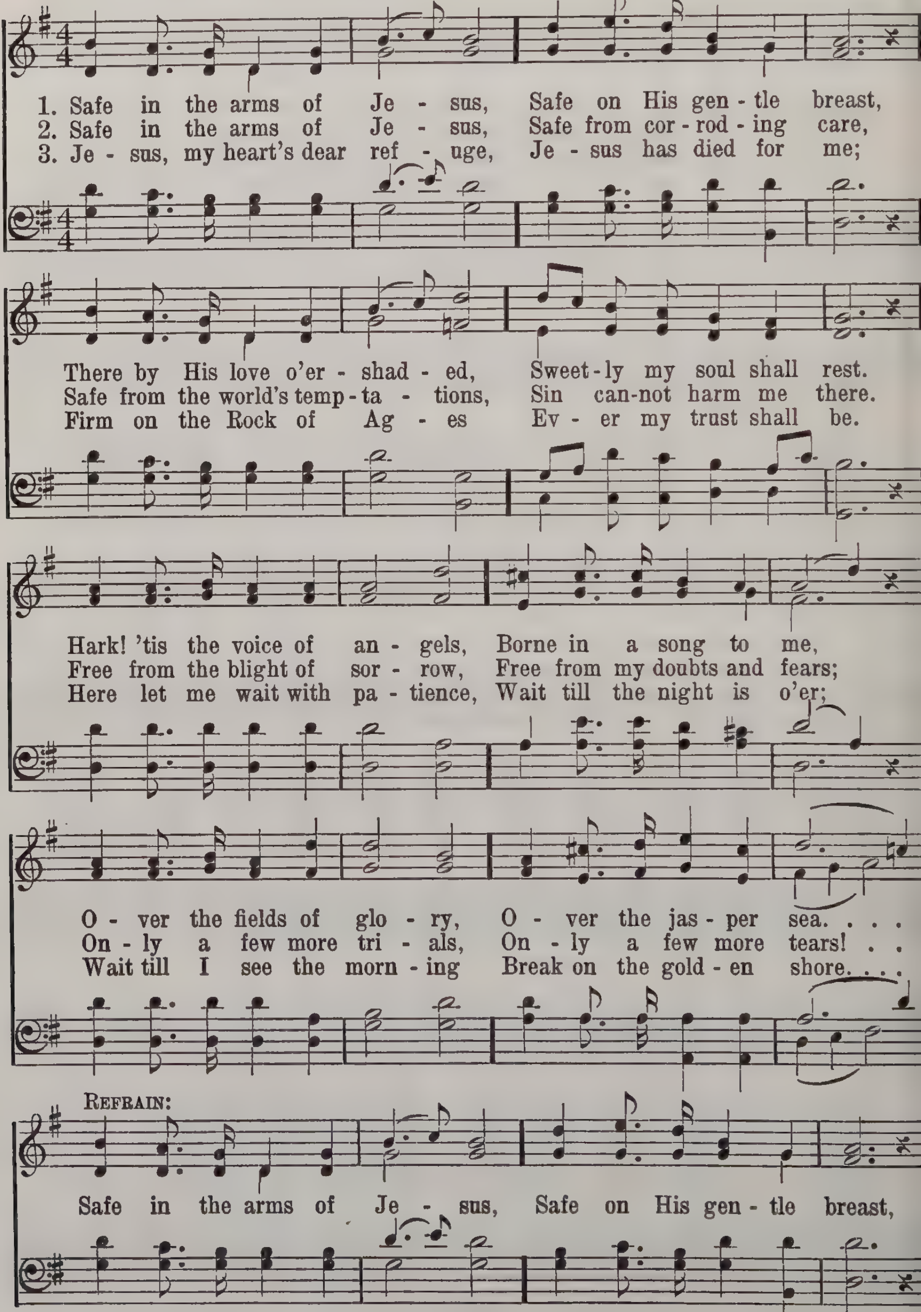
Catherine H. Esling, 1839

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, (1809–1847)

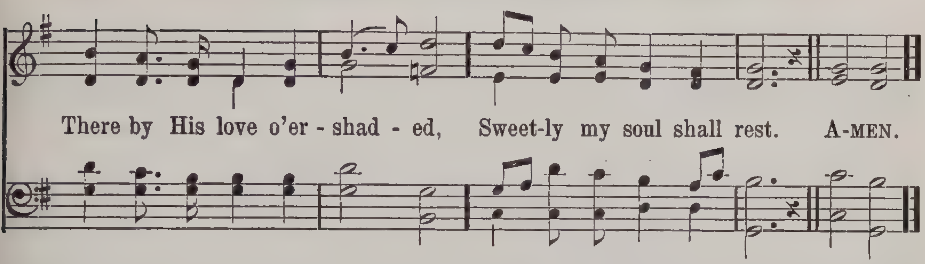

1. Come un - to Me, when shad - ows dark - ly gath - er,
2. Ye who have mourned when ten - der flow'rs were tak - en,
3. Large are the man - sions in thy Fa - ther's dwell - ing,
4. There like an E - - den blos - som - ing in glad - ness,
When the sad heart is wea - ry and dis - tressed;
When the ripe fruit fell rich - ly to the ground,
Glad are the homes that sor - rows nev - er dim;
Bloom the fair flow'rs the earth too rude - ly pressed:
Seek - ing for com - fort from your heav'n - ly Fa - ther,
When the loved slept, in bright - er homes to wak - en,
Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic swell - ing,
Come un - to Me, all ye who droop in sad - ness,
Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest.
Where their pale brows with spir - it - wreaths are crowned.
Soft are the tones which raise the heav'n - ly hymn.
Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest. A - MEN.

293. Safe in the Arms of Jesus

Frances Jane (Crosby) Van Alstyne, 1869
William Howard Doane, 1870


1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of Ag - es Ev - er my trust shall be.
Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;
O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea. . . .
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears! . .
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore. . . .
REFRAIN:
Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,

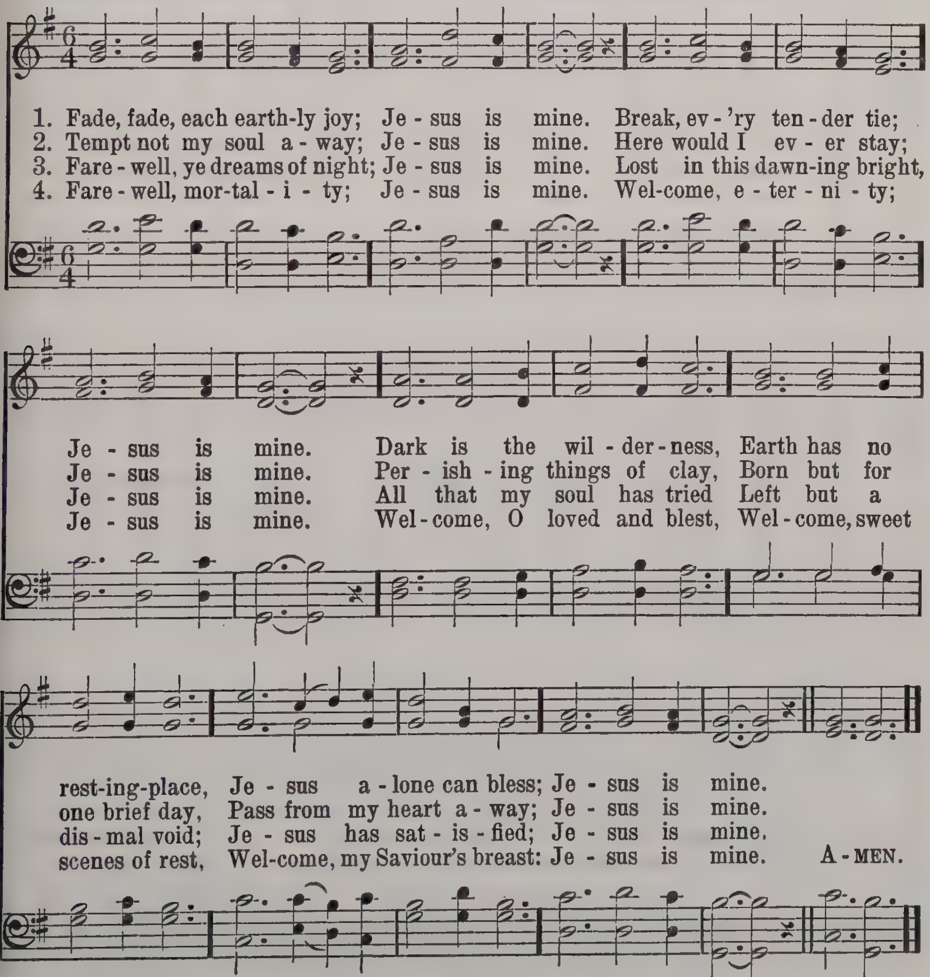
Safe in the Arms of Jesus


There by His love o'er-shad-ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest. A-MEN.

294. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy

Jane Catharine (Lundie) Bonar, 1844

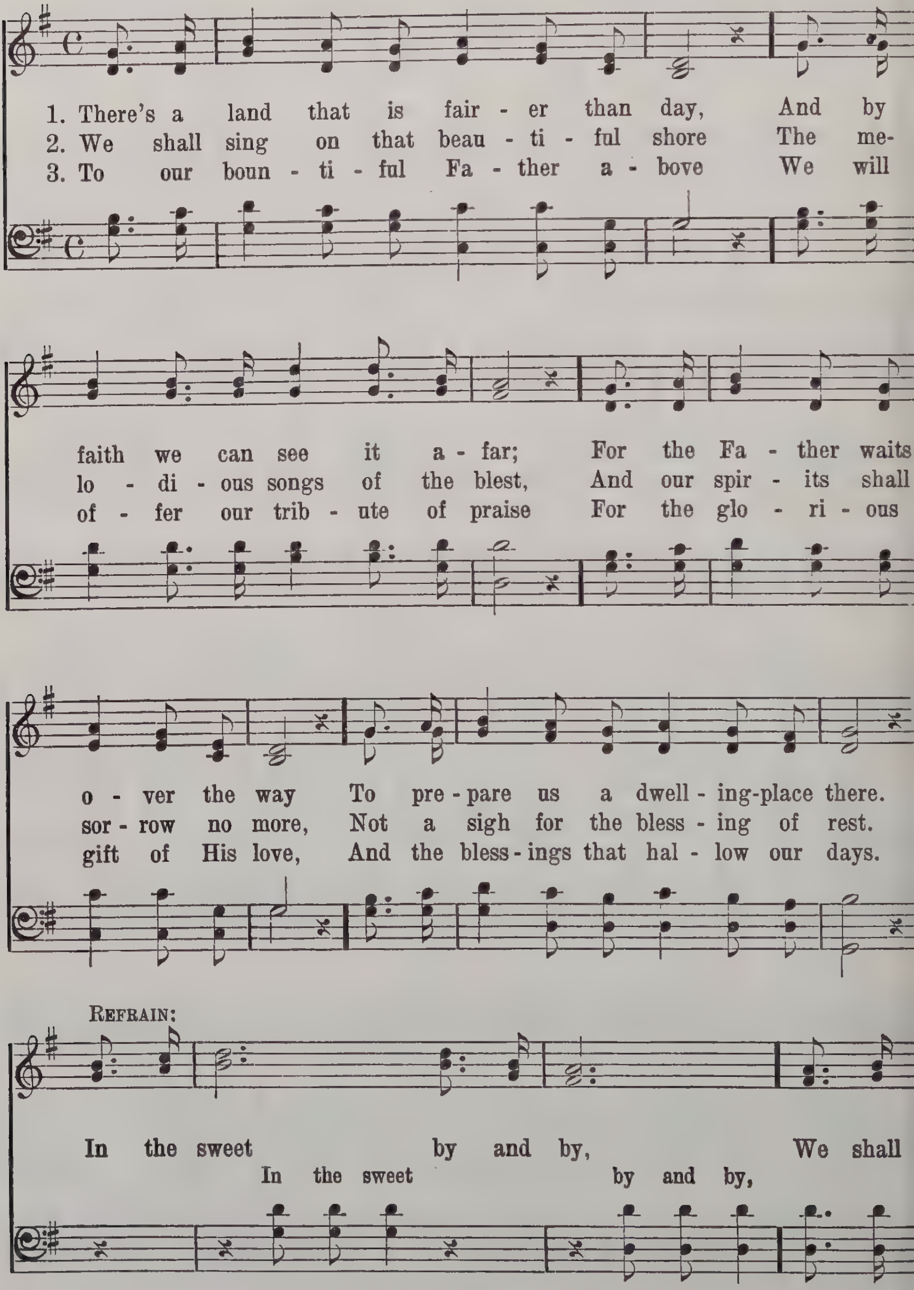
William Batchelder Bradbury, (1816–1868)


1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy; Je-sus is mine. Break, ev-'ry ten-der tie;
2. Tempt not my soul a-way; Je-sus is mine. Here would I ev-er stay;
3. Fare-well, ye dreams of night; Je-sus is mine. Lost in this dawn-ing bright,
4. Fare-well, mor-tal-i-ty; Je-sus is mine. Wel-come, e-ter-ni-ty;
Je-sus is mine. Dark is the wil-der-ness, Earth has no
Je-sus is mine. Per-ish-ing things of clay, Born but for
Je-sus is mine. All that my soul has tried Left but a
Je-sus is mine. Wel-come, O loved and blest, Wel-come, sweet
rest-ing-place, Je-sus a-lone can bless; Je-sus is mine.
one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way; Je-sus is mine.
dis-mal void; Je-sus has sat-is-fied; Je-sus is mine.
scenes of rest, Wel-come, my Saviour's breast: Je-sus is mine. A-MEN.

295. There's a Land That Is Fairer Than Day

S. Fillmore Bennett

Joseph Philbrick Webster, 1868


1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me-
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove We will
faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits
lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall
of - fer our trib - ute of praise For the glo - ri - ous
o - ver the way To pre - pare us a dwell - ing-place there.
sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
gift of His love, And the bless - ings that hal - low our days.
REFRAIN:
In the sweet by and by, We shall
In the sweet by and by,

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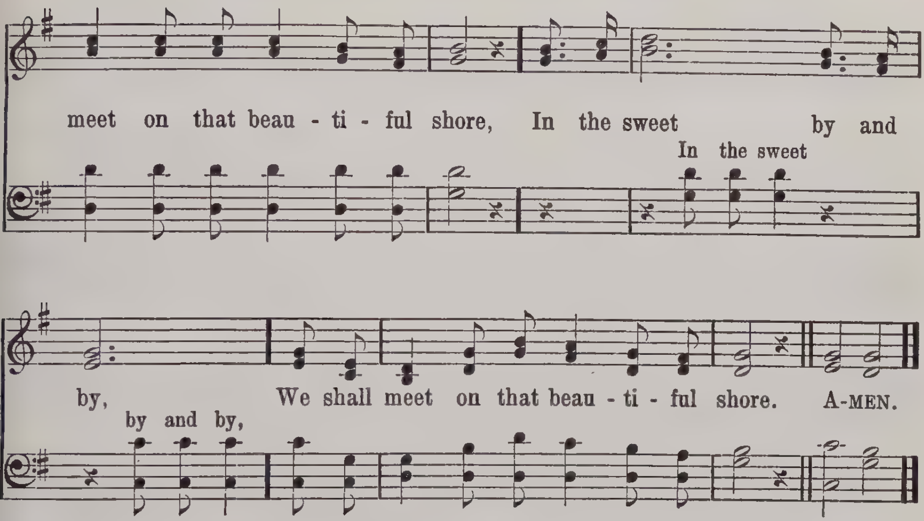
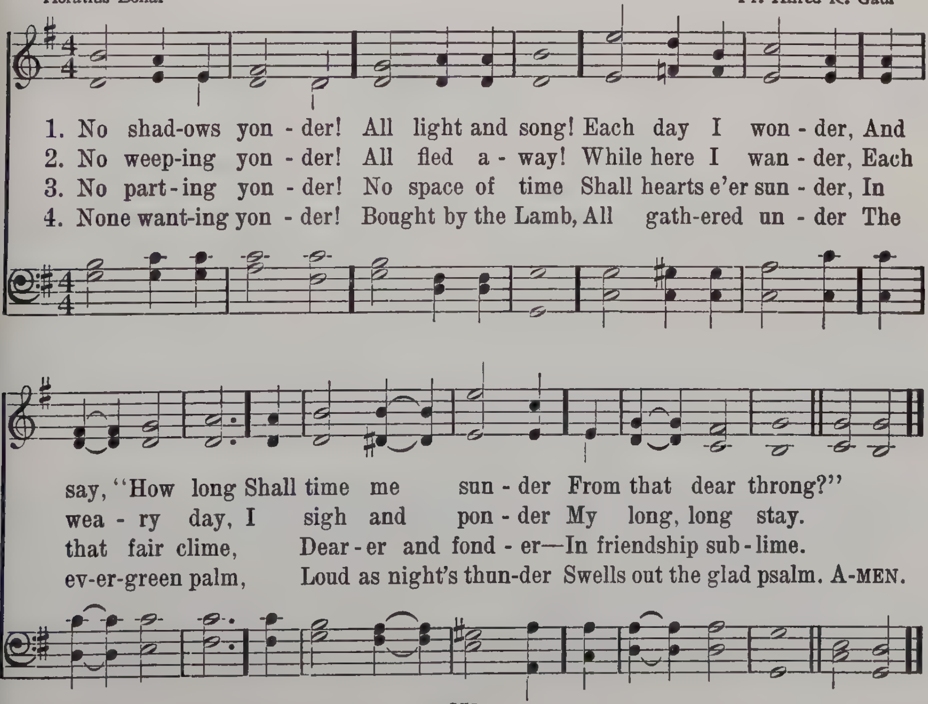
There's a Land That Is Fairer Than Day


meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet by and
In the sweet
by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore. A-MEN.
by and by,

296. No Shadows Yonder

Horatius Bonar

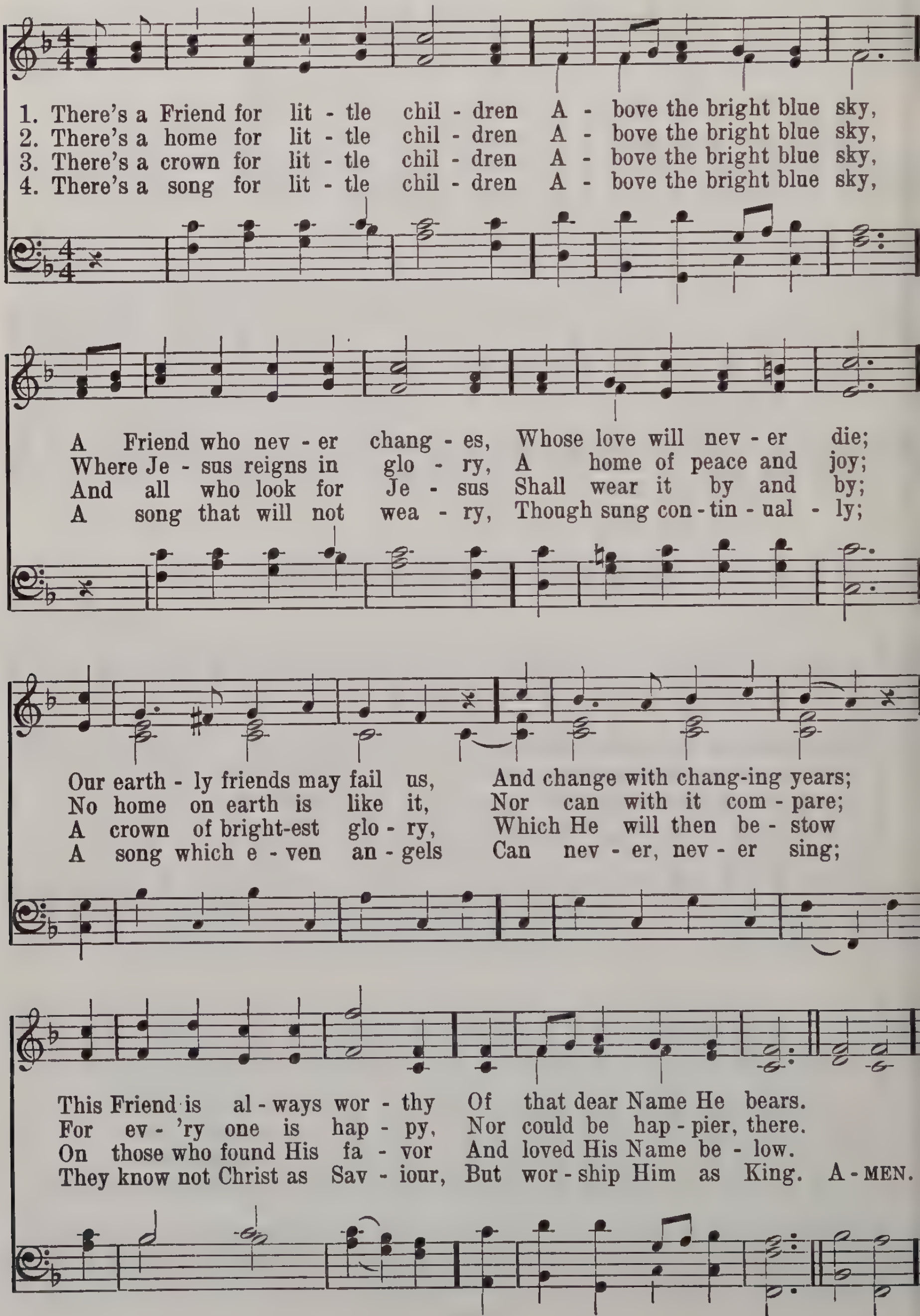
Fr. Alfred R. Gaul


1. No shad-ows yon - der! All light and song! Each day I won - der, And
2. No weep-ing yon - der! All fled a - way! While here I wan - der, Each
3. No part-ing yon - der! No space of time Shall hearts e'er sun - der, In
4. None want-ing yon - der! Bought by the Lamb, All gath-ered un - der The
say, "How long Shall time me sun - der From that dear throng?"
wea - ry day, I sigh and pon - der My long, long stay.
that fair clime, Dear - er and fond - er—In friendship sub - lime.
ev-er-green palm, Loud as night's thun-der Swells out the glad psalm. A-MEN.

297. There's a Friend for Little Children

A. Midlane, 1860, a.

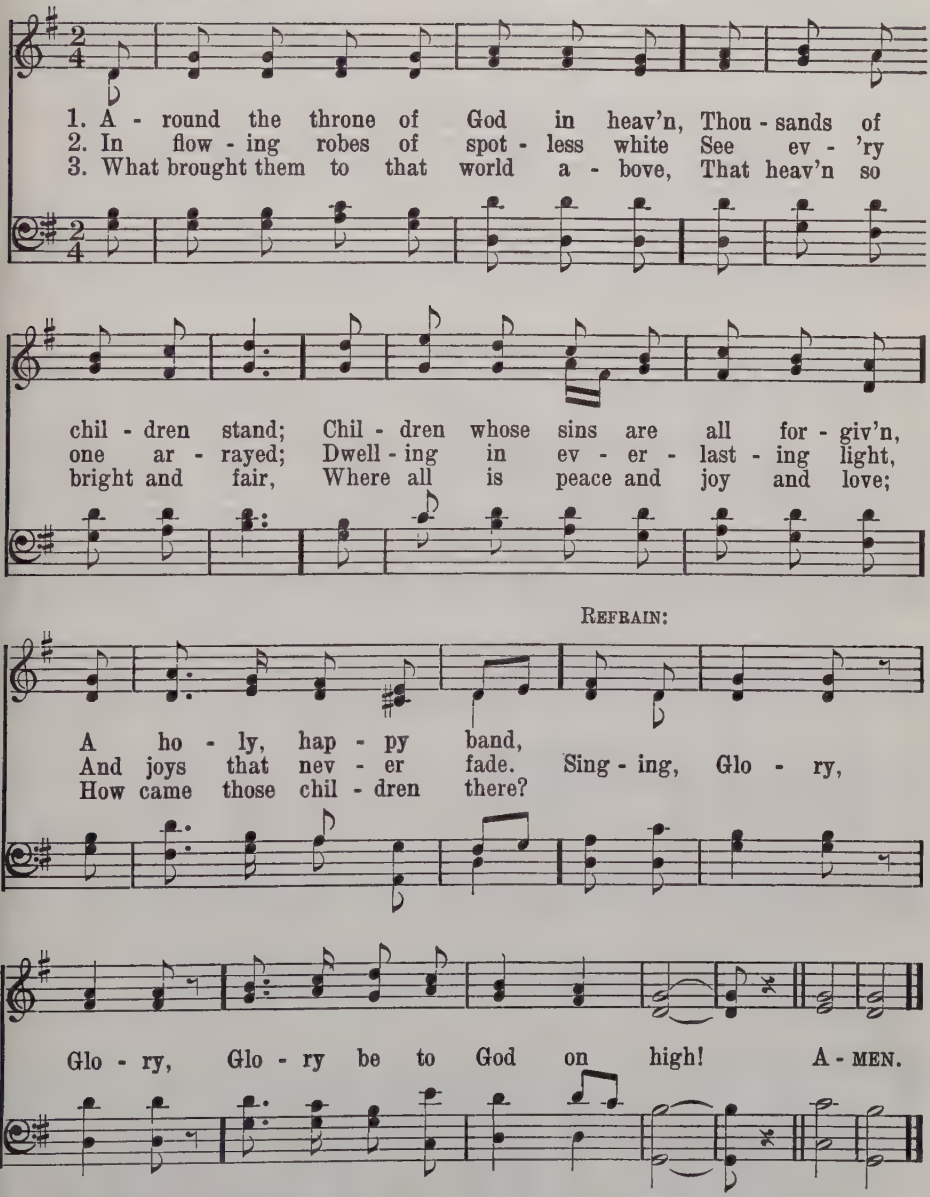
F. Peel, 1894


1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,
2. There's a home for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,
3. There's a crown for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,
4. There's a song for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,
A Friend who nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die;
Where Je - sus reigns in glo - ry, A home of peace and joy;
And all who look for Je - sus Shall wear it by and by;
A song that will not wea - ry, Though sung con - tin - ual - ly;
Our earth - ly friends may fail us, And change with chang-ing years;
No home on earth is like it, Nor can with it com - pare;
A crown of bright-est glo - ry, Which He will then be - stow
A song which e - ven an - gels Can nev - er, nev - er sing;
This Friend is al - ways wor - thy Of that dear Name He bears.
For ev - 'ry one is hap - py, Nor could be hap - pier, there.
On those who found His fa - vor And loved His Name be - low.
They know not Christ as Sav - iour, But wor - ship Him as King. A - MEN.

298. Around the Throne of God in Heaven

Anne Houlditch Shepherd, 1842

Arranged by Henry E. Matthews, about 1853


1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n, Thou - sands of chil - dren stand; Chil - dren whose sins are all for - giv'n, A ho - ly, hap - py band,
2. In flow - ing robes of spot - less white See ev - 'ry one ar - rayed; Dwell - ing in ev - er - last - ing light, And joys that nev - er fade.
3. What brought them to that world a - bove, That heav'n so bright and fair, Where all is peace and joy and love; How came those chil - dren there?
Refrain:
Sing - ing, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high! A - men.

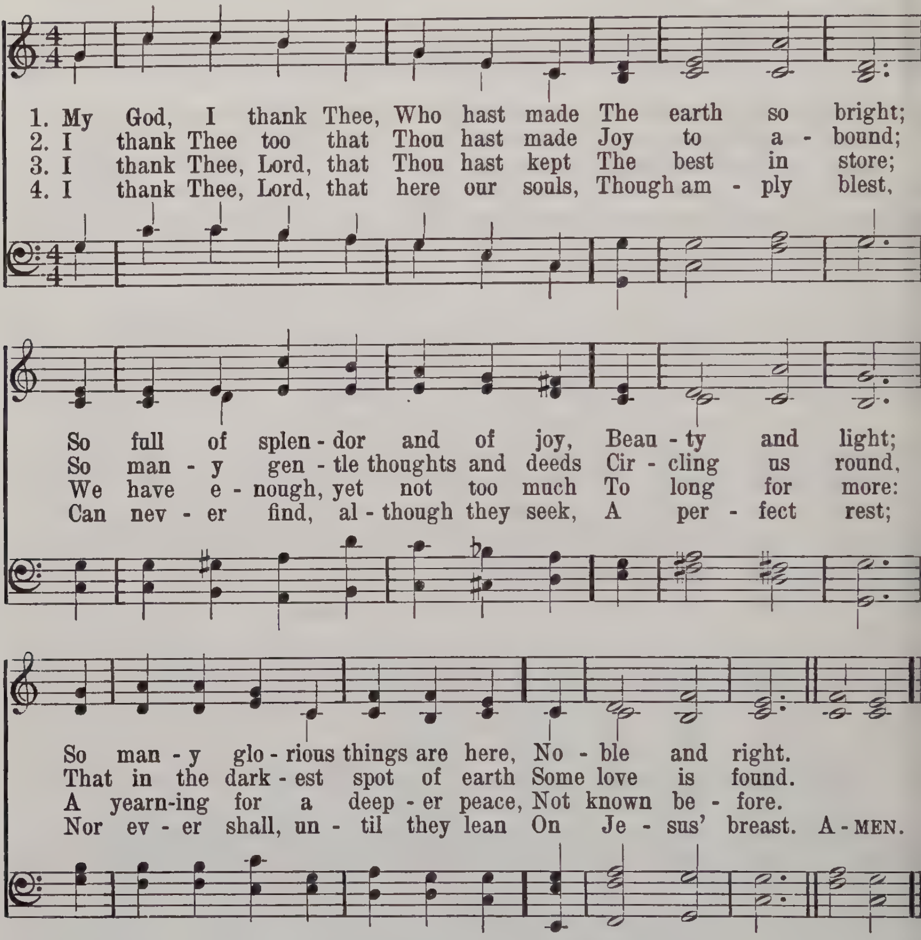
4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His Name;
So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb.

299. My God, I Thank Thee

Adelaide A. Procter, 1858, a.

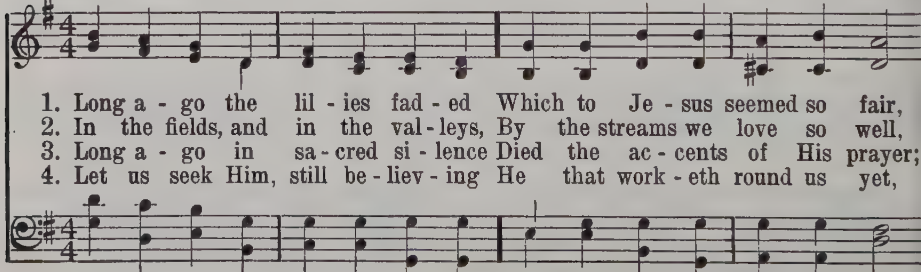
Frederick C. Maker, 1876


1. My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright;
2. I thank Thee too that Thou hast made Joy to a - bound;
3. I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept The best in store;
4. I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls, Though am - ply blest,
So full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light;
So man - y gen - tle thoughts and deeds Cir - cling us round,
We have e - nough, yet not too much To long for more:
Can nev - er find, al - though they seek, A per - fect rest;
So man - y glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right.
That in the dark - est spot of earth Some love is found.
A yearn-ing for a deep - er peace, Not known be - fore.
Nor ev - er shall, un - til they lean On Je - sus' breast. A - MEN.

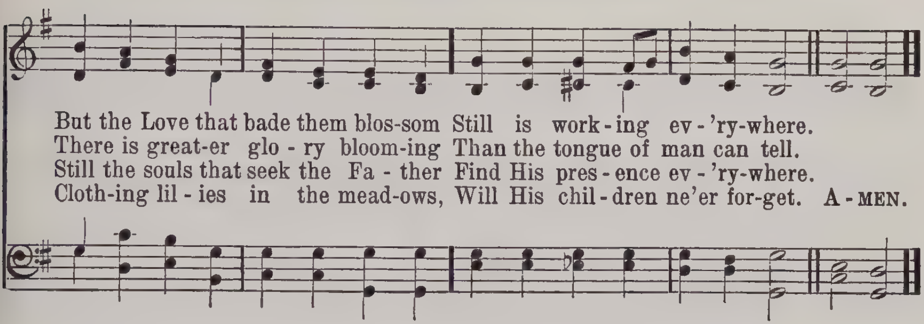
300. Long Ago the Lilies Faded

Wm. G. Tarrant, (1853–)

C. A. Barnard, (1830–1869)


1. Long a - go the lil - ies fad - ed Which to Je - sus seemed so fair,
2. In the fields, and in the val - leys, By the streams we love so well,
3. Long a - go in sa - cred si - lence Died the ac - cents of His prayer;
4. Let us seek Him, still be - liev - ing He that work - eth round us yet,

Long Ago the Lilies Faded

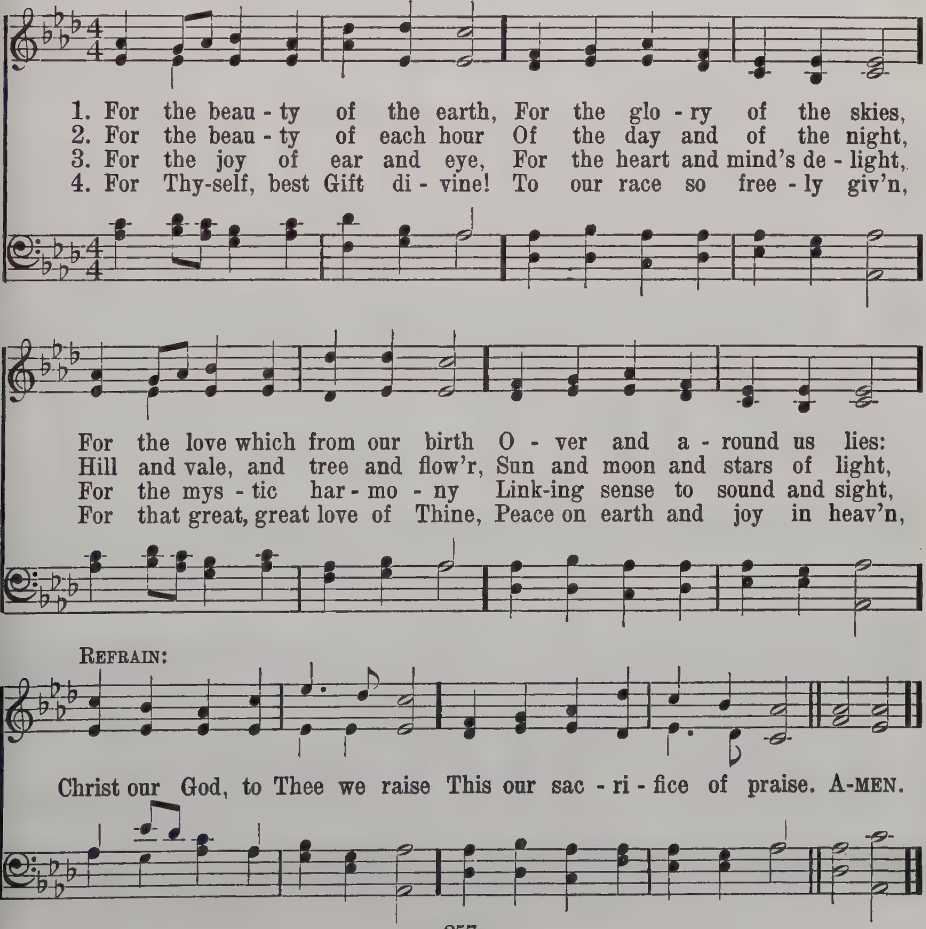


But the Love that bade them blos-som Still is work-ing ev-'ry-where.
There is great-er glo-ry bloom-ing Than the tongue of man can tell.
Still the souls that seek the Fa-ther Find His pres-ence ev-'ry-where.
Cloth-ing lil-ies in the mead-ows, Will His chil-dren ne'er for-get. A-MEN.

301. For the Beauty of the Earth

Folliott Sandford Pierpoint, 1864

Arranged from Conrad Kocher, 1838



1. For the beau-ty of the earth, For the glo-ry of the skies,
2. For the beau-ty of each hour Of the day and of the night,
3. For the joy of ear and eye, For the heart and mind's de-light,
4. For Thy-self, best Gift di-vine! To our race so free-ly giv'n,

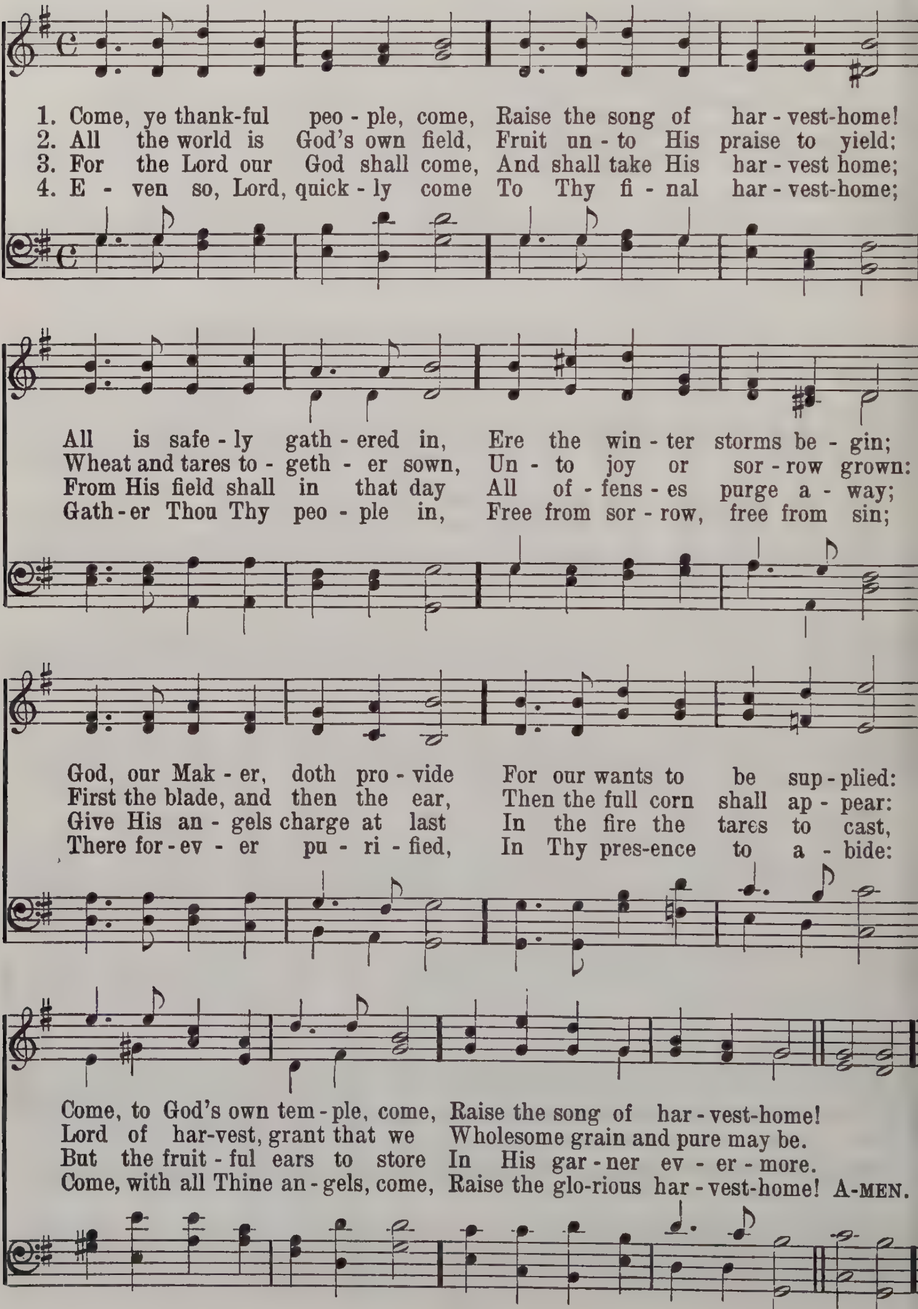
For the love which from our birth O-ver and a-round us lies:
Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r, Sun and moon and stars of light,
For the mys-tic har-mo-ny Link-ing sense to sound and sight,
For that great, great love of Thine, Peace on earth and joy in heav'n,

REFRAIN:

Christ our God, to Thee we raise This our sac-ri-fice of praise. A-MEN.

302. Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

Henry Alford, 1844 — George Job Elvey, 1858



1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest-home!
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har - vest home;
4. E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come To Thy fi - nal har - vest-home;

All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown:
From His field shall in that day All of - fens - es purge a - way;
Gath - er Thou Thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;

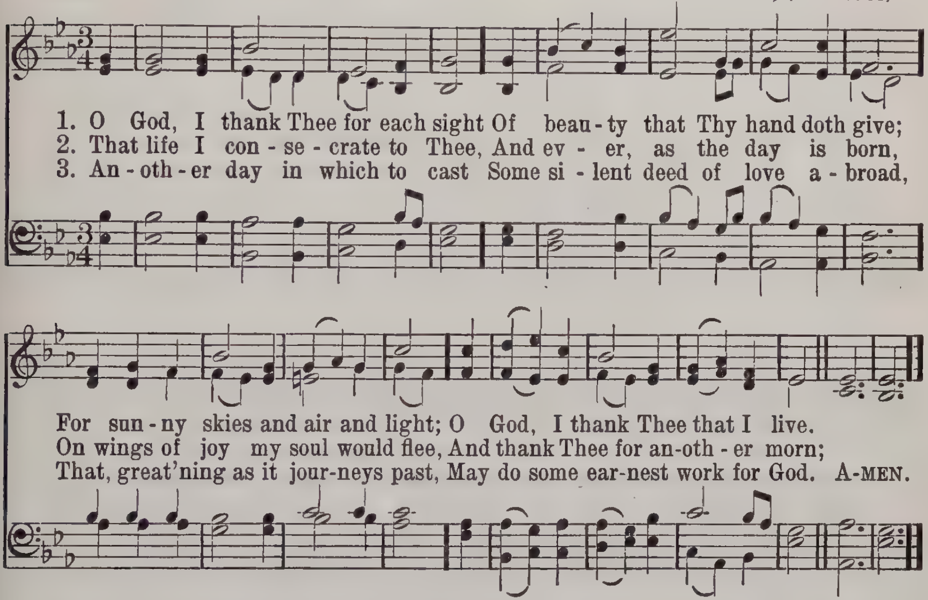
God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied:
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear:
Give His an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
There for - ev - er pu - ri - fied, In Thy pres-ence to a - bide:

Come, to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest-home!
Lord of har-vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - er - more.
Come, with all Thine an - gels, come, Raise the glo-rious har - vest-home! A-MEN.

303. O God, I Thank Thee for Each Sight

Caroline Atherton Mason, (1823–1890)

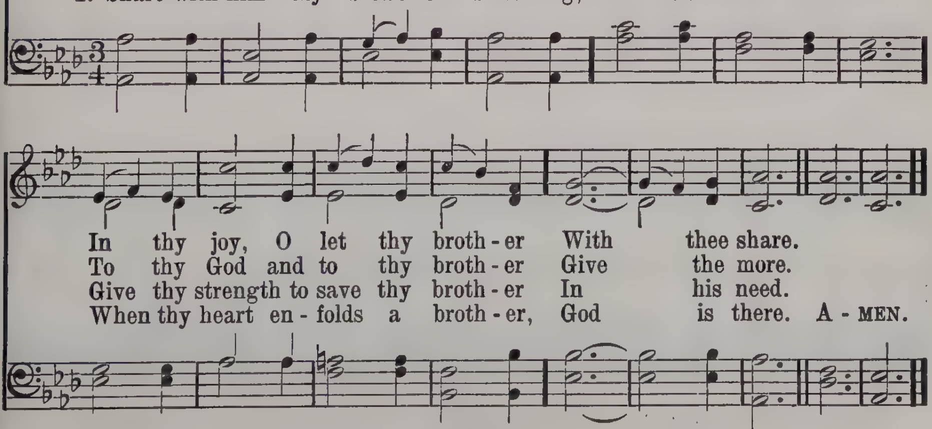
Herbert S. Irons, (1834–1905)


1. O God, I thank Thee for each sight Of beau - ty that Thy hand doth give;
2. That life I con - se - crate to Thee, And ev - er, as the day is born,
3. An - oth - er day in which to cast Some si - lent deed of love a - broad,
For sun - ny skies and air and light; O God, I thank Thee that I live.
On wings of joy my soul would flee, And thank Thee for an - oth - er morn;
That, great'ning as it jour - neys past, May do some ear - nest work for God. A-MEN.

304. When Thy Heart with Joy O'erflowing

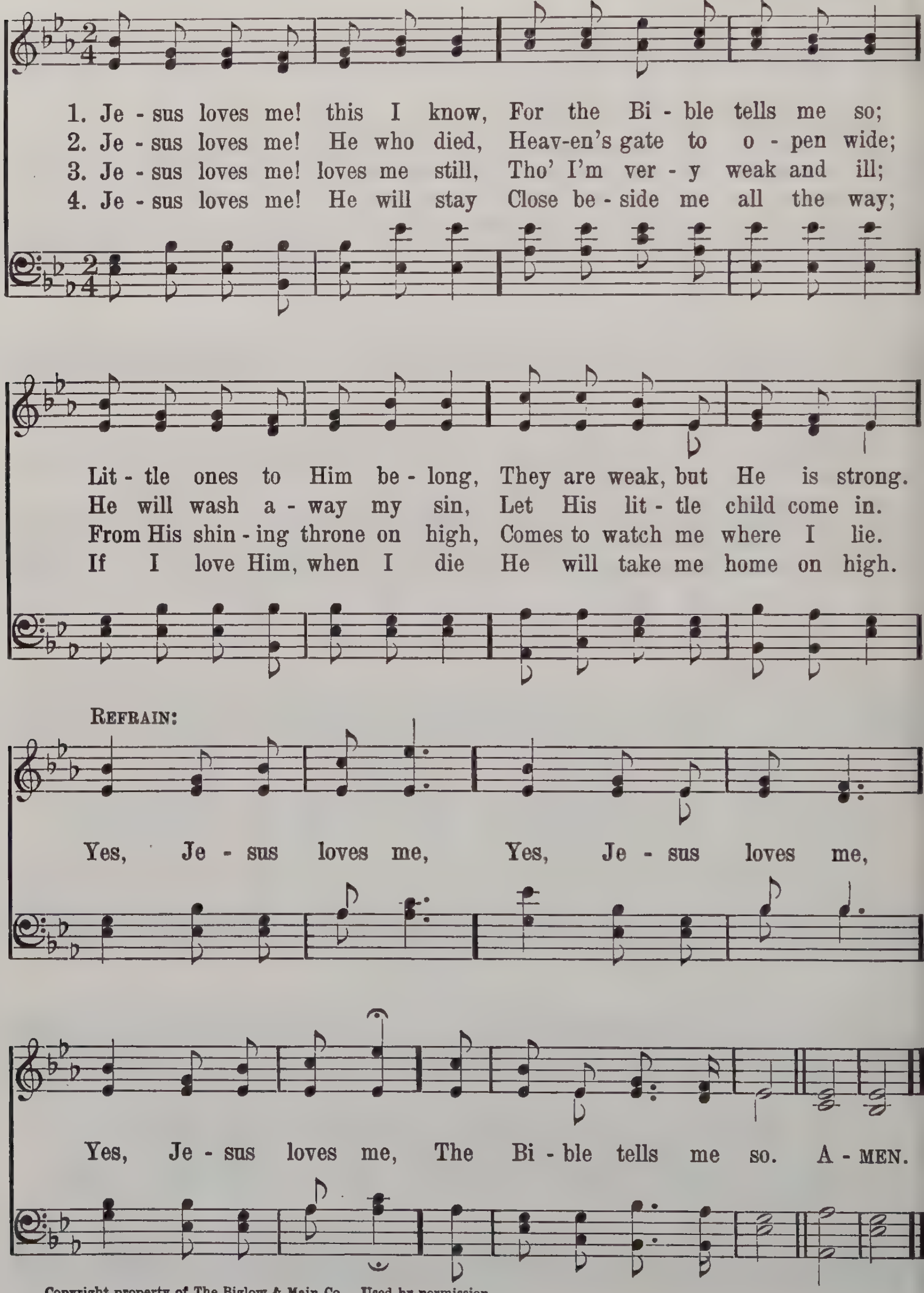
Theodore C. Williams, 1891

Ethelbert W. Bullinger, 1877


1. When thy heart with joy o'er - flow - ing, Sings a thank - ful prayer,
2. When the har - vest sheaves in - gath - ered Fill thy barns with store,
3. If thy soul, with pow'r up - lift - ed, Yearn for glo - rious deed,
4. Share with him thy bread of bless - ing, Sor - row's bur - den share:
In thy joy, O let thy broth - er With thee share.
To thy God and to thy broth - er Give the more.
Give thy strength to save thy broth - er In his need.
When thy heart en - folds a broth - er, God is there. A - MEN.

305. Jesus Loves Me! This I Know

Anna Bartlett Warner, 1860 William B. Bradbury


1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so;
2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gate to o - pen wide;
3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill;
4. Je - sus loves me! He will stay Close be - side me all the way;
Lit - tle ones to Him be - long, They are weak, but He is strong.
He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
From His shin - ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
If I love Him, when I die He will take me home on high.
REFRAIN:
Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me,
Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so. A - MEN.

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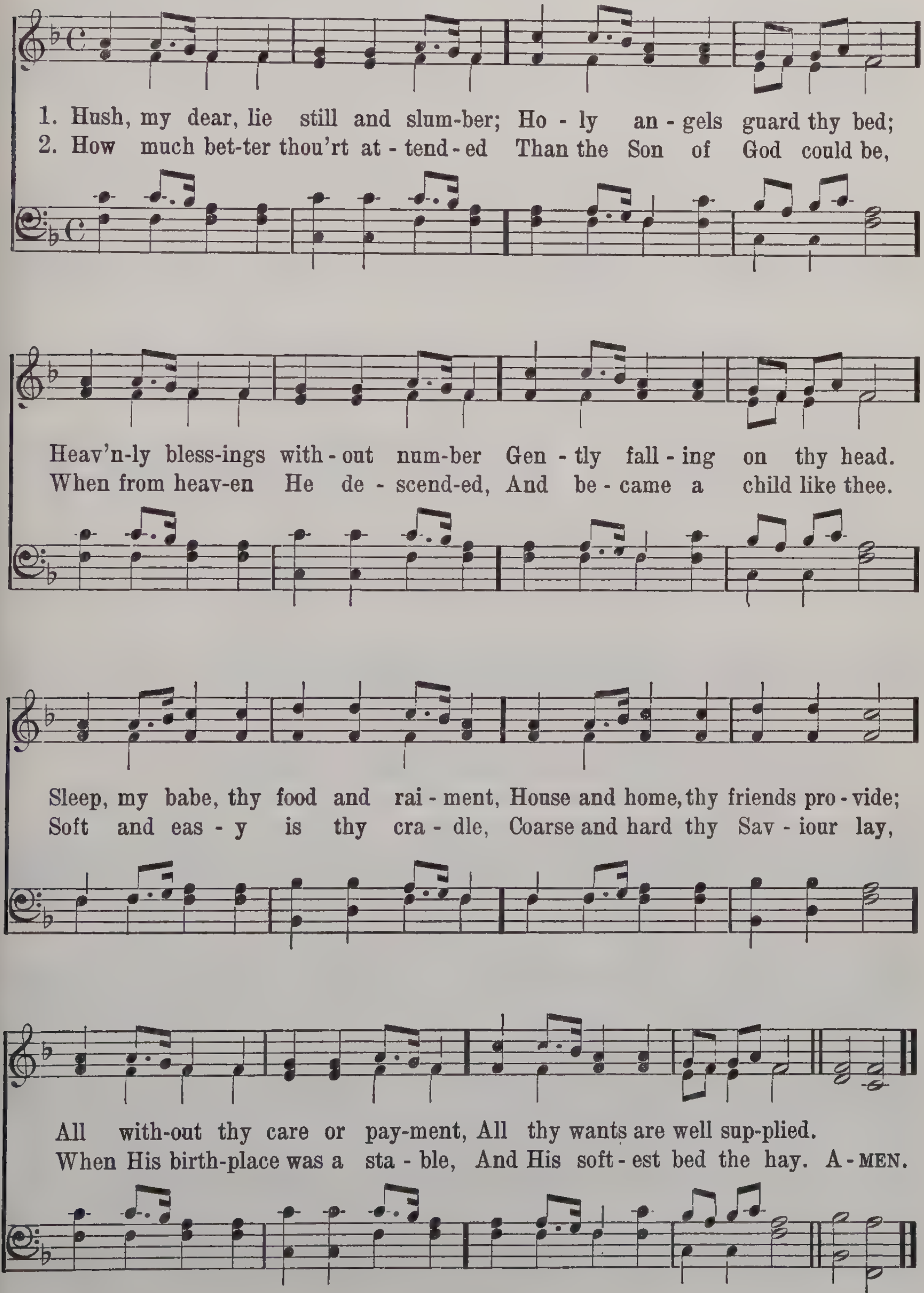
306. Hush, My Dear, Lie Still and Slumber

Isaac Watts, (1674–1748)

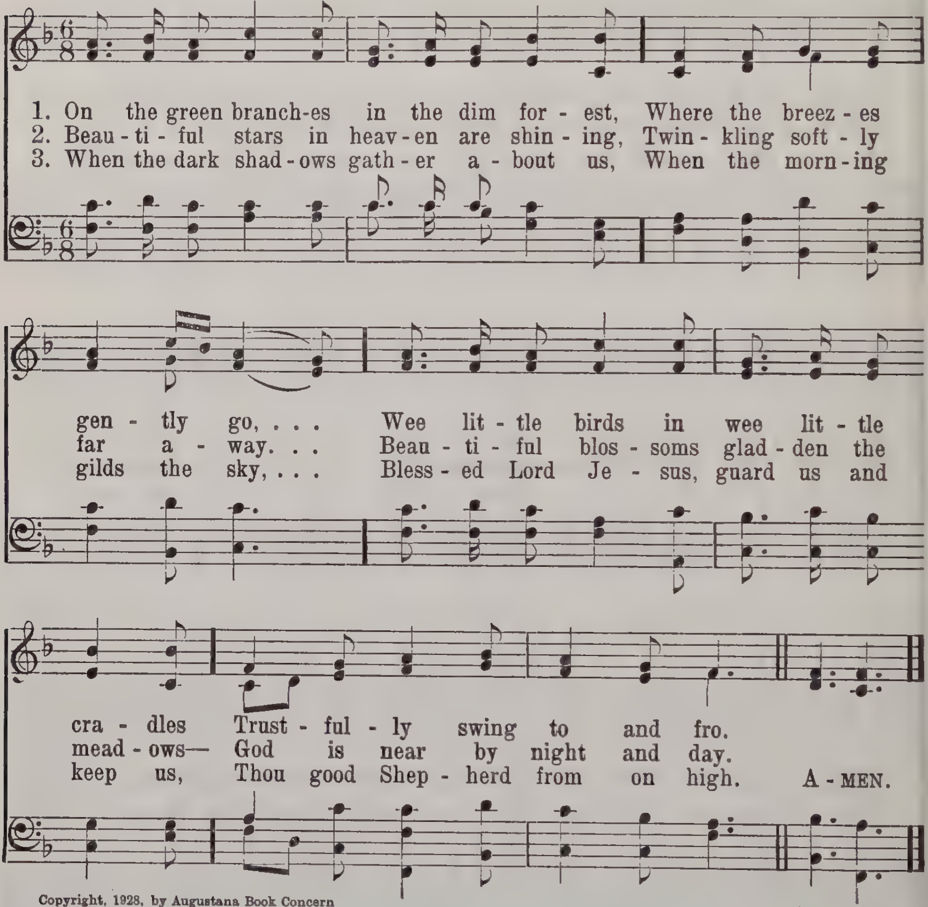
Jean Jacques Rousseau, (1712–1778)


1. Hush, my dear, lie still and slum-ber; Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed;
2. How much bet-ter thou'rt at - tend - ed Than the Son of God could be,
Heav'n-ly bless-ings with - out num-ber Gen - tly fall - ing on thy head.
When from heav-en He de - scend-ed, And be - came a child like thee.
Sleep, my babe, thy food and rai - ment, House and home, thy friends pro - vide;
Soft and eas - y is thy cra - dle, Coarse and hard thy Sav - iour lay,
All with-out thy care or pay-ment, All thy wants are well sup-plied.
When His birth-place was a sta - ble, And His soft - est bed the hay. A - MEN.

307. On the Green Branches in the Dim Forest

Claus August Wendell, 1928

Arranged by Peter Johnson, 1928
from W. A. Mozart, (1756-1791)


1. On the green branch-es in the dim for - est, Where the breez - es gen - tly go, . . . Wee lit - tle birds in wee lit - tle cra - dles Trust - ful - ly swing to and fro.
2. Beau - ti - ful stars in heav - en are shin - ing, Twin - kling soft - ly far a - way. . . Beau - ti - ful blos - soms glad - den the mead - ows— God is near by night and day.
3. When the dark shad - ows gath - er a - bout us, When the morn - ing gilds the sky, . . . Bless - ed Lord Je - sus, guard us and keep us, Thou good Shep - herd from on high.
A - MEN.

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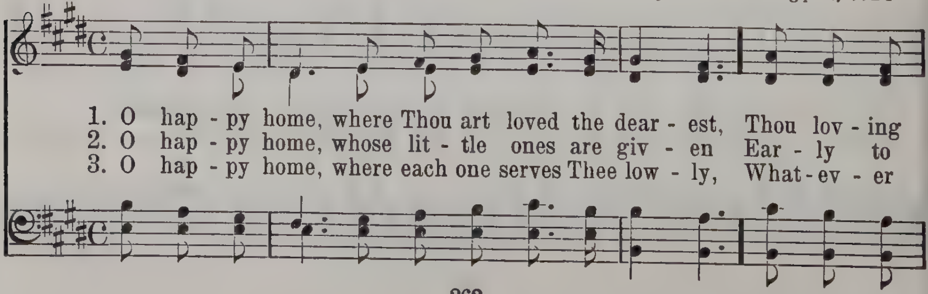
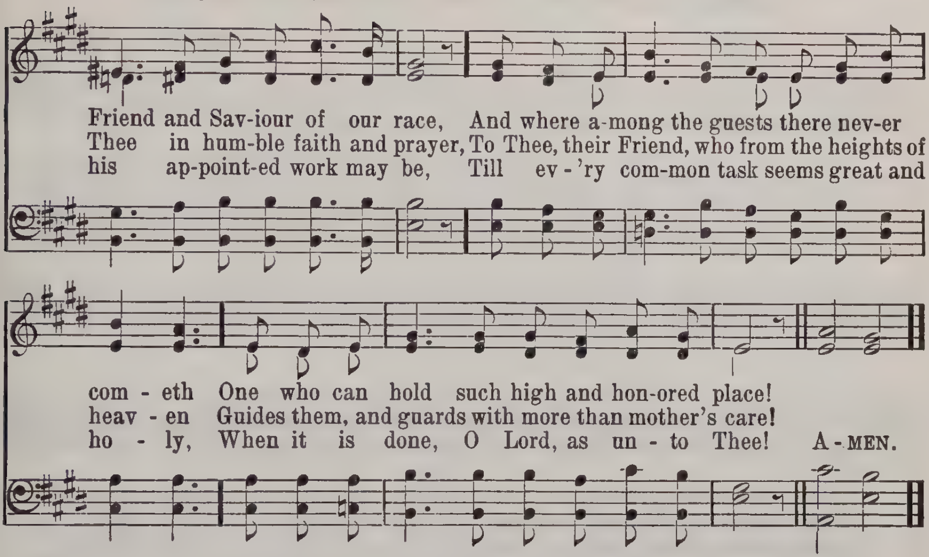
308. O Happy Home, Where Thou Art Loved the Dearest

Carl Johann Philipp Spitta, 1833

John Victor Bergquist, 1924


1. O hap - py home, where Thou art loved the dear - est, Thou lov - ing
2. O hap - py home, whose lit - tle ones are giv - en Ear - ly to
3. O hap - py home, where each one serves Thee low - ly, What - ev - er

O Happy Home, Where Thou Art Loved the Dearest


Friend and Sav-iour of our race, And where a-mong the guests there nev-er
Thee in hum-ble faith and prayer, To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of
his ap-point-ed work may be, Till ev-'ry com-mon task seems great and
com - eth One who can hold such high and hon-ored place!
heav - en Guides them, and guards with more than mother's care!
ho - ly, When it is done, O Lord, as un - to Thee! A-MEN.

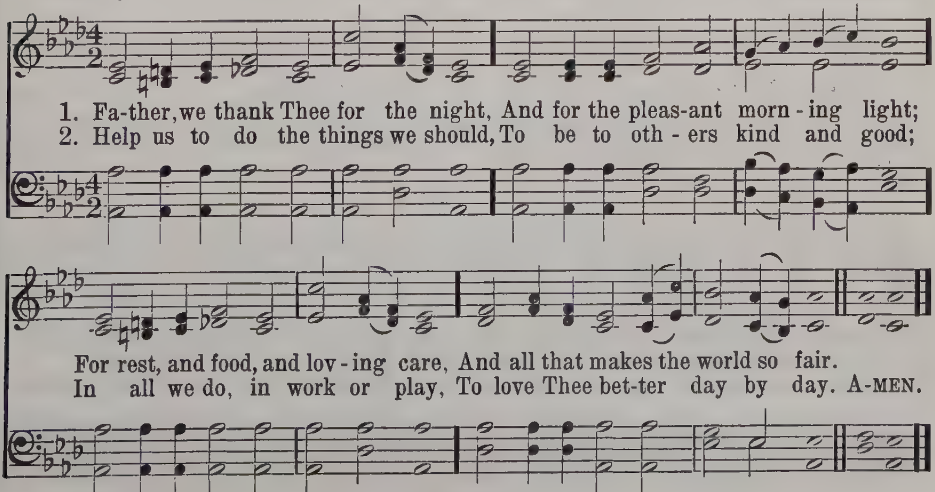
4 O happy home, where Thou art not forgotten
When joy is overflowing, full and free;
O happy home, where every wounded spirit
Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to Thee.

5 And when at last all earthly toil is ended,
All meet Thee in the blessèd home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended—
Thine everlasting home of peace and love.

309. Father, We Thank Thee for the Night

Rebecca J. Weston

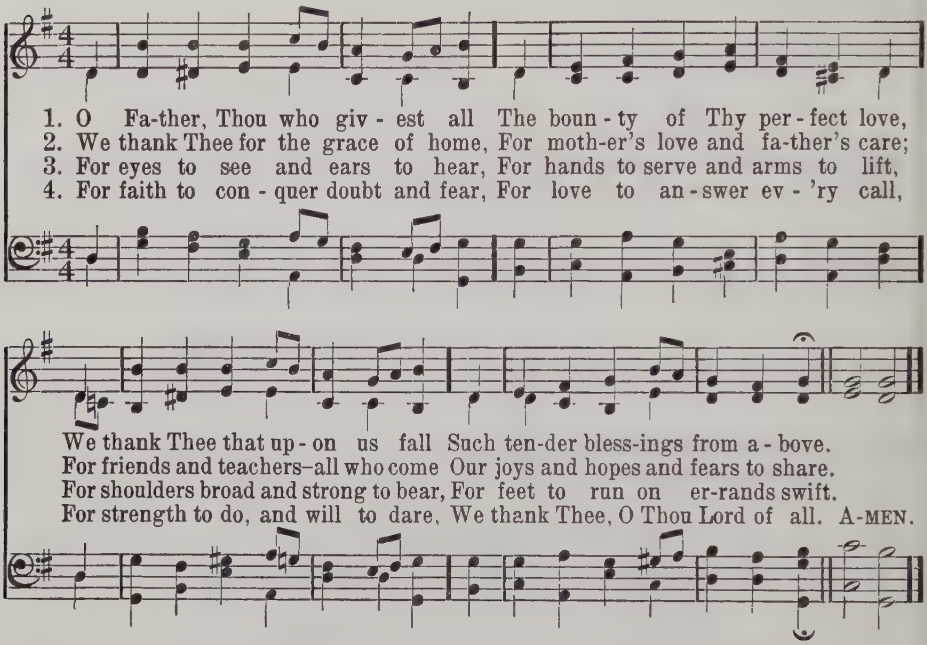
D. Batchellor


1. Fa-ther, we thank Thee for the night, And for the pleas-ant morn - ing light;
2. Help us to do the things we should, To be to oth - ers kind and good;
For rest, and food, and lov - ing care, And all that makes the world so fair.
In all we do, in work or play, To love Thee bet-ter day by day. A-MEN.

310. O Father, Thou Who Givest All

John Haynes Holmes

Robert Schumann, 1833



1. O Fa-ther, Thou who giv - est all The boun - ty of Thy per - fect love,
We thank Thee that up - on us fall Such ten-der bless-ings from a - bove.

2. We thank Thee for the grace of home, For moth-er's love and fa-ther's care;
For friends and teachers–all who come Our joys and hopes and fears to share.

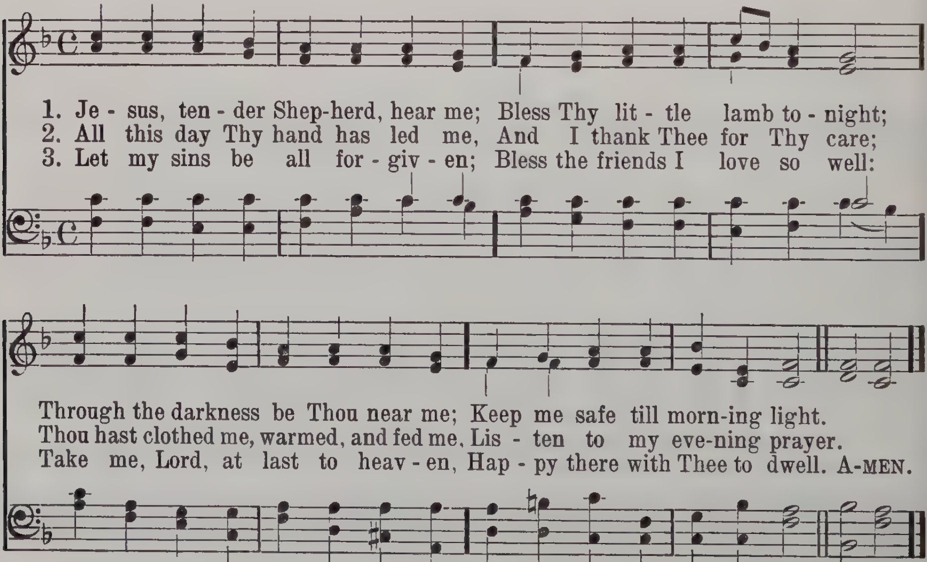
3. For eyes to see and ears to hear, For hands to serve and arms to lift,
For shoulders broad and strong to bear, For feet to run on er-rands swift.

4. For faith to con - quer doubt and fear, For love to an - swer ev - 'ry call,
For strength to do, and will to dare, We thank Thee, O Thou Lord of all. A-MEN.

311. Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me

Mary (Lundie) Duncan, 1839

John Stainer, 1898



1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morn-ing light.

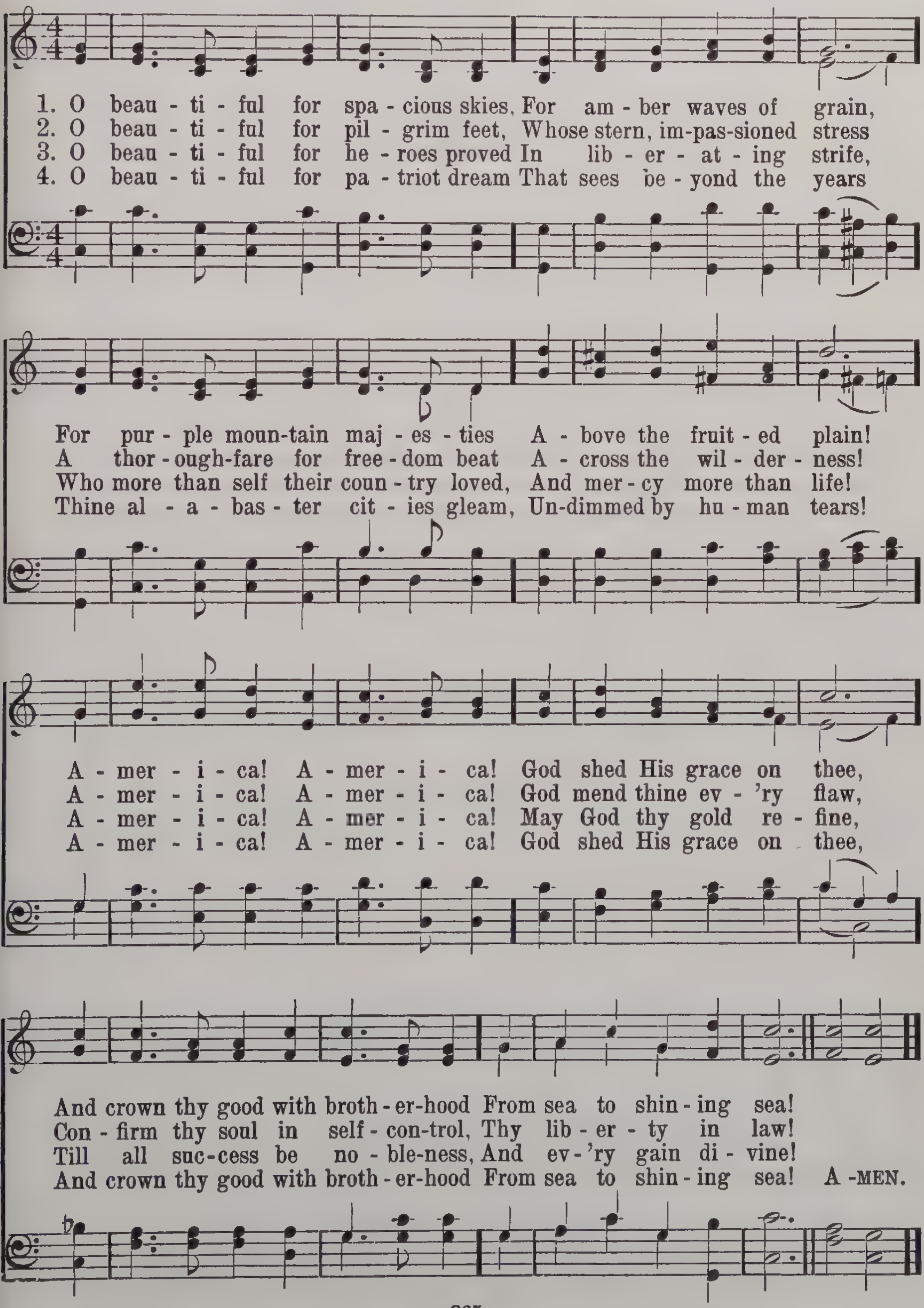
2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed, and fed me, Lis - ten to my eve-ning prayer.

3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well:
Take me, Lord, at last to heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell. A-MEN.

312. O Beautiful for Spacious Skies

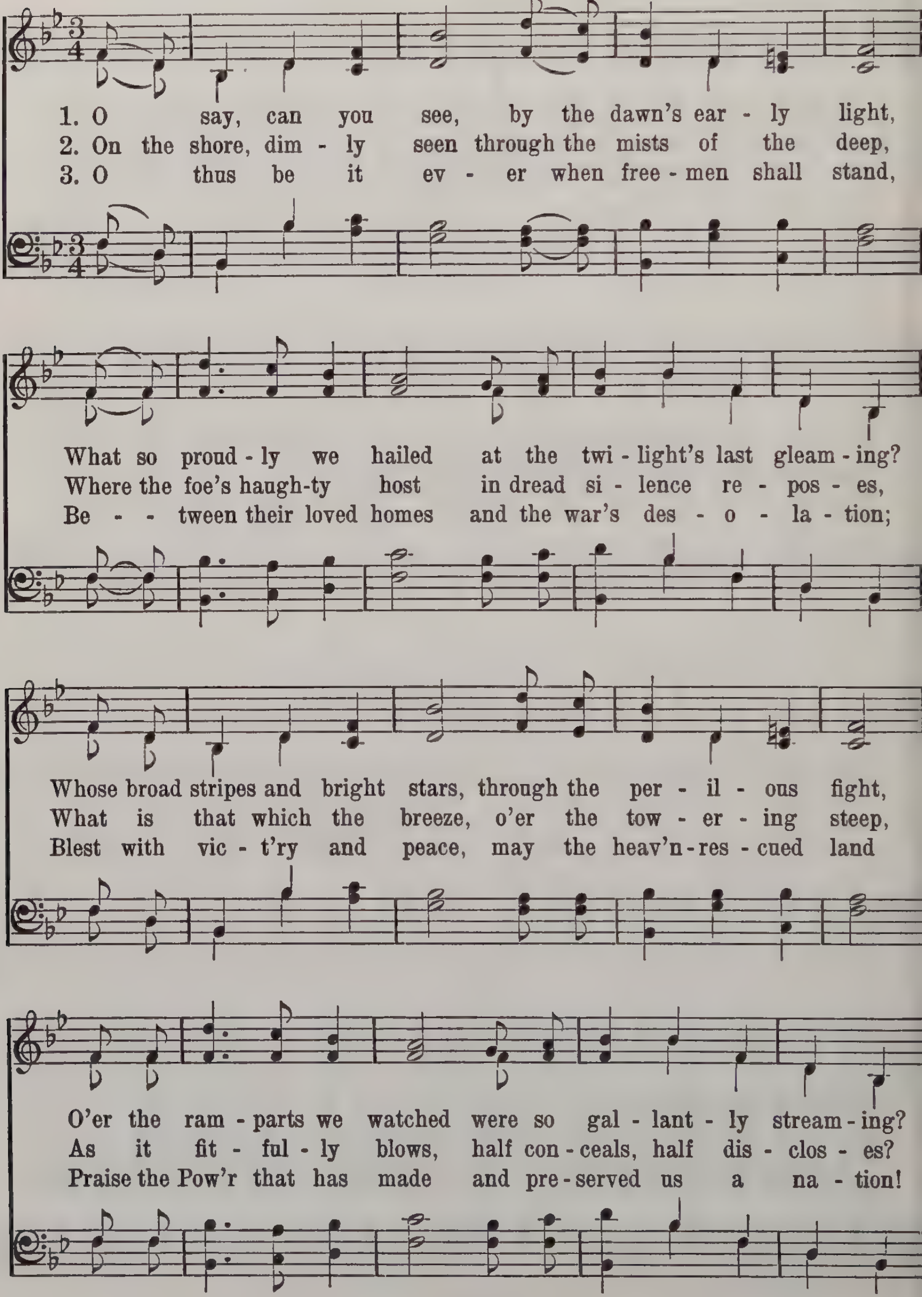
Katherine Lee Bates, 1893, revised 1910

Samuel A. Ward, 1882

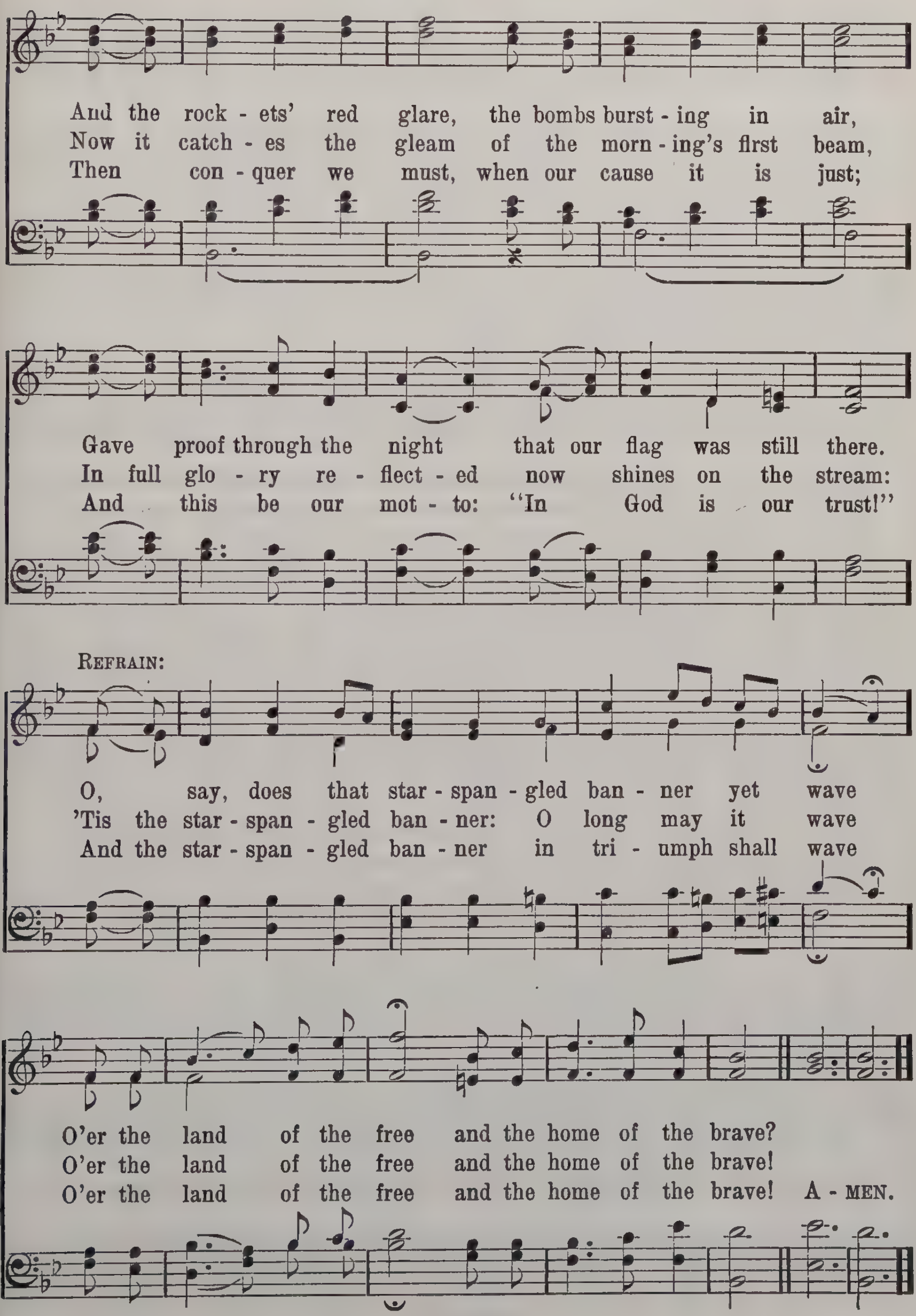

4/4
1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved In lib-er-at-ing strife,
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years
For pur-ple moun-tain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain!
A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness!
Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more than life!
Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam, Un-dimmed by hu-man tears!
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev-'ry flaw,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!
Con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law!
Till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev-'ry gain di-vine!
And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea! A-MEN.

313. O Say, Can You See, by the Dawn's Early Light?

Francis Scott Key, 1814 John Stafford Smith, 1780


1. O say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light,
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen through the mists of the deep,
3. O thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand,
What so proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing?
Where the foe's haugh-ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es,
Be - - tween their loved homes and the war's des - o - la - tion;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the per - il - ous fight,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep,
Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n - res - cued land
O'er the ram - parts we watched were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing?
As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es?
Praise the Pow'r that has made and pre - served us a na - tion!

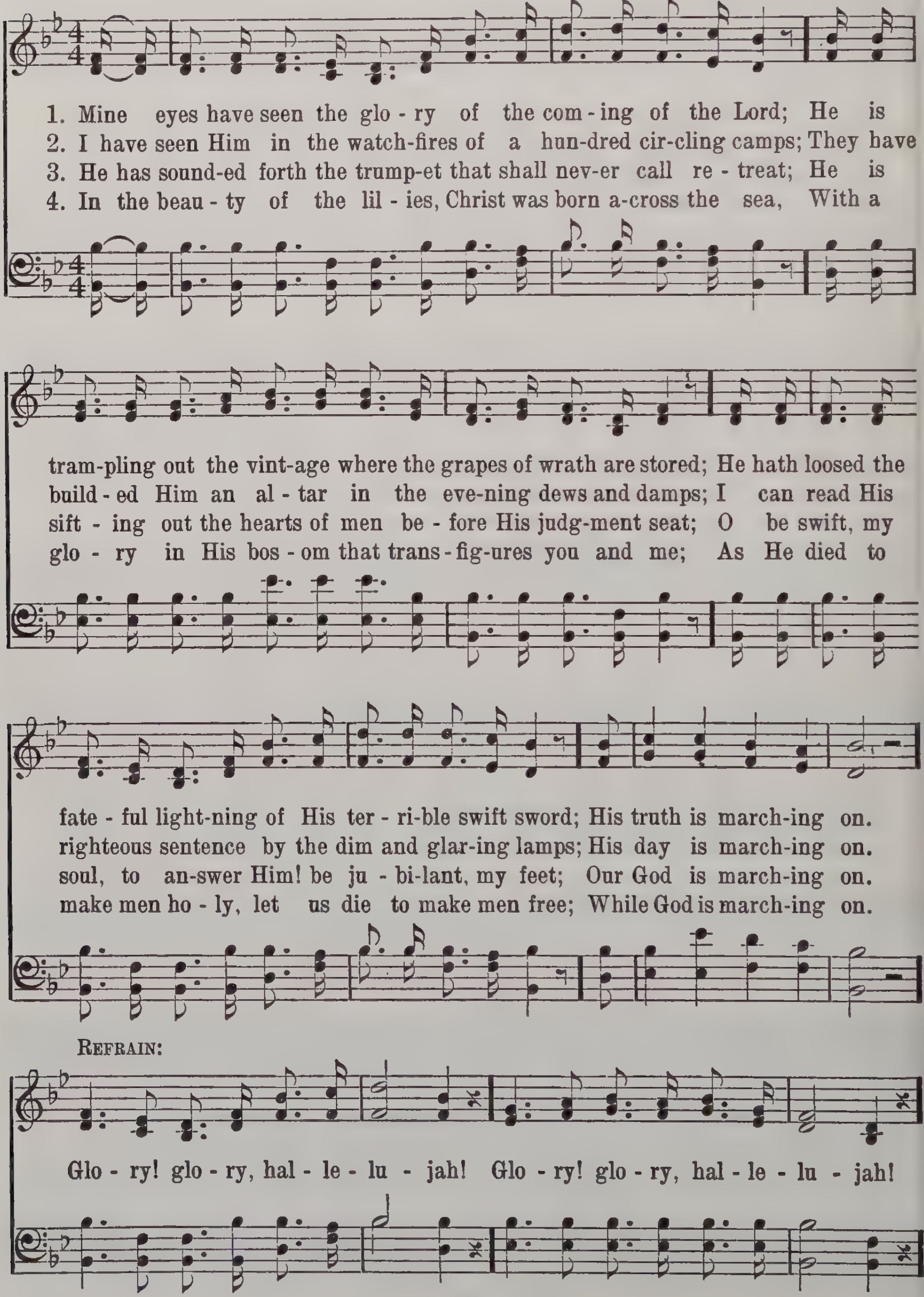
O Say, Can You See, by the Dawn's Early Light?


And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air,
Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam,
Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just;
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
In full glo - ry re - flect - ed now shines on the stream:
And this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust!"
REFRAIN:
O, say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet wave
'Tis the star - span - gled ban - ner: O long may it wave
And the star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave! A - MEN.

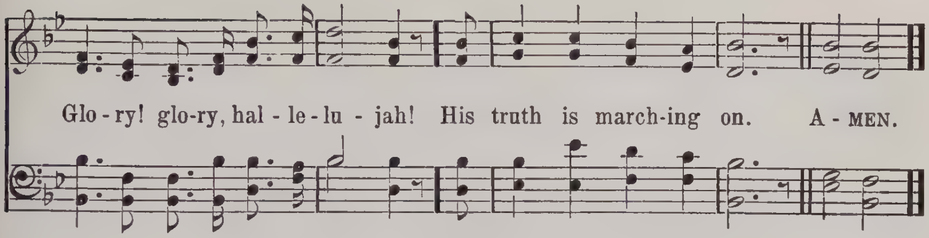
314. Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory

Julia Ward Howe, 1861

William Steffe


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev-er call re - treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a
tram-pling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig-ures you and me; As He died to
fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri-ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
righteous sentence by the dim and glar-ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet; Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march-ing on.
Refrain:
Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

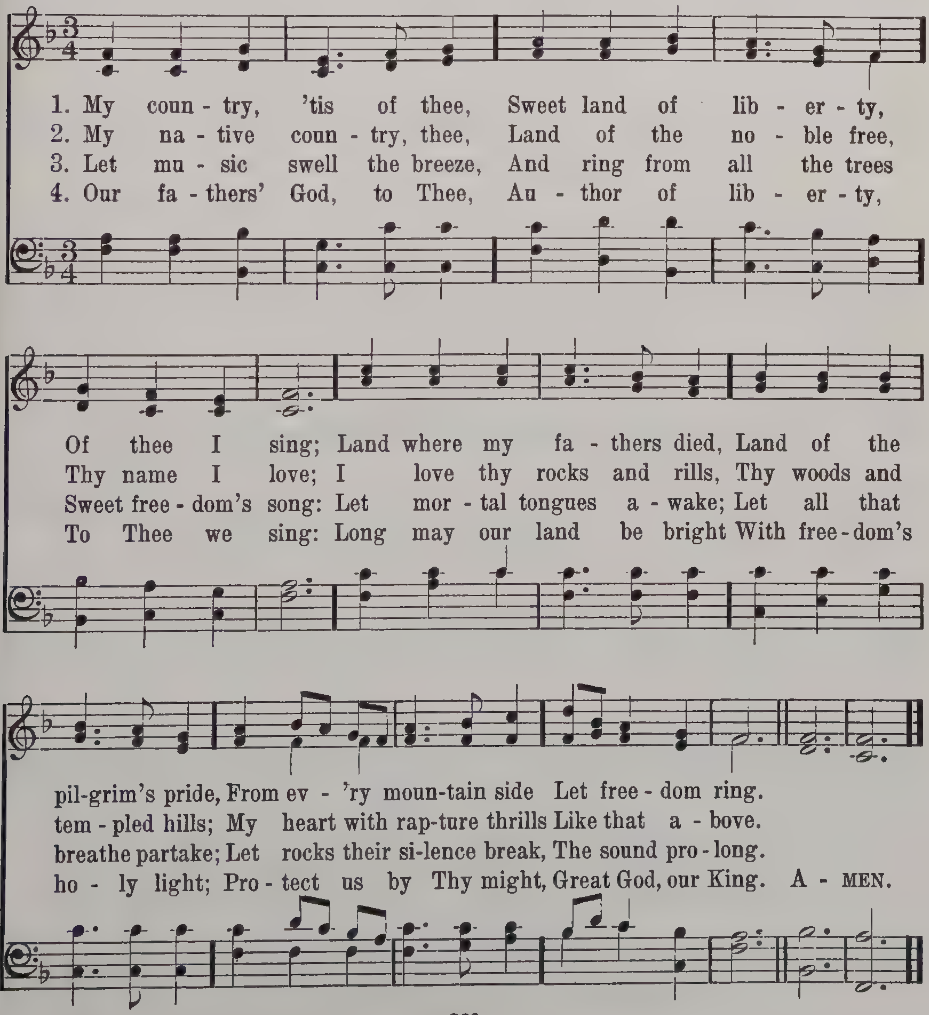
Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory


Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on. A - MEN.

315. My Country, 'Tis of Thee

Samuel Francis Smith, 1832

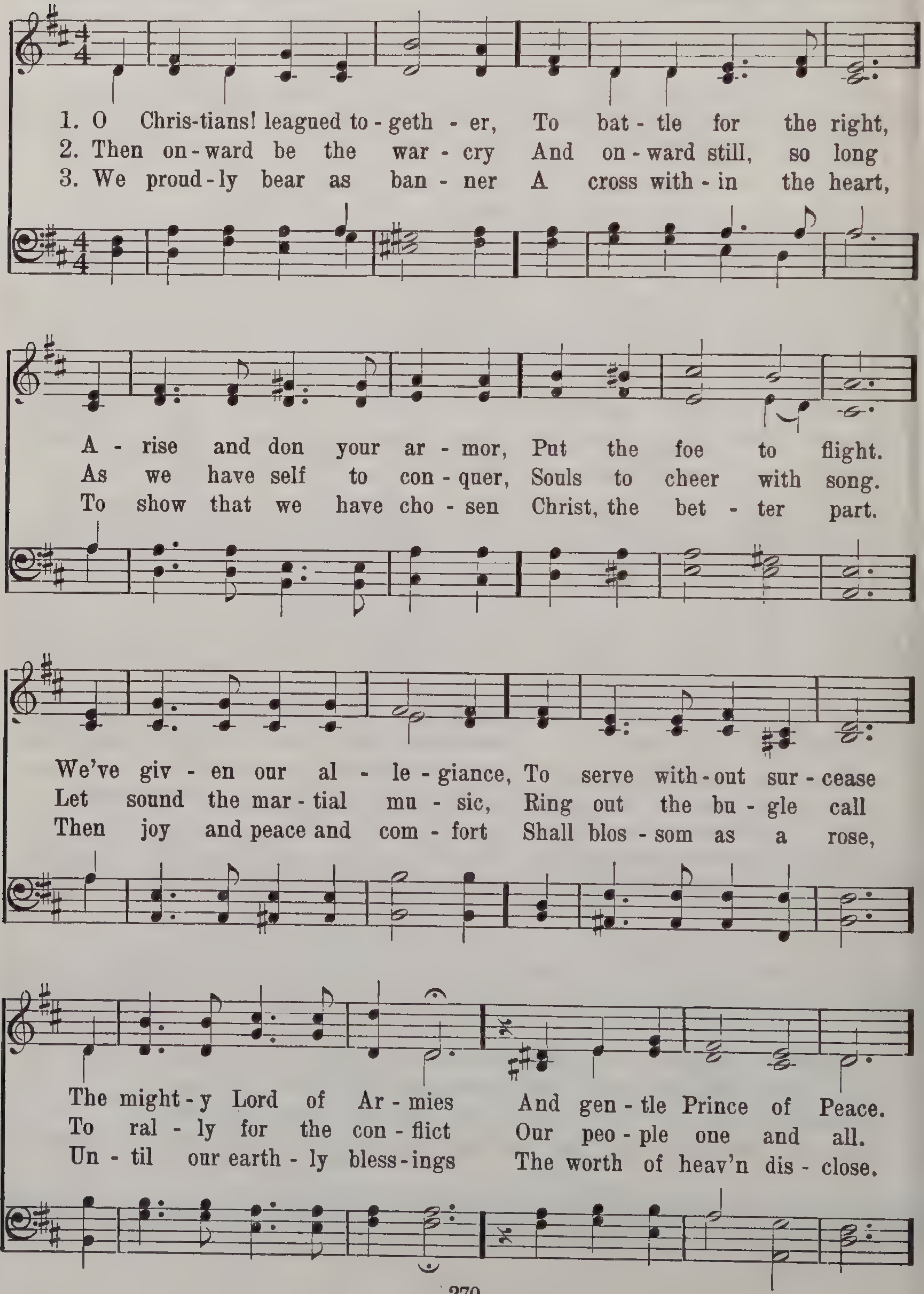
Harmonia Anglicana, about 1742


1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's
pil-grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe partake; Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King. A - MEN.

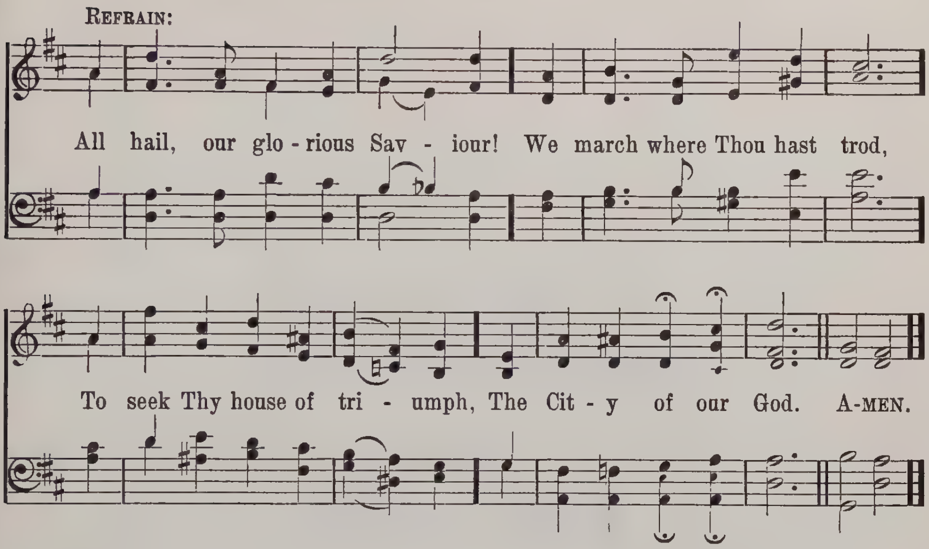
316. O Christians! Leagued Together

Lillian Weaver Cassaday, 1893
Refrain by Margaret R. Seebach, 1915

George C. F. Haas, 1893


1. O Chris-tians! leagued to-geth-er, To bat-tle for the right,
2. Then on-ward be the war-cry And on-ward still, so long
3. We proud-ly bear as ban-ner A cross with-in the heart,
A-rise and don your ar-mor, Put the foe to flight.
As we have self to con-quer, Souls to cheer with song.
To show that we have cho-sen Christ, the bet-ter part.
We've giv-en our al-le-giance, To serve with-out sur-cease
Let sound the mar-tial mu-sic, Ring out the bu-gle call
Then joy and peace and com-fort Shall blos-som as a rose,
The might-y Lord of Ar-mies And gen-tle Prince of Peace.
To ral-ly for the con-flict Our peo-ple one and all.
Un-til our earth-ly bless-ings The worth of heav'n dis-close.

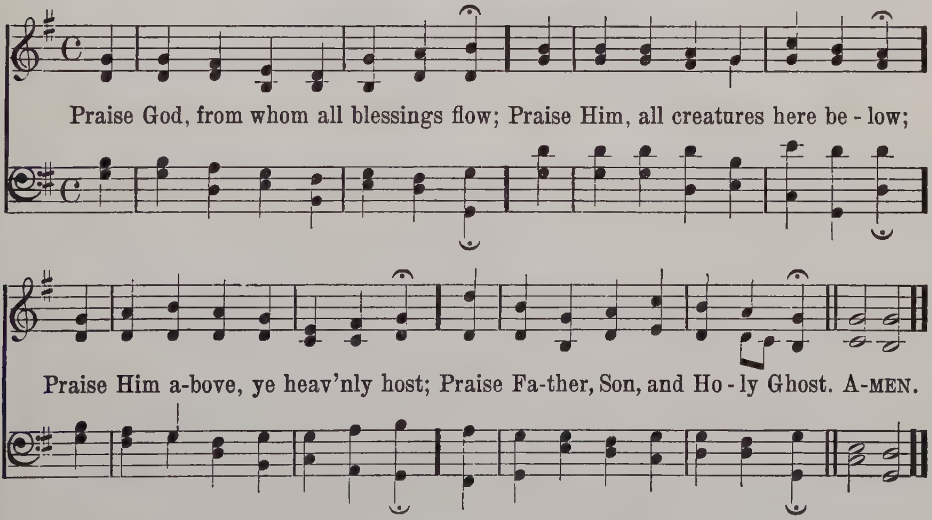
O Christians! Leagued Together


REFRAIN:
All hail, our glo - rious Sav - iour! We march where Thou hast trod,
To seek Thy house of tri - umph, The Cit - y of our God. A-MEN.

317. Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow

Thomas Ken, 1695

Louis Bourgeois
The Genevan Psalter, 1551


Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A-MEN.

318. Be Present at Our Table, Lord

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored;
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in paradise with Thee. **AMEN.**

Order of Service
and Responsive Reading
for the
Sunday School
Luther League
and Other Gatherings

Prefatory Remarks

That the Sunday school should be conducted in a reverent and devotional spirit is self-evident, but for actual worship the school should unite with the congregation in its regular Sunday morning worship. For this reason, and in order to get as much time as possible for instruction, we recommend that the greater part of the Order of Service for the Sunday School be omitted. In many places, however, this cannot be done. There may, for example, be a Sunday school but no congregation; or the congregation may not have the opportunity for public worship every Sunday. In such cases the Order of Service may well be used in full. Realizing that the Junior Hymnal is likely to be used not only in Sunday school but on various other occasions, we have inserted a number of Psalms for responsive reading; also portions of the holy Scriptures suitable for use on some of the special holidays.

Order of Service for the Sunday School

I. Order for Opening

After singing an appropriate **Hymn,** *the School standing, the* **Superintendent** *shall say:*

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker, for He is our God.

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

If we confess our sins, He is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

The Confession of Sins

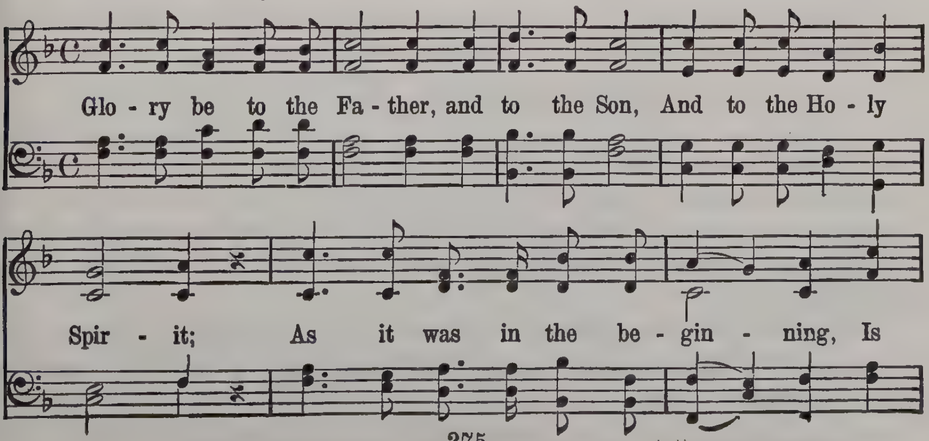
Then the **Superintendent** *and the* **School** *shall say:*

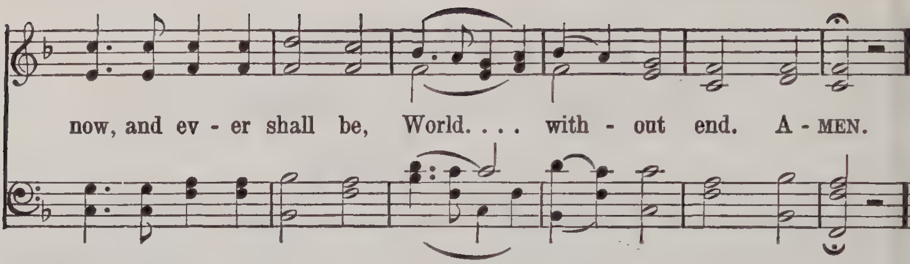
Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy lovingkindness: According to the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, And cleanse me from my sin. For I know my transgressions; And my sin is ever before me. Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned, And done that which is evil in Thy sight. Hide Thy face from my sins, And blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; And renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from Thy presence; And take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. (Ps. 51.)

Gloria Patri

The **School** *shall sing:*


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly
Spir - it; As it was in the be - gin - ning, Is

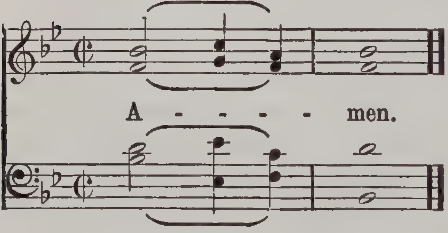

now, and ev - er shall be, World. . . . with - out end. A - MEN.

The Collect

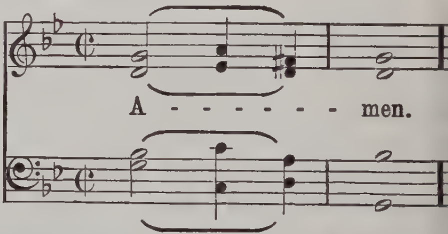
Then the **Superintendent** *shall say the following, or some other Collect appropriate t the day:*

We beseech Thee, Almighty God, Heavenly Father, grant us a steadfas faith in Jesus Christ, a firm hope in Thy mercy, and a sincere love to The and to all our fellow men, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

The **School** *shall sing:*



Lenten Season.



The Scripture Lesson

Then the **Superintendent** *and the* **School** *shall read responsively the Scripture Lesson.*

The Apostles' Creed

After the reading of the Lesson, the **Superintendent** *and the* **School** *together shall sa the Apostles' Creed.*

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth;

And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord; Who was conceived by th Holy Spirit, Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Wa crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; The third day He ros again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right han of God the Father Almighty; From thence He shall come to judge the quic and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Spirit; The Holy Christian Church, the Communio of Saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; and th Life everlasting. Amen.

***A* Hymn** *shall be sung, after which the* **Class Instruction** *shall begin.*

II. Order for Closing

The Class Instruction ended, and the School having been called to order, a **Lesson Review,** *or Questions on the* **Catechism** *may follow, after which* **Announcements** *shall be made.*

A **Hymn** *shall then be sung.*

The General Prayer

The hymn ended, the School shall stand while the **Superintendent** *shall say the following General Prayer (A free prayer may be offered):*

O Lord, most loving and merciful Saviour, Who didst call little children to come unto Thee, and didst lay Thy hands upon them, look upon us, we humbly beseech Thee, and bless us, Thy children, dedicated to Thy service in Holy Baptism. Bestow upon us Thy saving grace, and help us to remember our Creator in the days of our youth. Teach us that the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom.

Bless, O Lord, the instruction which we have received this hour, and grant that Thy precious Word may be so grafted into our hearts as to bring forth the fruits of righteousness, to the honor and glory of Thy name.

Teach us truly to believe in Thee, to love Thee with all our heart, to worship Thee and give Thee thanks, to obey Thy commandments, to reverence Thy holy Name and Word, and to serve Thee faithfully all the days of our lives.

Be gracious unto all of us. Preserve us from all danger. Deliver us from the power of the evil one and from the wickedness that is in the world. Defend us by day and by night. Unite us in the bonds of Christian love, and receive us at last unto Thyself in Thy heavenly kingdom. These and all things else necessary for us, and for the whole Church, we humbly beg in the Name of Jesus Christ our Lord, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Spirit, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

The Lord's Prayer

Then the **Superintendent** *and the* **School** *shall say:*

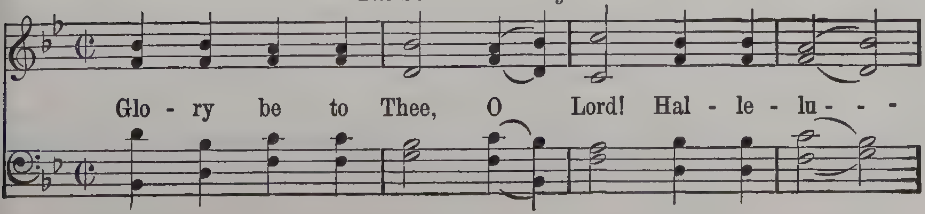
Our Father, Who art in heaven: Hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

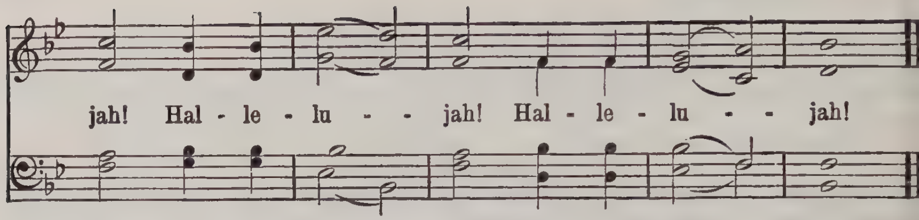
Benedicamus

The **Superintendent** *shall say:*

Let us thank and praise the Lord.

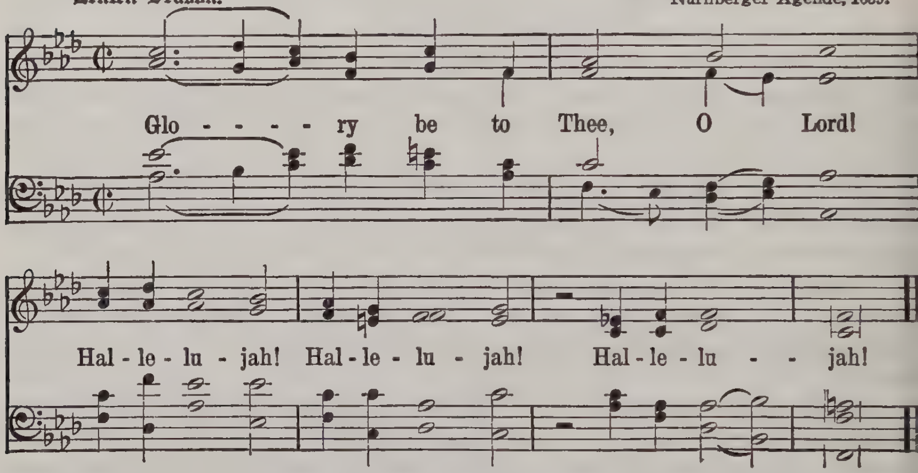
The **School** *shall sing:*





Lenten Season.

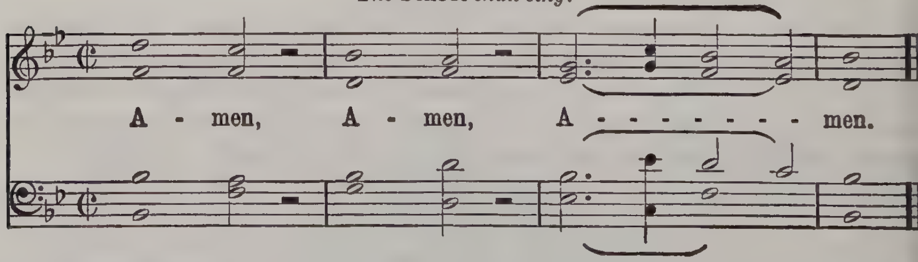
Nürnberger Agende, 1639.


Glo - - - - ry be to Thee, O Lord!
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - - jah!

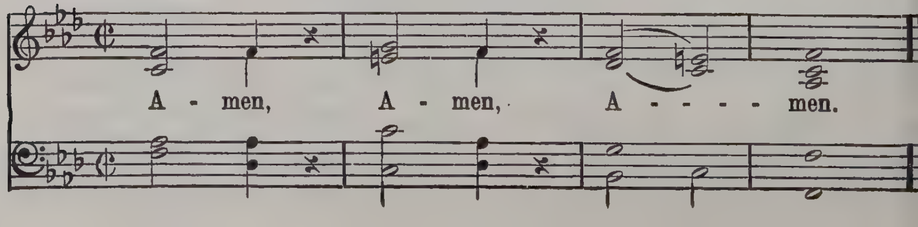
The **Superintendent** *shall say;*

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ,
And the love of God,
And the communion of the Holy Spirit
Be with you all.

The **School** *shall sing:*



Lenten Season.



For Responsive Reading

Christmas

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.

Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem; and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned, that she hath received of Jehovah's hand double for all her sins.

There shall come forth a shoot out of the stock of Jesse, and a branch out of his roots shall bear fruit.

And the Spirit of Jehovah shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of Jehovah.

And he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither decide after the hearing of his ears; but with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and decide with equity for the meek of the earth.

He will feed his flock like a shepherd, he will gather the lambs in his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and will gently lead those that have their young.

A bruised reed will he not break, and a dimly burning wick will he not quench.

He will not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set justice in the earth; and the isles shall wait for his law.

Here the Superintendent may call upon some one to read Luke. 2. 1–20, having made arrangement for this some time before. If no such person is available, he may read it himself.

Easter

Some one who can read well, and who has previously been appointed for the purpose, should read Luke 24. 1–7. Then let the following be read responsively.

This is the day which Jehovah hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.

Give praise to our God, all ye his servants, ye that fear him, the small and the great.

Now is come the salvation, and the power, and the kingdom of our God, and the authority of his Christ...Now hath Christ been raised from the dead, the firstfruits of them that are asleep.

Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth; and break forth into singing, O mountains: for Jehovah hath comforted his people, and will have compassion upon his afflicted.

Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. But when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

And God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes; and death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain any more: the first things are passed away.

Whitsunday

(Pentecost)

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Create in me a clean heart, O God;
And renew a right spirit within me.

Behold, the days come, saith Jehovah, that I will make a new covenant . . . I will put my law in their inward parts, and in their heart will I write it;

And I will be their God, and they shall be my people.

And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know Jehovah;

For they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith Jehovah:

For I will forgive their iniquity, and their sins will I remember no more.

I will pour forth of my Spirit upon all flesh:

And your sons and your daughters shall prophesy,
And your young men shall see visions
And your old men shall dream dreams:

Yea and on my servants and on my handmaidens in those days
Will I pour forth of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy.

Here let some one read Acts 2. 1-4 and Ephesians 1. 17-19.

Thanksgiving

O thou that hearest prayer,
Unto thee shall all flesh come.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it,
Thou greatly enrichest it;

The river is full of water:

Thou providest them grain,
when thou hast so prepared the earth.

Thou waterest its furrows abundantly;

Thou settlest the ridges thereof:

Thou makest it soft with showers;

Thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness;

And thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness;

And the hills are girded with joy.

The pastures are clothed with flocks;

The valleys also are covered with grain,
They shout for joy, they also sing.

Let some one now read Deuteronomy 8. 7-14 (ending with the word "God"); or 1 Chronicles 29. 11-13. An exceptional reader might make a lasting impression at this point by reciting the First Article of the Creed and Luther's Explanation; or the entire school might read or recite it in chorus.

Psalms

For Responsive Reading

PSALM 1.

The Righteous and the Wicked Contrasted.

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the seat of scoffers:
But his delight is in the law of Jehovah;
And on his law doth he meditate day and night.
And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water,
That bringeth forth its fruit in its season,
Whose leaf also doth not wither;
*And whatsoever he doeth **shall prosper.***
The wicked are not so,
But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgment,
Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous;
For Jehovah knoweth the way of the righteous;
But the way of the wicked shall perish.

PSALM 2.

The Reign of Jehovah's Anointed.

WHY do the nations rage,
And the peoples meditate a vain thing?
The kings of the earth set themselves,
And the rulers take counsel together,
Against Jehovah, and against his anointed, saying,
Let us break their bonds asunder,
And cast away their cords from us.
He that sitteth in the heavens will laugh:
The Lord will have them in derision.
Then will he speak unto them in his wrath,
And vex them in his sore displeasure:
Yet I have set my king
Upon my holy hill of Zion.
I will tell of the decree:
Jehovah said unto me, Thou art my son:
This day have I begotten thee.
Ask of me, and I will give thee the nations for thine inheritance,
And the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.
Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron;
Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.
Now therefore be wise, O ye kings:
Be instructed, ye judges of the earth.
Serve Jehovah with fear,
And rejoice with trembling.
Kiss the son, lest he be angry, and ye perish in the way,
For his wrath will soon be kindled.
Blessed are all they that take refuge in him.

PSALM 8.

Jehovah's Glory and Man's Dignity.

O JEHOVAH, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth,
Who hast set thy glory upon the heavens!
Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou established strength,
Because of thine adversaries,
That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.
When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;
What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
And the son of man, that thou visitest him?
For thou hast made him but little lower than God,

And crowned him with glory and honor.
Thou makest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;
Thou hast put all things under his feet;
All sheep and oxen,
Yea, and the beasts of the field.
The birds of the heavens, and the fish of the sea,
Whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.
O Jehovah, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!

PSALM 9. 1, 2, 7–14.

A Psalm of Thanksgiving for God's Justice.

I WILL give thanks unto Jehovah with my whole heart;
I will show forth all thy marvellous works.
I will be glad and exult in thee;
I will sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High.
But Jehovah sitteth as king for ever:
He hath prepared his throne for judgment;
And he will judge the world in righteousness,
He will minister judgment to the peoples in uprightness.
Jehovah also will be a high tower for the oppressed,
A high tower in times of trouble;
And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee;
For thou, Jehovah, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.
Sing praises to Jehovah, who dwelleth in Zion:
Declare among the people his doings.
For he that maketh inquisition for blood remembereth them;
He forgetteth not the cry of the poor.
Have mercy upon me, O Jehovah;
Behold my affliction which I suffer of them that hate me,
Thou that liftest me up from the gates of death;
That I may show forth all thy praise.
In the gates of the daughter of Zion
I will rejoice in thy salvation.

PSALM 19.

The Works and the Word of God.

THE heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament showeth his handiwork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language;
Their voice is not heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.
His going forth is from the end of the heavens,
And his circuit unto the ends of it;
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
The law of Jehovah is perfect, restoring the soul:
The testimony of Jehovah is sure, making wise the simple.
The precepts of Jehovah are right, rejoicing the heart:
The commandment of Jehovah is pure enlightening the eyes.
The fear of Jehovah is clean, enduring for ever:
The ordinances of Jehovah are true, and righteous altogether.
More to be desired are they than gold yea, than much fine gold;
Sweeter also than honey and the droppings of the honeycomb.
Moreover by them is thy servant warned
In keeping them there is great reward.
Who can discern his errors?
Clear thou me from hidden faults.
Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins;
Let them not have dominion over me:
Then shall I be upright,
And I shall be clear from great transgression.
Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart
Be acceptable in thy sight,
O Jehovah, my rock, and my redeemer.

PSALM 22. 22-

A Song of Praise.

I WILL declare thy name unto my brethren:
In the midst of the assembly will I praise thee.
Ye that fear Jehovah, praise him:
And all ye the seed of Jacob, glorify him;
And stand in awe of him, all ye the seed of Israel.
For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted;
Neither hath he hid his face from him;
But when he cried unto him, he heard.
Of thee cometh my praise in the great assembly:
I will pay my vows before them that fear him.
The meek shall eat and be satisfied;
They shall praise Jehovah that seek after him;
Let your hearts live for ever.
All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn unto Jehovah;
And all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee.
For the kingdom is Jehovah's;
And he is the ruler over the nations.
All the fat ones of the earth shall eat and worship:
All they that go down to the dust shall bow before him,
Even he that cannot keep his soul alive.
A seed shall serve him;
It shall be told of the Lord unto the next generation.
They shall come and shall declare his righteousness
Unto a people that shall be born, that he hath done it.

PSALM 24.

The King of Glory Entering Zion.

THE earth is Jehovah's, and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of Jehovah?
And who shall stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto falsehood,
And hath not sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive a blessing from Jehovah,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek after him,
That seek thy face, even Jacob.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of glory will come in.
Who is the King of glory?
Jehovah strong and mighty,
Jehovah mighty in battle.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors:
And the King of glory will come in.
Who is this King of glory?
Jehovah of hosts,
He is the King of glory.

PSALM 27.

A Psalm of Fearless Trust in God.

JEHOVAH is my light and my salvation;
Whom shall I fear?
Jehovah is the strength of my life;
Of whom shall I be afraid?
When evil-doers came upon me to eat up my flesh,
Even mine adversaries and my foes, they stumbled and fell.
Though a host should encamp against me,
My heart shall not fear:
Though war should rise against me,
Even then will I be confident.
One thing have I asked of Jehovah, that will I seek after:
That I may dwell in the house of Jehovah, all the days of my life,
To behold the beauty of Jehovah,
And to inquire in his temple.
For in the day of trouble he will keep me secretly in his pavilion:
In the covert of his tabernacle will he hide me;
He will lift me up upon a rock.
And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me;
And I will offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy;
I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto Jehovah.

Hear, O Jehovah, when I cry with my voice:
Have mercy also upon me, and answer me.
When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee,
Thy face, Jehovah, will I seek.
Hide not thy face from me;
Put not thy servant away in anger:
Thou hast been my help;
Cast me not off, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.
When my father and my mother forsake me,
Then Jehovah will take me up.
Teach me thy way, O Jehovah;
And lead me in the plain path,
Because of mine enemies.
Deliver me not over unto the will of mine adversaries:
For false witnesses are risen up against me,
And such as breathe out cruelty.
I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of Jehovah
In the land of the living.
Wait for Jehovah:
Be strong, and let thy heart take courage;
Yea, wait thou for Jehovah.

PSALM 32.

Blessedness of Forgiveness and of Trust in God.

BLESSED is he whose transgression is forgiven,
Whose sin is covered.
Blessed is the man unto whom Jehovah imputeth not iniquity,
And in whose spirit there is no guile.
When I kept silence, my bones wasted away
Through my groaning all the day long.
For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me:
My moisture was changed as with the drought of summer.
I acknowledged my sin unto thee,
And mine iniquity did I not hide:
I said, I will confess my transgressions unto Jehovah;
And thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.
For this let every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found:
Surely when the great waters overflow they shall not reach unto him.
Thou art my hiding-place; thou wilt preserve me from trouble;
Thou wilt compass me about with songs of deliverance.
I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go:
I will counsel thee with mine eye upon thee.
Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding;
Whose trappings must be bit and bridle to hold them in,
Else they will not come near unto thee.
Many sorrows shall be to the wicked;
But he that trusteth in Jehovah, lovingkindness shall compass him about.
Be glad in Jehovah, and rejoice, ye righteous;
And shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

PSALM 34.

Jehovah a Provider and Deliverer.

I WILL bless Jehovah at all times:
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.
My soul shall make her boast in Jehovah:
The meek shall hear thereof, and be glad.
Oh magnify Jehovah with me,
And let us exalt his name together.
I sought Jehovah, and he answered me,
And delivered me from all my fears.
They looked unto him, and were radiant;
And their faces shall never be confounded.
This poor man cried, and Jehovah heard him,
And saved him out of all his troubles.
The angel of Jehovah encampeth round about them that fear him,
And delivereth them.
Oh taste and see that Jehovah is good:
Blessed is the man that taketh refuge in him.
Oh fear Jehovah, ye his saints;
For there is no want to them that fear him.
The young lions do lack and suffer hunger;
But they that seek Jehovah shall not want any good thing.
Come, ye children, hearken unto me:
I will teach you the fear of Jehovah.
What man is he that desireth life,

And loveth many days, that he may see good?
Keep thy tongue from evil,
And thy lips from speaking guile.
Depart from evil, and do good;
Seek peace, and pursue it.
The eyes of Jehovah are toward the righteous,
And his ears are open unto their cry.
The face of Jehovah is against them that do evil,
To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.
The righteous cried, and Jehovah heard,
And delivered them out of all their troubles.
Jehovah is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart,
And saveth such as are of a contrite spirit.
Many are the afflictions of the righteous;
But Jehovah delivereth him out of them all.
He keepeth all his bones:
Not one of them is broken.
Evil shall slay the wicked;
And they that hate the righteous shall be condemned.
Jehovah redeemeth the soul of his servants;
And none of them that take refuge in him shall be condemned.

PSALM 42.

Thirsting for God in Trouble and Exile.

As the hart panteth after the water brooks,
So panteth my soul after thee, O God.
My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God?
When shall I come and appear before God?
My tears have been my food day and night,
While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?
These things I remember, and pour out my soul within me,
How I went with the throng, and led them to the house of God,
With the voice of joy and praise, a multitude keeping holyday.
Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
And why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope thou in God;
For I shall yet praise him
For the help of his countenance.
O my God, my soul is cast down within me:
Therefore do I remember thee from the land of the Jordan,
And the Hermons, from the hill Mizar.
Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterfalls:
All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.
Yet Jehovah will command his lovingkindness in the daytime;
And in the night his song shall be with me,
Even a prayer unto the God of my life.
I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me?
Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?
As with a sword in my bones, mine adversaries reproach me,
While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?
Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
And why art thou disquieted within me?
Hope thou in God;
For I shall yet praise him,
Who is the help of my countenance, and my God.

PSALM 46.

God the Refuge of His People.

God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble.
Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change,
And though the mountains be shaken into the heart of the seas;
Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
Though the mountains tremble with the swelling thereof.
There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God,
The holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High.
God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved:
God will help her, and that right early.
The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved:
He uttered his voice, the earth melted.
Jehovah of hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge.
Come, behold the works of Jehovah,
What desolations he hath made in the earth.
He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth;

He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder;
He burneth the chariots in the fire.
Be still, and know that I am God:
I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth.
Jehovah of hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge.

PSALM 51. 1–17.

A Contrite Sinner's Prayer for Pardon.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness:
According to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.
Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity,
And cleanse me from my sin.
For I know my transgressions;
And my sin is ever before me.
Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,
And done that which is evil in thy sight;
That thou mayest be justified when thou speakest,
And be clear when thou judgest.
Behold, I was brought forth in iniquity;
And in sin did my mother conceive me.
Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts;
And in the hidden part thou wilt make me to know wisdom.
Purify me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Make me to hear joy and gladness,
That the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.
Hide thy face from my sins,
And blot out all mine iniquities.
Create in me a clean heart, O God;
And renew a right spirit within me.
Cast me not away from thy presence;
And take not thy Holy Spirit from me.
Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation;
And uphold me with a willing spirit.
Then will I teach transgressors thy ways;
And sinners shall be converted unto thee.
Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation;
And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.
O Lord, open thou my lips;
And my mouth shall show forth thy praise.
For thou delightest not in sacrifice; else would I give it:
Thou hast no pleasure in burnt-offering.
The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:
A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

PSALM 67.

The Nations Exhorted to Praise God.

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us,
And cause his face to shine upon us;
That thy way may be known upon earth.
Thy salvation among all nations.
Let the peoples praise thee, O God;
Let all the peoples praise thee.
Oh let the nations be glad and sing for joy;
For thou wilt judge the peoples with equity,
And govern the nations upon earth.
Let the peoples praise thee, O God;
Let all the peoples praise thee.
The earth hath yielded its increase:
God, even our own God, will bless us.
God will bless us;
And all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

PSALM 86. 1–12.

A Psalm of Supplication and Trust.

BOW down thine ear, O Jehovah, and answer me;
For I am poor and needy.
Preserve my soul; for I am godly:
O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.
Be merciful unto me, O Lord;
For unto thee do I cry all the day long.
Rejoice the soul of thy servant:
For unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.
For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive,
And abundant in lovingkindness unto all them that call upon thee.
Give ear, O Jehovah, unto my prayer;
And hearken unto the voice of my supplications.

In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee;
For thou wilt answer me.
There is none like unto thee among the gods, O Lord;
Neither are there any works like unto thy works.
All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord;
And they shall glorify thy name.
For thou art great, and doest wondrous things:
Thou art God alone.
Teach me thy way, O Jehovah; I will walk in thy truth:
Unite my heart to fear thy name.
I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with my whole heart;
And I will glorify thy name for evermore.

PSALM 98.

A Call to Praise Jehovah for His Righteousness.

OH sing unto Jehovah a new song;
For he hath done marvellous things:
His right hand, and his holy arm, hath wrought salvation for him.
Jehovah hath made known his salvation:
His righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the nations.
He hath remembered his loving-kindness and his faithfulness toward the house of Israel:
All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.
Make a joyful noise unto Jehovah, all the earth:
Break forth and sing for joy, yea, sing praises.
Sing praises unto Jehovah with the harp;
With the harp and the voice of melody.
With trumpets and sound of cornet
Make a joyful noise before the King, Jehovah.
Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein;
Let the floods clap their hands;
Let the hills sing for joy together
Before Jehovah for he cometh to judge the earth:
He will judge the world with righteousness,
And the peoples with equity.

PSALM 111.

Jehovah Praised for His Goodness.

PRAISE ye Jehovah.
I will give thanks unto Jehovah with my whole heart,
In the council of the upright, and in the congregation.
The works of Jehovah are great,
Sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.
His work is honor and majesty;
And his righteousness endureth for ever.
He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered:
Jehovah is gracious and merciful.
He hath given food unto them that fear him:
He will ever be mindful of his covenant.
He hath showed his people the power of his works,
In giving them the heritage of the nations.
The works of his hands are truth and justice;
All his precepts are sure.
They are established for ever and ever;
They are done in truth and uprightness.
He hath sent redemption unto his people;
He hath commanded his covenant for ever:
Holy and reverend is his name.
The fear of Jehovah is the beginning of wisdom;
A good understanding have all they that do his commandments:
His praise endureth for ever

PSALM 119. 9–16.

Meditations and Prayers Relating to the Law of God.

WHEREWITH shall a young man cleanse his way?
By taking heed thereto according to thy word.
With my whole heart have I sought thee;
Oh let me not wander from thy commandments.
Thy word have I laid up in my heart,
That I might not sin against thee.
Blessed art thou, O Jehovah:

Teach me thy statutes.
With my lips have I declared
All the ordinances of thy mouth.
I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies,
As much as in all riches.
I will meditate on thy precepts,
And have respect unto thy ways.
I will delight myself in thy statutes:
I will not forget thy word.

PSALM 122.

Prayer for the Peace of Jerusalem.

I WAS glad when they said unto me,
Let us go unto the house of Jehovah.
Our feet are standing
Within thy gates, O Jerusalem,
Jerusalem, that art builded
As a city that is compact together;
Whither the tribes go up, even the tribes of Jehovah,
For an ordinance for Israel,
To give thanks unto the name of Jehovah.
For there are set thrones for judgment,
The thrones of the house of David.
Pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
They shall prosper that love thee.
Peace be within thy walls,
And prosperity within thy palaces.
For my brethren and companions' sakes,
I will now say, Peace be within thee.
For the sake of the house of Jehovah our God
I will seek thy good.

PSALM 145.

Jehovah Extolled for His Goodness and Power.

I WILL extol thee, my God, O King;
And I will bless thy name for ever and ever.
Every day will I bless thee;
And I will praise thy name for ever and ever.
Great is Jehovah, and greatly to be praised;
And his greatness is unsearchable.
One generation shall laud thy works to another,
And shall declare thy mighty acts.
Of the glorious majesty of thine honor,
And of thy wondrous works, will I meditate.
And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts;
And I will declare thy greatness.
They shall utter the memory of thy great goodness,
And shall sing of thy righteousness.
Jehovah is gracious, and merciful;
Slow to anger, and of great lovingkindness.
Jehovah is good to all;
And his tender mercies are over all his works.
All thy works shall give thanks unto thee, O Jehovah;
And thy saints shall bless thee.
They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom,
And talk of thy power;
To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts,
And the glory of the majesty of his kingdom.
Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom,
And thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.
Jehovah upholdeth all that fall,
And raiseth up all those that are bowed down.
The eyes of all wait for thee;
And thou givest them their food in due season.
Thou openest thy hand,
And satisfiest the desire of every living thing.
Jehovah is righteous in all his ways,
And gracious in all his works.
Jehovah is nigh unto all them that call upon him,
To all that call upon him in truth.
He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him;
He also will hear their cry and will save them.
Jehovah preserveth all them that love him;
But all the wicked will he destroy.
My mouth shall speak the praise of Jehovah;
And let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

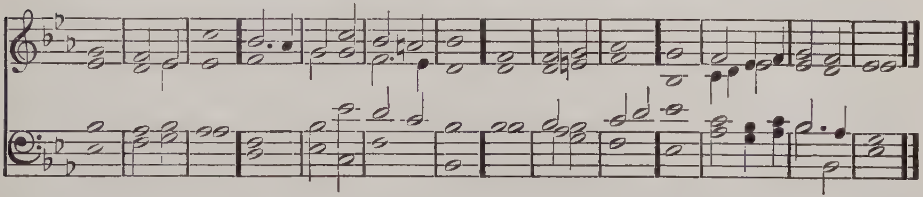
Order of Service for the Luther League

Order for Opening

A Hymn shall be sung.

A Scripture Selection shall be read responsively, all standing to the end of the prayer.

At the end of the Responsive Reading the Gloria Patri shall be sung.



Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost: ‖ as it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall be, ‖ world | without | end. A- | men. ‖

Prayer shall then be offered. The following Collects may be used.

Send, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, Thy Holy Spirit into our hearts, that He may rule and direct us according to Thy will, comfort us in all our temptations and afflictions, defend us from all error, and lead us into all truth; that we, being steadfast in the faith, may increase in love and in all good works, and in the end obtain everlasting life; through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

Direct us, O Lord, in all our doings, with Thy most gracious favor, and further us with Thy continual help; that in all our works, begun, continued, and ended in Thee, we may glorify Thy holy Name; and finally, by Thy mercy, obtain everlasting life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A Hymn shall be sung.

Order for Closing

A Hymn shall be sung.

The following Collect and the Lord's Prayer shall be said, all standing, and all uniting in the Lord's Prayer.

O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed; give unto Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that our hearts may be set to obey Thy commandments, and also that by Thee we, being defended from the fear of our enemies, may pass our time in rest and quietness; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

Our Father, Who art in heaven: Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven; Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil; For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

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